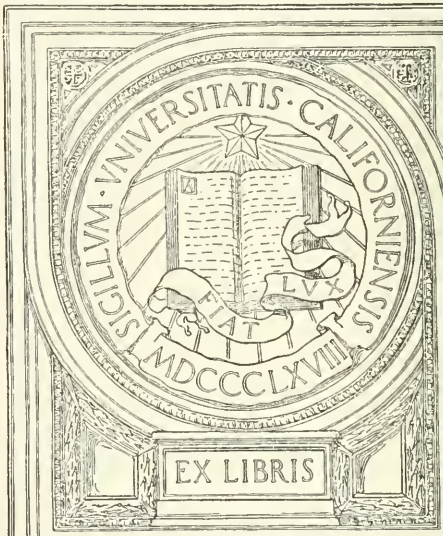
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



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UPWARD STEPS

OF

SEVENTY YEARS.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIC, BIOGRAPHIC, HISTORIC.

GROWTH OF REFORMS—ANTI-SLAVERY, ETC.—THE WORLD'S HELPERS AND LIGHT-BRINGERS—SPIRITUALISM—PSYCHIC RESEARCH—RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK—COMING REFORMS.

BY

GILES B. STEBBINS,

Editor and Compiler of "Chapters from the Bible of the Ages," and "Poems of the Life Beyond"; Author of "After Dogmatic Theology, What?" "American Protectionist's Manual," "Progress from Poverty."

"Take heart!—the Waster builds again—
A charmed life old goodness hath,
The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for death."—*Whittier.*

"The world has caught a quickening breath
From Heaven's eternal shore,
And souls triumphant over death
Return to earth once more."—*Lizzie Doten.*

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DEDICATORY INTRODUCTION.

It was my fortune to be born in Massachusetts in 1817, in the days between the old and the new time,—before the coming of the great reforms that have healthfully shaken the nation in the past fifty years; before the age of modern science and varied industry, and of larger freedom of religious thought and spiritual experience. In my New England childhood Puritanism largely gave its cast and aspect to life, for good and ill; now we breathe a new atmosphere.

For a realistic picture of that old time, some autobiographic sketch of childhood and youth seemed best.

To give an idea of the growth of reforms, and how one led to another, a look at the grand anti-slavery movement, in which I was privileged to take part, at its mighty "winnowing of the nation," and at the upward steps which have followed it, with biographic sketches of noble and true-hearted men and women whom I have known, seemed fit and useful. A look at the great religious changes and spiritual experiences of our time, and an outlook forward to coming light and needed reforms must surely help to inspire us to emulate the courage of those who have done well in the past, and to take up our needed tasks with a faith even stronger than theirs.

Thus is the aim and scope of this work briefly given. Some fragmentary sketches of like aim, used here, and changed and added to, met with such favor years ago from good friends that I hope they, and possibly others, may take a cordial interest in this book. To those friends, near and far, it is gratefully dedicated.

G. B. S.

Detroit, Mich.,
Oct. 1st, 1890.

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Upward Steps of Seventy Years.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY—CHILDHOOD—YOUTH.

"The home of my childhood ; the haunts of my prime ;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view."

Thomas Pringle.

Ancestry is like the roots of a tree. Something of the fibre and grain of the root crops out in branch and twig, in flower and fruitage. My maternal grandfather's farm-house still stands in the old town of Hatfield, Massachusetts, on the western verge of the fertile meadows on the Connecticut river. Its great central chimney (fifteen feet square at the base), its small windows, low-ceiled rooms, solid frame and steep roof, were unchanged a few years ago, but clad in new vesture of clapboards and shingles. Just inside the yard, in front, stood an elm—its trunk five feet through, and its branches reaching over the roof of the house. A century ago, grandfather brought it from the meadow on his shoulder, set it in the ground, and lived to take his noon-day nap on the grass beneath its shade, when almost ninety years old. Fifty years ago the well behind the house was dug out anew. It stood just outside the barnyard fence, with the log watering-

trough inside, and a spout between. I can see the cattle standing around that trough, sucking up the water as the bucket was emptied into it, waiting for the swift up and down swing of the old well-sweep to bring them a fresh supply, and clattering their horns and poking their heads over the fence if the "hired man" failed to ply his task at the well-pole vigorously. When the diggers had reached down twenty feet, they came to the roots of the great tree, filling the earth with a network of tough fibres, which reached under the deep house-cellar, and met in the massive trunk of that tree sixty feet away. I wondered with the rest, to see how far and how deep they reached.

So our ancestral roots go back to "ye olden time" of simple and God-fearing New England, and even under the ocean to sturdy Saxons and hardy Normans in England. On my mother's side I can only go back to her father, Ebenezer Fitch. His cousin, John Fitch, built the first steamboat, ran it on the Delaware in 1788 and 1790, had no means to repair its broken machinery, and went to the wild west to die on the Ohio river. He sent a sealed packet to the Franklin library in Philadelphia, to be opened in thirty years, in which he said: "I die unknown and poor, but when this package is opened the whistle of the steamboat will be heard on every navigable stream in this country"—a prophecy born of faith, and fully verified; for the genius of Fulton, helped by the money of the Livingstones, took up his work and carried it on. My grandfather had some of this inventive genius. I have often heard him tell the story of his millstone in the linseed oil mill, falling into the pit, and how he alone, three miles from any help, lifted the great stone, weighing over a ton, twelve feet upward to its place. I remember him as a white-haired old man, toward the close of a life of careful thrift, patient industry, and remarkable temperance in all things. "Leave off eating just a little

hungry," was his word and practice. His wife, my grandmother, was a daughter of Deacon Taylor, of Suffield, Ct., —a busy man, with a farm, a blacksmith's shop, and many affairs of church and town in his trusty hands. He had the old New England habit of vigilant care and early work. Mother used to tell of making long visits at their house, and how the Deacon was up before the dawn in cold winter mornings, built the fire in the great kitchen fire-place, put on the tea-kettle, swept up the hearth, and then would open the chamber door which led up to a hall with sleeping rooms on either side, and call out in quick and clear tones: "Boys! Gals!" and no boy or "gal" waited for a second summons.

A quaint story, and true withal, is told of an old-time courtship at his house. My grandfather, in the old revolutionary war, paid a substitute to do his fighting against the "red-coat Britishers," and followed the useful vocation of teaming up and down the Connecticut from Hartford to his home. Among his many errands, he had one to Deacon Taylor, and left his team under the tavern shed one raw November day, and found his way to the house. He went to the kitchen door (in those days front doors were reserved for state occasions), and a blooming maiden opened it, and asked him in. The old folks were away, and she was at the big spinning-wheel, erect, radiant, and busy with her graceful and useful task. Of course she stopped to hear his message, and saw that he looked cold and a little worn. "On hospitable thoughts intent." she asked him to wait and take a lunch; set up the little square stand by his side, put on a plate, knife and fork, rye bread, a dish of "scraps," fresh and crispy, just from the trying of the lard, with a pumpkin pie, and a mug of cider to help out. He ate and they talked; he felt refreshed in body and soul. Other errands followed, and in due time a wedding. Sons and daughters blessed the golden hour that led the father to that kitchen, and

prompted the maiden, their dear mother, to set her best —pumpkin pie and scraps—before him. I never saw her, but heard much of her tender kindness and thrifty ways, and always thought my mother must be like her.

Grandfather never felt quite sure of his "calling and election," and so never joined the church, but was a constant attendant, and kept up family prayers to the last. Often did I, when a child, kneel by my chair on that kitchen floor, and listen to his familiar petitions—always the same words earnestly repeated. It was no idle ceremony, but his best way to look up for light and strength. Whoever has a better way, let him take it, and waste no time in slighting contempt of "the soul's sincere desire," even if expressed in strange and daily-repeated phrases.

My paternal grandparents I never saw, but the Stebbins family—or Stebbing by English spelling—goes dimly back to one Nicholas de Stubbynge, in 1235, with some armorial crest of lion heads and the like, in Essex, and is clearly traced eight generations to one Rowland Stebbins, from England, the ancestor of all the race here. For over two centuries they were mostly farmers in decent condition. In 1774-80 the Wilbraham town records (in Massachusetts, father's birthplace) show a score of them as stout soldiers in the war, as refusing to use British goods, and as paying their share of war costs, heavy for those days. The plain names—Noah, Moses, Calvin, Enos, Aaron, Zadock and Eldad—tell their English lineage and their middling station in life. A sturdy, upright and downright company they were, little given to official honors or to large wealth, branching out sometimes from farm to pulpit, but everywhere inclined to do their own thinking. The women were strong, sensible, and earnest, with a tinge of finer grace in the later generations as I knew them, a rare sweetness tempering their strength. The English blood kept clear of any foreign mixture in a remarkable way ; healthy in body and soul, genuine in

life and character. There were no mean members, few dull ones, some of marked power and insight ; on the whole, it was good blood because genuine and honest.

BIRTHPLACE—SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Opposite the north-west corner of Armory Square in Springfield, stood, sixty years ago, a long, one-story house, formerly a soldier's barrack, but neatly fitted up as a cottage for my father, who was paymaster's clerk in the government armory or gun factory. In the centre of that grassy square of twenty acres, a tall flag-staff rose above the trees, and from its top, on all gala days, floated the stars and stripes. Facing the square on its eastern side, and filling a part of its southern space, were the long shops in which hundreds of men worked at making muskets. The level plain dotted with houses, stretched back to low hills eastward with the Wilbraham mountains, but a few miles distant. Northward fifteen miles the Holyoke mountain range lifted up its billowy summits against the sky. Just in the rear of the house the ground sloped down a hundred feet to the level of the broad meadows on which the town was mostly built, and its homes, half hid by great elms, the blue Connecticut winding through twenty miles of lovely valley, and the towering hills west, were all in sight,—one of the loveliest landscapes in the world, with its soft beauty lifted into grandeur as the eye rested on the mountains along its border.

Around that home was the beauty of nature, and within it the diviner beauty of human life, well ordered in its daily doings. Very seldom did I hear a fretful or impatient word from father or mother—fortunate temperament, and the repression and self-control in the very atmosphere of Puritanism wrought this fine result, which lasted through years of invalid life of my father, and the watching night and day of my mother, and kept their

last years serene and cheerful. An older and only sister never fretted at me or them, but held to her sweet saintliness and useful cares as maiden, wife, and mother.

I look up to these lives; without them I could not see through the mists to their golden heights. The memory of such a home is a saving grace.

Near us was the Arsenal, filled with thousands of muskets stacked upright in burnished order. When I read Longfellow's poem—

> "This is the Arsenal, from floor to ceiling,
> Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms,
> But from their silent throats no anthems pealing,
> Startle the villagers with rude alarms—"

I could see it all, as if it were but yesterday that I played as a child among these long corridors of silent weapons. This youth of the spirit tells of immortality,—it pertains to our innermost, where there is no death or decay.

In rainy days the long, low garret was a chosen resort. There were piles of the *Springfield Republican*—of which my father was one of the early friends and founders—in which were charming stories by Rev. W. B. O. Peabody, the Unitarian clergyman of the town. What hours were those! Lost to all care or thought of other things and living in the scenes of his creation. When I heard that minister read the hymns and preach on Sundays, his tender monotone and the spiritual beauty of his presence, set him apart from earth, and to me he seemed a celestial visitant.

Homer's Iliad divided my garret hours with his stories, and I used to feel the wild struggle of the battle, see the descending gods, and hear the words of heroes and the pleas of women, until New England was in some dim distance, and old Greece was new and near. Years after in Hatfield, just at an age when a boy devours the books he happens to find, I had access to the town library of

some five hundred well-selected volumes, and so, fortunately, read history and Scott's novels, and was saved from literary trash. In those days we had fewer books, and less unwholesome cramming and mental dyspepsia. Many books bring many dangers to those who have no wit or wisdom to keep clear of mental bogs, quicksands and moral whirlpools. For fair days there was "the dingle," a deep ravine with steep banks just north of the house, where I shared the sport of pushing, tumbling and rolling in the soft sand with other boys, until the master's ferule rapping on the window called us all to the schoolhouse near at hand.

Nothing is absolutely forgotten ; every event comes up, again if but rightly evoked. The very bricks in our houses can, perhaps, whisper of what has passed within their walls before our day, were our poor ears fine enough to hear the story. Some things stand out in wonderful clearness the moment the mind turns to them. When I was about six years old the West Point cadets pitched their tents on the green before our house, camped for a week, went through their drills and marched to the sound of their famous band's music. I had seen soldiers and heard bands before, but these I see now, and hear the strains of their music stir and swell in the air.

A young woman, a friend of my sister, went to Philadelphia as teacher in a ladies' private school, and came home on a visit about the time of this cadet encampment. She took me to church with her and seated me by her side. The gracious kindness and sweet refinement of her manners, a certain delicate and noble purity in her very presence, seemed but the signs and proofs of an interior perfectness. The simple elegance of her dress, its soft gray hue tinged with blue, seemed the fit expression of those qualities. I sat in quiet content—a fine *aura*, luminous to my spirit, but invisible otherwise, radiating from the inner being of that true woman. Such is the

influence of personal presence. Children especially live "not by bread alone." Let all thoughtless people, who would put the little ones among ignorant and uncouth nurses to save themselves trouble, think of this.

That Unitarian Church, with its chaste beauty of architecture, its air of quiet refinement, the exalted spirit and tenderness of its minister, the peculiar mellowness of the tone of its Sabbath bell, is a living memory. A few years ago I went to its site, and only fragments of the red stone steps of its porch were left. Up the street stood a costly modern temple, less beautiful to my eyes than the old meeting-house. Our "slip" or common narrow pew, in that church was opposite the stately square pew of Jonathan Dwight, father to Mrs. George Bancroft. The scholar and future historian used to come there with the family, and it was a quiet amusement to me to watch him standing before the window in prayer time, and catching flies on its panes in his total absence of mind.

In occasional visits to my cousins in Wilbraham, I would go across the road on Sundays to the Methodist meetings in the old schoolhouse. The shouts, groans and uncouth ways of preachers and hearers made all seem unlike a Sabbath service; but one day Rev. Wilbur Fisk —then Principal of the North Wilbraham Academy, a Methodist Bishop since—came to preach, and his quiet manner made me feel that I was again "going to meeting." The strong and lively companionship of those cousins, like brothers as they were, was good for me. After our active sports over the farm, and along the swift Scantic, foaming and rushing out of the mountain gorge, I used to be filled with strange feelings at night in listening to the moan of the wind in the pine forest on the mountain-side, always prophetic of a coming storm. That minor key in Nature's harmony, that wailing and foreboding sound, brought apprehension to my soul.

One of my earliest inward questionings came up as I

used to look into the still water in brooks, where no bottom could be seen, or up into the unfathomable blue over all. An awe, which subdued but did not oppress, would come over me. With a stick I could touch the bed of the pool, but that wondrous sky, I felt that none could measure. What was this, which I could think of, yet could not compass? I felt that beyond sky and cloud stretched an expanse without end.

My first knowledge of death brought a dread, but then came the thought that somehow, when I died, I should go out into that illimitable region beyond the clouds. This came from no teaching that I can remember, but from some inward sense—a child's intuition of immortality.

HATFIELD.

"Sing on! bring down, O lowland river,
The joy of the hills to the waiting sea;
The wealth of the vales, the pomp of the mountains,
The breath of the woodlands bear with thee."

My father's delicate health compelled him to resign his place, kindly kept for him so long as recovery seemed possible, and we all moved to Hatfield, a quiet, old farming town, twenty-five miles up the Connecticut, the home of my grandfather and uncle on the mother's side. The wing of a vacant farmhouse was rented, and life in the country began, yet not an isolated farm life. Along wide, grassy streets were ranged the houses, each with its home lot of a few acres, its orchard, garden and barns, and the farm was back in the great meadows by the river, sometimes in fragments—lots a mile or two apart. Great elms stood along the roadsides and in the yards, their branches reaching over the road and the house roofs. The people were all within a mile of the church and the post-office, and so near each other that visits could be made by easy walks. All this helped to make life pleasant. The solid old houses were built to stand, with huge, central chim-

neys, steep roofs, small windows, low rooms, massive frames, and little ornament without or within,—an occasional carved doorway with all sorts of queer oak leaves and grapes cut on the posts and overhead, telling of a touch of aristocracy in some very "forehanded" family. There was one parish church, one "creed and baptism" for two centuries. The minister, Rev. Joseph Lyman, D. D., I remember well,—one of the last settled for life over the parish, after the old way, and who had preached Puritan theology to his flock for fifty years; white-haired, austere, of sound judgment, good and true in his way; more given to the terrors of the law than to the heavenly graces, with autocratic ideas of his office, a righteous ruler of the elect as God's vicegerent rather than a loving and brotherly teacher. Saturday forenoons he used to come to the schoolhouse "to catechise the children," to hear us repeat the lessons in the old primers; quaint rhymes, telling how,

"In Adam's fall,
We sinned all,"

were in those little primers, or abridged Westminster catechisms. Rude wood-cuts on the border, picturing Adam, Eve, the serpent and apple of the Hebrew story; like illustrations of other couplets for the young, and knotty questions on fate and free-will, which nobody understood, and which were held as the mysteries of godliness. When that grave old clergyman entered the door, the hum of the schoolroom gave place to a hushed silence. No roguish glance or merry flash from any bright eyes of boy or girl; no whittling or snapping of "spit balls," or faintest whisper; no twisting about on the hard benches, but all sat upright and still, intent on their books, or stealing awe-struck glances at the minister. When he left the cheery hum sprang up with new life, the joy of childhood and youth flashed out again like sunshine breaking through a cold, gray cloud.

Yet he would have perished at the stake by slow fire rather than have taught what he thought false. We may well honor and imitate his fidelity to conscience, while our thoughts widen, and we breathe a softer air.

By the roadside stood the old brown schoolhouse, guiltless of paint within or without; in the little entry at one corner hung hats and bonnets and shawls, and the water pail with its tin cup stood on the floor. How "dry" we used to get, how glad to go after a pail of water, and how often we asked to "get a drink!" It was a relief from sitting on hard benches, cramped behind desks, or swinging the feet, as the smaller ones did, with the floor out of reach. That entry opened into a low room thirty feet square, in which fifty scholars were crowded, with one teacher for all, from alphabet to algebra; yet with brains and will a great deal was learned. The hardy and healthy lived and won; the slender boys and delicate, flower-like girls yielded to the rude discomforts, and died, with none to tell why.

When we were out at play and a stranger passed in his wagon, the boys would join hands and all bow, while the girls linked together and dropped a courtesy,—all recognized by the traveler with a smile and a nod. The audacity of young America in our days might be toned down by some of these old customs. No tree or shrub stood near that schoolhouse; not a blind or curtain to any window. The fierce winds of winter burst on it with full force, driving chill gusts through the rattling panes; the burning sun of summer poured its fiery rays on roof and wall, and made the cramped room within a purgatory. The compensations were outside; but a few steps north, in the middle of the street, between a fork of two roads, stood two magnificent elms, only some fifteen feet apart, their trunks five feet through, their widespread and interlaced branches sweeping the chimney tops of two houses on opposite sides of the street, a hundred feet apart. A

fairy world of foliage and bird-song, far up where no venturesome boy ever climbed ; a marvel of massive limbs and delicate tracery of twig and leaf, such as no artist ever chiseled on stone, in temple or cathedral ! For a hundred years, nature had wrought to perfect this masterpiece, subtly gathering and shaping materials from earth, stream and air, lifting inorganic clods into organized symmetry, transfiguring coarseness into beauty, absorbing "the early dew and the later rain," calling down the upper air to help shape ethereal lightness in leaf and blossom,—all this a free gift to the group of schoolchildren that loved to stand on the grass, and look up, open-eyed and happy, not knowing why they were drawn and held there.

"Beauty into my senses stole,
I yielded myself to the perfect whole."

is what each one felt, but could not say.

Compared to what was done elsewhere, New England was in advance in education. Plainly enough we can see the imperfectness of the old ways ; but our drill and mechanical routine, our external memorizing and puppet-show work, hamper personal development. Some of the best thinking and studying was done in those schoolhouses. Those were poor days for girls. Near us lived a man—a pillar in the church, good after his measure—who said : "To read and write and cypher as far as the rule of three, is enough for gals," and the deacon only spoke what many thought. Woman was the helpmeet, man the head of the household, the ruler over wife and family. If she died a widow, her name was cut on a grim gravestone as a "relict"—a sort of appendage. Four miles from where that man lived who summed up what "gals" should know, stands the Smith College for women in Northampton, endowed with a half million dollars by a woman of his own town. Certainly we have reached better ideas.

HOME LIFE.

Our household ways were simple; mother and sister did their own work, and after that sister left home, my mother had no help. All was neat, and in order, and due season. She had the New England "faculty," and found time to read and visit. My father was kind but thorough, and trained me to do my work punctually and well. To build fires, saw wood, tend the garden, and do errands, was my work, to set tables for my mother also, and wipe dishes, bring water and pound the clothes on Mondays. These useful household tasks I enjoyed. A sense of duty and obedience, a thirst for knowledge, a love of order and decorum, a religious devotedness to the best ends, a feeling that success comes with industry and good aims, filled the atmosphere. I remember coming home from school one keen wintry afternoon, when father asked: "Have you brought the mail, my son?" I answered: "No. I forgot it." He quietly said: "I think you better go back after it." I knew that go I must, but went out in hot temper, which the biting cold soon cured. Then I thought: "It's tough, but he was right," and I ran swiftly over the snowdrifts and brought the mail back just as the warm supper stood on the table. No more was said, but all were kind and cheery, and I enjoyed the good things with a boy's keen appetite. I never forgot the mail again.

Two or three summers I worked on a farm for a few weeks, for a friend of ours, a good farmer, who gave me a boy's task, and cared for me. I enjoyed it, learned a good deal that was useful, and he paid me just enough to make a lad feel a little pride in earning something. I can see now that it was my father's way of training me to industry. One autumn I husked corn for the owner of the farmhouse we lived in. The unhusked ears were piled up in the old corn-house and I was to husk and empty into the cribs for one cent a bushel. I enjoyed the work all by myself in those cool November days. I

would finish my twelve bushels before noon, get my twelve cents from the prompt paymaster, and do chores and play and read the rest of the day. Once I husked twenty bushels by three o'clock, and the twenty cents, as token of such a stout day's work, gave great satisfaction ; in all, two hundred and forty bushels were husked, and two dollars and forty cents paid me. I doubt if ever boy or man enjoyed work more, and dollars were dollars, looking large in those times.

Theodore Parker wrote : "I owe a great deal to the habit, early formed, of patient and persistent work." My good parents were training me to that habit, and I bless them for it. Father used to say : "Never depend on others to do for you what you can do for yourself." Self-help, self-dependence, and simple personal wants were wrought into my life as habits,—the good habits of New England in those days. To make others toil for you needlessly was wrong ; self-dependence brought self-respect and respect for others ; wasted time was sinful and pitiful, and personal display was weak vanity. These ideas sometimes ran to niggardly meanness, to hypocrisy and asceticism, but all this was but perversion and excess, I saw them practiced by those whose hands were "open as day to melting charity," but whose hearts never ran away with their heads, and who must first know that their charity was wise. I saw money paid for public good, in no stinted measure, but in just proportion, by the same persons, and learned later in life, that these good habits made such gifts possible, and that a deep sense of duty to society inspired the givers. I have one man in mind, a farmer elected by his best neighbors to town offices which he held for years, not because the honors or small profits led him to seek them, but because he felt it a duty to help in public affairs, and because those neighbors knew this, and knew he could always be trusted. Many such men were elected to office in those

old town meetings—the best men, in the true sense of a much-abused term.

Let the appeal to-day be for the stricken victims of yellow fever in our southern cities, for the sufferers by forest fires amidst the smoking ruin of home and farm on Lake Huron, or for some wise plan of education or needed reform, and help comes from New England as generously in proportion to her means as from any other quarter, and comes largely from those trained in these simple and self-helping ways, and filled and inspired with that sense of duty which is a grand element of the Puritan character.

But, coming back to the home-life. Once or twice a year a tailoress used to come into our family to make up garments—old ones revamped or new. I would often have a coat made from one of my father's, and I used to think it was lucky for me to get finer coats in this way than I should have had otherwise. Pantaloons for lads were made with tucks around the bottom, to be let down as the rising youngster's limbs grew longer, and were capacious in other ways to allow for growth. Oliver Wendell Holmes's picture of the boy at Col. Sprowle's party, who came with his parents, clad in his new suit, "buttony in front and baggy in its reverse aspect," called to my mind a host of boys that I knew. The coming of this tailoress was a notable event, for she went everywhere, and knew all about everybody, and could tell a great deal, if she would. The gravely pleasant maiden-lady, who came most to us, was a wise woman, and would not gossip; yet she told us a good many innocent and curious things about the household ways of the village dignitaries, and of odd doings in some homelier families. Occasionally another tailoress came, a talking woman, full of news; and then the children were content to sit in their small chairs and hear of all the strange sayings and doings and all the grand ways of our neighbors.

She meant well, and aimed to steer clear of dangerous things, but sometimes she "let the cat out of the bag," and a family secret went on the wings of the wind, and there followed it a stream of wrath, like a tongue of flame smiting her at every step she took. Then she would be quiet, the storm would abate, her spirits would rise again and her poor tongue would tell; and then another tempest from some other quarter would stir the air.

A story spread about the town that one man employed the tailoress to turn his coats and remake them wrong side out, and this was a fruitful topic of talk and comment, as he was known to be "very forehanded." But when he paid freely for the burial expenses of a worthy laboring man, the gossip toned down a little, and when he was gathered to his fathers, and left a half million or more for wise charities, his thrifty ways were only spoken of to his credit.

I have always been glad that I lived in time to see, and be a part of, that old phase of New England life now passing out of sight. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Nathaniel Hawthorne are the three writers who have given us the most of the real life of those times. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" is a psychological study and a revelation of Puritanism, and its characters stand in the sombre shadow or the white light of the author's imagination. His "House of Seven Gables" gives quaint pictures of home-life, and new studies of character in milder aspects. Holmes' "Elsie Venner" is a faithful portraiture of old-time ways and thoughts, tinged with the fine hues of the writer's humor, and full of instruction as well as of healthy interest. Mrs. Stowe's "Minister's Wooing" is a mirror of those days and places; her "Old Town Folks" is the veritable life of the Puritans, in its later periods, not only that life on its surface, but in its depths. She has clear insight and reverent appreciation of the virtues of Puritanism, and yet is not

blind to its faults. What was permanent she would uphold; what was transient she would rate at its fleeting value. Wonderful is her story of the old-time life and habits—full of pathos and humor, its homely traits veritable indeed.

Sam Lawson I knew for years, with another name. I can see him now, enough like hers to be of near kin; tall, awkward, loose-jointed, a swift walker, but to no end; an inveterate do-nothing, guiltless of a day's work for thirty years,—his good wife tried beyond endurance while he ranged the country over his circuit of some ten miles. He never spoke a vulgar or profane word, was temperate in habits, decent in deportment, religious in his odd way, led an aimless life, discussed grave topics in a grave way, yet nobody cared a straw for his opinions; in short, was a Sam Lawson, a sort of decent vagabond, not possible elsewhere. Deacon Badger, of later date, and with a new name, was our neighbor,—a good Christian, devout, yet cheery; orthodox, but with a twinkle in his bright eyes as he talked over the Sunday's sermon; an Arminian slant in his theology; a human goodness in his soul, that made the air around him warm. Miss Mehitable Rossiter, too, had another name, as I knew her, but was veritably the same person Mrs. Stowe describes. I have been at the old parsonage, sat in the large, low-ceiled library, and listened to her sensible talk. I have seen her come into church on Sundays, and noted the deference people paid her, not only for herself, but because the blood of a race of pious clergymen was in her veins. The verisimilitude of this story gives it a great charm, its comprehension of the deeper issues of life gives it great value. So long as these books last, and they will be classic in coming times, the world will know New England in its earlier days.

To finish my tasks and my lessons was always expected of me, but both were welcome and not heavy, and then came

my blessed freedom. I could read or play, or wander off alone at my own will for hours, and was not interfered with or hardly questioned. To keep out of poor company, and to tell a frank story, if asked, I knew was expected, and for the rest I felt I was trusted, and would not betray that trust. A great help it is to be trusted; growth of character comes from it.

Rambles along the river side and in the great meadows, watching birds and all manner of wild things in the woods, and looking off at the Tom and Holyoke mountain ranges, lifted up so grandly against the sky, were my delight, and a lore not of books came to me. Books I read eagerly, too. Up in an old apple tree in our yard was a nice seat among the branches—back and foot rest, and place for books, all of the curved and twining limbs —and there I would sit for hours, looking up now and then from my reading to the foliage around, or far up into the great bower of the spreading elms near by. A favorite place was that; it seemed as though one could get more out of the books there than elsewhere. At night, when the house-roof was best shelter, there was kind approval and warning, quiet tenderness with serene wisdom, but never passion or fretfulness. How fresh those winter evening readings of newspapers come to mind! The modern magazines were not in being then. *The North American Review*, choice and costly, was read by a limited and select circle, but the people looked up to it as to some unapproachable star. We had the *Christian Register*, one county paper, and a weekly New York sheet, from which we gained knowledge of the great world. Our neighborly uncle or my sister would read, while mother sewed, and father rested in his easy-chair, and I sat on my little stool behind the stove. So we had home politics, English and French affairs, Russian wars across the Balkan, glimpses of Calcutta and Pekin, and events in other lands; not of yesterday, by telegram, but

of weeks and months past; not copious and graphic, as from "our own correspondent," but solid and without sensationalism. Those evenings were no small part of my education, to which may be added occasional evening readings of books. Our household talks were in easy simplicity of language, but with no slang. We had pure English undefiled, with an occasional racy provincialism.

A move to Wilbraham, east of Springfield a few miles, and a winter's stay there at the ample farmhouse of my uncle, Calvin Stebbins, was an event of moment. The house stood on a corner, facing south and west; eastward, the mountains, a thousand feet high, were near at hand,—rocky, forest-clad, mysterious; immense then, but sadly dwindled after ten years' absence, and crossing the Alleghanies. The roar of the swift Scantic, breaking through the hills just south of the farm, could be heard. Westward spread the plains toward the meadows on the Connecticut—not rich soil or rich farmers, but plain livers and diligent workers from necessity. Such a man as Carlyle describes his honored father, was my uncle Calvin, only with larger powers, wider culture and more of what the sects call heresy, which is sometimes, as with him, the deepest religion. He had three boys about my age—from eight to twelve—and for me, with no brother, it was a great treat to be with them. Winter evenings we would all group around the kitchen table with our books—geography, Peter Parley's stories and the like—and the hour or two of reading and talk was a treat we all enjoyed, my uncle being the informal teacher and guide. Then he would say: "Come, boys, we are a little tired; now some apples, and then to bed." One of us would go to the cellar and fill a milk pan with apples; this was put on the table, another turned bottom up by its side, was the place for the tallow candle to stand. The apples were enjoyed, the parings duly put away, and then we scampered upstairs to our room, jumped

into the frosty beds, soon made them warm and cozy, and slept fearless of dyspepsia. Two of the brothers are still on earth. If I could call one from his medical practice among the Alleghany hills of south-western New York, and the other from his study as a California clergyman, I am sure both would say with me, that those evening lessons are not worn out or forgotten.

Those evening readings of a few precious books well studied bring to mind the Hatfield Town Library, with its 500 volumes, few but prized, and the corner shelves, or the little cupboard in the wall, in many a farmer's kitchen, in those days, where the Bible and a scanty row of well-thumbed books were seen,—all faithfully and thoughtfully read, until no golden word was lost, no pearl of great price neglected. A change has brought us libraries, and magazines, and great newspapers, with nonsense and sensationalism mixed with matters of moment, and we read as we eat, eagerly and fast, without discrimination, and with a fondness for the high-seasoned and unwholesome.

I once knew a stout black boy, just at the hungry age when a lad will eat his weight every day, taken from his home in a southern city where his fare had been plain, and made table-waiter in a home of abundance. A jolly boy he was for a while. Pie and pudding, steak and preserves, and chicken, coffee and cake, tea and toast and ice-cream were all consumed with eager joy and in goodly quantity, greatly to the amusement of the family; but at last nature rebelled. He lived, for he was tough and hearty, but he learned to choose from the abundance, and we all lost the sport of seeing all sorts of goodies eaten by the plateful, while his eyes were full of greedy glee.

There are a good many boys, and girls, too, of all ages and races, who read much as that boy ate.

Our abundance of books and journals is good to

choose from, and a wise choice is sadly needed. With it we can gain the thoughtfulness of our good ancestors with a wider range and more light than they had; without it we shall live, for a season, in a world of sky-rockets and mock thunder, all to end in chaos of dust and ashes and void darkness.

OLIVER SMITH.—SOPHIA SMITH.—ELIZA ANN WARNER.

"Though never shown by word or deed,
Within us lies some germ of power,
As lies unguessed within the seed,
The latent flower."

A frequent and welcome visitor at our home in Hatfield was Oliver Smith, a single man, about my father's age, simple in habits, social and cheerful. It was my delight to sit in my corner and listen to his talk, for he knew much of men and things, and his genial humor and sagacity attracted and instructed us all. He belonged to a notable family. At one time there were six brothers in the town, the youngest over sixty, the oldest over eighty. His home was with the elder brother, "Squire Ben," near the meeting-house, in a great gambrel-roofed house with imposing dormer windows. Once or twice a year the parlor was opened for some great occasion, the close shutters thrown back, and the sunshine actually let into its stately space. To try to sit in the high-backed, hair-seat chairs, in which none but the watchfully upright could stay, and to look at the rich velvet wall-paper, with its regular rows of shepherdesses and poppies, was a great privilege. The family were above putting on airs. They had a decent sense of good blood and genteel breeding, yet their daily life was unpretending and careful.

Oliver Smith was the rich man of that region, a banker and a money lender, just and honest, not given to robbing the poor, but exact and thorough, and expecting

others to be so. He loaned money at six per cent., spent little, and the surplus grew large. I have known of his rendering men great service in money matters, in troublous times, on terms not burdensome to them, yet safe to himself, when a hard man would have coined wealth out of their want. He was called penurious, his own ways were so plain, but I knew of his quiet charities, his left hand hardly knowing what the right hand did. For praise or blame in such matters he cared little. On Mondays he rode to Northampton bank, four miles distant, his old gray horse and green wagon familiar to all. It was rumored that he was worth almost half a million, an immense sum then, equal to many millions now. He was, besides my father, the only reader of the Unitarian *Christian Register* in Hatfield, and this likeness of views probably helped to bring him to us. At last he passed away, an aged man, and then people first knew that he had an aim and purpose, long cherished and inspiring, the secret spring of his cheerfulness. He left the bulk of a half-million dollars in the hands of trustees, to be invested and used according to the terms of a long and carefully written will. Gifts to poor and worthy girls at their marriage ; loans at low interest to young men at their majority, who had some useful trade or industry to pursue, and the education of worthy young people in certain towns, were to be the chief uses of this fund, which was to last for a long time. So far the trustees have done well, and a solid stone building in Northampton, is the office of the Oliver Smith Fund. Seen in the light of this lifelong purpose, his careful savings are no longer the graspings of the miser, but the wealth of the benefactor, sacredly laid aside and dedicated to a good end.

Eliza Ann Warner, an adopted child of the Smith family, was for a long time his confidential secretary. An intimate friend of my sister, her visits were always welcome.

She was tall and delicate, with high forehead, dark eyes, wonderfully eloquent and tender, finely expressive features and a singular grace and charm of manners. Her intellect was superior, her spiritual life tranquil and deep. Her vivid imagination would dwell in a world of romance and delight, yet a strong sense of duty led her never to slight any daily task. She was a rare person,

> "Who did adorn,
> The world whereinto she was born."

I last saw her, gray-haired and in delicate health. I did not give my name, but she knew me after long years of separation. I found, as I expected, that time had ripened, but not impaired her excellence and the beauty of her character.

Another worthy member of this family I knew, Sophia Smith, a niece of Oliver. Her father was a rich farmer, and Austin, Harriet and Sophia—all single—shared his wealth and made their home in the old house. The sisters were reticent and quiet, but once or twice a year they had a great party ; inviting fifty or sixty town-folks, young and old, to tea and an evening. The tall wax candles, the lofty brass andirons, the solid mahogany furniture and elegant tea service, gave us a glimpse of old style gentility, which we prized. Brother, sister, and other kindred passed away, and their money came into Sophia's coffers, making her one of the wealthiest women in the State. She was orthodox in theology, earnest, sincere, and conscientious. I remember her mental strength and practical good sense, but she was not known to have any special interest in plans of education or culture of any kind. She kept her own counsels, and so was misjudged during her life. When she passed on it was found that she had left a half-million to build and endow the Smith College for women at Northampton, and seventy-five thousand dollars for a free Academy in her own town.

For years all this had been in her mind, and she had held private consultations with the best educators and lawyers, that all might be well and securely arranged. The written directions as to these useful institutions gave proofs of marked wisdom on her part. No doubt this lonely woman had many hours of enjoyment in maturing these plans, and thinking of the benefits that others would derive from them after she had gone from the earth—her neighbors meanwhile wondering whom she was hoarding her wealth for. That enjoyment would have been greater, and the prospects of lasting success increased, had she started these noble enterprises in her lifetime, and given them the help of her wisdom in their opening days. Peter Cooper was wise in this respect, and his wisdom brought happiness to his last golden hours. Miss Smith was not supposed to have any marked interest in the education of women, or any advanced views of the matter, but she must have thought much and well on those important subjects; and while she was musing the sacred fire burned to some purpose. Passing through the College buildings a few years ago, noting the excellent devices and helps for the best education, and looking from the windows over the fine old town, and the lovely meadows and river beyond, it seemed true, as I thought of that prudent woman piling away her large income with no apparent object, and of this use to which it came, that: "It is the unexpected which happens."

SELF-HELP.

To me the time was coming when I must pay my own expenses, and begin some lasting work. I wanted to do it, for that was the good way for all boys. If a lad, rich or poor, hung around aimless and idle, the saying was: "He won't amount to nothin'." If he went to work it was said: "That boy's got grit, he'll make somethin'." I loved books, but did not look toward a college; farm-

ing was too heavy for my strength, and so, in my fourteenth year, I went into the hardware store of Homer Foot & Co., wholesale importers and retail dealers in Springfield, at a salary of $50 a year and my board. After that it was my pride that I did not cost my good father a cent, and the fact gave me valuable self-reliance.

My employers always treated me well, and trained me in careful methods of business and prompt doing of my work. I remember their ways to me with grateful pleasure. I had a new enjoyment—the being trusted in matters of importance. I kept books, took charge of money, and the safety of the premises was left to me. I remember coming down one morning from my sleeping room to open the store, and finding that I had left the front door without bolt or bar all night! Fortunately nothing was disturbed, but my carelessness filled me with inexpressible regret. I did not tell of it, but the door was never left unbolted again.

Then came years in a country store in Hatfield, as clerk and partner. In long winter evenings, we had all public and private affairs discussed by the men who came in,—for the days of tavern lounging were going by, and decent men liked the store better than the bar-room. A curious incident comes to mind. One of the "selectmen" of the town was a Universalist, the only man in the village who avowed the strange heresy that men were not burned forever for their sins. He was so good that one day an orthodox neighbor said to him: "I can't understand how you act so well. I shouldn't, if I believed as you do." A reckless and dissipated man near by was a hard swearer, where profanity was uncommon and distasteful. He swore bitterly and defiantly, and there were murmurs of legal punishment. One day, in the store, he waxed violent in language in the presence of this Universalist official, who soon left, and as he went out there

was a new outbreak of defiant oaths with the spiteful saying, "I guess none of these town officers can tie my tongue."

The selectman soon came in again and quietly handed out a warrant for his arrest. Such a chop-fallen and amazed expression! Across the road came the trial, proof abundant; five dollars fine, and bonds for good behavior; all settled, and the fine paid in an hour. For a month the poor man walked the streets with bowed head, subdued spirit, and sealed lips—humiliated and amazed. Then he partly recovered, a small oath that nobody cared for would slip out sometimes, but the old fire was gone. The amazement grew among pious people how "that Universalist" had courage to do such a good thing, and they all gave him just credit for it. I liked mercantile life well enough, but left it without either large success or disastrous failures. It gave me valuable knowledge of men and things. If a boy is to be educated for ten years, let a part of it be on a farm, or in a mechanic's shop or store, and then good work with his books, and he will have practical sagacity and common-sense, as strong foundations for a broad and true culture. He will be saved from the poor dilettanteism, the affecting to look down on the world's great industries, too common among those called educated men, but who are really only half educated. Changing the old couplet:

> "All work and no books makes Jack a dull boy,
> All books and no work makes Jack a mere toy."

Much was learned in that Hatfield store from the talk of men and women. Of quaint ways of speech there was abundance; of vulgarity and of slang but little. Their comments on the affairs of Church and State were not flippant or shallow. One felt and respected their earnestness, even though they might sometimes be narrow and imperfect. The village dignitaries had seen life in cities and

in legislative assemblies, and acted well their part in the larger fields that make thought cosmopolitan. I well remember the courtly grace of manner and the ease in conversation of a venerable deacon—a hard-working farmer who could pitch on a load of hay as quick as any man.

A few of the most cultivated and charming women I ever knew did their share of housework among that busy people, illustrating the unity of duty and beauty in their admirable lives. There were others, men and women, slaves to farm and kitchen, muckrakes and drudges, poor in spirit. I heard the daily talk of trade and politics, of social and religious life.

Material for volumes of tragic and humorous story was in the family secrets that became known to the village merchant. Strange revelations, for instance, touching women of respectable and pious families who lived in solid old farmhouses, went out but little, wore an air of toilsome and hopeless endurance, did their duty as wives and mothers, sank into enfeebled gloom, and died with lips sadly sealed; victims of crushing passion and greed for gain on the part of husbands whom they felt in duty bound to obey in all things. All these were kept inviolate. My father early said to me: "Never reveal secrets," and his excellent advice was of great service.

The village oddities were odd enough. One was a man of middle age, keeping bachelor's hall in his great shambling house a century old, who was of very regular habits in one respect:—he drank a quart of rum daily for thirty years, on six days of the week. On Saturday night at sunset he stopped until Sunday at the same hour, and devoted the totally abstinent hours of the Puritan Sabbath to reading the Bible by course. He visited the store often, coming in with a softly shambling gait to sit down and tell stories and moralize with sage severity. He was not vulgar or profane, but sensible and foolish in well-nigh the same odd sentence; on the whole not an uninstructive

visitor. One quiet Monday morning in the summer he stepped in noiselessly and said: "How still you be! Well, I've just read the old book through the seventeenth time." I asked: "How do you know that?" And his answer was: "I make a mark with a pen on the last leaf when I finish, and then I go back and begin at the first Chapter of Genesis, and put in a mark each Sunday night where I stop." Thus he kept his thread of Sabbath Scripture unbroken, and was ready to begin the steady task of the week—a quart of rum a day—on Sunday evening. His early training kept him sober one seventh part of the time, and he had a great facility in quoting Bible texts. Once in five or six months he went to meeting—always dressed carefully in knee-breeches, long coat with brass buttons, an immense bell-crowned white hat, shoes with great silver buckles, and carrying a silver-headed cane. In this garb of a past generation he would walk solemnly into the meeting-house on Sunday morning, gravely return the sober salutations of others, seat himself in some good pew, and listen to the sermon with an aspect of devout satisfaction and interest, worthy the oldest deacon of the church.

He was a life long Democrat, in old Federal and Democratic days, and has often told me how his persistence carried the State for his party. For seventeen years, Hon. Marcus Morton was the Democratic candidate for governor of Massachusetts, and was elected, at last, by a majority of one vote. Of course, every man who voted for him could say that he elected him. As this man of steady (drinking) habits told me his story, he said: "The town meetin's used to be held in the old meetin' house, and I began to vote for Marcus, and I stuck to him. I was not ashamed of my politics, and I got a good penman to write my ballot in big letters on a half-sheet of paper. I took my ballot in my hand, walked up the broad aisle with the rest to the ballot box that stood on

the communion table under the pulpit, handed my sheet to the town clerk to put in, so that everybody could see it, and then went down the side aisle and went home ; for I never believe in hangin' round and makin' a noise election days ; tain't right. Seventeen times I voted for Marcus, and I fetched him ! Git a good hold and stick to it, is my way."

A strange fascination lingers around these early days, and around the aspects and ways of that old-time life which we love to recall, yet would not live over again. But I do not accept the theory that childhood and youth are the happiest periods of human existence. With wisely decent conduct each period brings its enjoyments, but our own misdeeds and

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,"

mar all this, and force us back to childhood for some partial compensation. A theology, faithless of man's progress, putting Eden in the world's infancy to be lost ere its prime, tends the same way ; leading us to despair of the deeper enjoyments of our maturer years—those years that should be full of interior light and peace. It is in life as in nature. The spring time is fresh and hopeful in its glad beauty, but summer has richer wealth ; autumn its mellow glory, deeper than any tint of April skies ; and winter its enjoyment of garnered fruits and its sure hope of a new spring. Our later days bring enjoyments deeper than youth can know, and foregleams of an immortality glowing with a radiance which makes the light of Eden's garden pale and poor. Youth is the ripple and sparkle of the brook near its source, transparent and fresh ; age is the tranquil flow of the river, broad and deep as it nears the blue ocean.

To tell of certain noble reforms of the last half century, and of some excellent persons I have known, is of more

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consequence and interest than any continuous autobiography. So much of personal narration and experience as may add interest to these leading aims may be allowed, and no more; therefore this chapter of childhood and youth must close.

CHAPTER II.

OLD-TIME GOOD AND ILL—RELIGIOUS GROWTH—REFORMS.

"Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old ;

* * * * * *

The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost."

Emerson.

Fifty years ago the old meeting-house stood in the centre of the broad street in Hatfield. It was a "meeting-house," not a church, and "to go to meeting" was the old phrase, in which was no tinge of Episcopacy. The high pulpit had steep, winding stairs by which the "sacred desk" was reached—a lofty place from whence the pastor looked down on his flock, his voice reaching them as from the high heavens. Over that pulpit was the great sounding board, theoretically to carry the spoken word out to the pews and walls, but having no effect of that kind, and really serving to set the busy brains of boys and girls thinking what would happen if it fell and crushed the poor minister beneath.

Deep and high galleries ran around three sides, reached by two stairways in the corners. High above and built over those stairways, and reached by another flight of steps, were two great, square pews, seen from the whole

gallery and from below. One was the "pauper pew," and the other the "negro pew," and the occupants were these poor pariahs of our Christian civilization, lifted up in these most conspicuous places to be stared at! For more than a hundred years that was the only place dedicated to Sunday meetings. A few Methodists meeting in a poor school-house back in the swamps were tolerated, an occasional Universalist or Unitarian met no rude abuse, but felt a chill in the social air. The faith of the Puritans bore sway, and all else was dangerous heresy. Great changes have taken place. The Westminster Catechism is no longer a household book, and even the most orthodox hardly wish it back again. "The Day of Doom," that poetic description of "The Great and Last Judgment," by Michael Wigglesworth, which was also a household book, in Puritan Massachusetts, two hundred years ago, would not be warmly welcomed in the home of the modern professor of religion. Its author says of that great day:

"In vain do they to mountains say, Fall on us, and us hide
From Judge's ire, more hot than fire, for who may it abide?
No hiding place can from his face, sinners at all conceal,
Whose flaming eye hid things doth spy, and darkest things reveal."

Infants are portrayed as having a plea made for them, but the stern answer comes from the Judgment seat:

"You sinners are, and such a share as sinners may expect,
Such you shall have, for I do save none but mine own elect.
* * * * * * * * * *
But unto you I will allow the easiest room in hell."

What that is we learn as follows:

"The least degree of misery there felt is incomparable;
The lightest pain they there sustain is more than intolerable.
But God's great power, from hour to hour, upholds them in the fire,
That they shall not consume a jot or by its force expire.
* * * * * * * * * *

With iron bands they bind their hands and cursed feet together,
And cast them all, both great and small, into that lake forever.
Where day and night, without respite, they wail and cry and howl,
For torturing pain, which they sustain, in body and in soul."

These are specimens from the Saurian age of theology, when infant damnation was preached from the pulpits, and all mankind were held totally depraved by nature, and a few only saved by special divine grace. Yet this writer has been called "a man of the beatitudes," and his daily life was kind and genial. In England, Puritanism did great service. It was a religious reform helping to break down old tyranny and to rebuke vice in Church and State. In New England it nurtured noble virtues as well as grave errors, and its advocates did a great work, but the world looked for more light, and the light must come. It was my good fortune to live on the border between The Old Time and The New, to know personally something of the Pilgrim life and thought, and to know and feel that

"The pure fresh impulse of to-day
Which thrills within the human heart,
As time-worn errors pass away,
Fresh life and vigor shall impart."

It is interesting and noteworthy to see how one step opened the way for another, by a moral and spiritual evolution corresponding to the steps of rock and clod along the spiral pathway reaching up to grass and flower and man. The intense earnestness of Puritanism stirred the soul and awakened thought, and the mandate of priest or council seeking to fetter that thought was as futile as an effort "to bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades." Their restraint hindered for a season, but the poor barriers broke at last, and each gap gave new vantage ground. Arminian tendencies crept in. The story is told of a council of ministers examining a young candidate in theology when one of them, suspecting heresy, said sternly: "If

things go in this way I must secede," whereat Dr. Lathrop, of West Springfield, a saintly preacher of generous views, replied: "If our brother secedes we must proceed." But the heresy-hunter was right, for the young candidate was a Unitarian in less than thirty years.

Then came John Murray from England, cast on the Long Island coast as a shipwrecked waif, but found by the farmer who had seen him in a dream, and known him as the preacher for whom he had been guided by that vision to build a church, where the love of God sufficient to save all mankind should be proclaimed. Such a conception of the Divine goodness naturally led to a higher ideal of humanity, and William E. Channing, in his Federal Street pulpit in Boston, set forth with golden eloquence the worth, dignity, and capacity for endless culture of man, made in God's image and likeness. Old asperities softened, and the leaven kept working. Should man, heir of such a destiny and child of such a father, be made a slave in this boasted land of liberty? Surely not. The Quaker element came in to emphasize this demand for freedom, and found voice in Whittier's word:

> "The one sole sacred thing beneath
> The cope of heaven is man.'

Political and religious ideas were in unison, and so grew the anti-slavery movement—so small at first, so resistless at last! The equality of man involved that of woman. A gifted Quaker, Lucretia Mott, went to London in 1840, as delegate to a World's Anti-slavery Convention, and was refused admission because she was a woman, and the injustice of that refusal gave new life and organic shape to woman's rights. Far out in the then distant wilds of Michigan, Elizabeth Margaret Chandler made touching protest against the silence enforced on her sex by old custom and old Bible rendering:

"Shall we behold unheeding,
Life's holiest feelings crushed?
While woman's heart is bleeding,
Shall woman's voice be hushed?"

With this discussion came new views of the subjection of woman, pledged religiously to obey her husband as master, to look up to him after the manner of Milton's Eve. Marriage was discussed, much of truth, with something of error, coming up. Theodore Parker said that the errors were "but the dust from the wagon wheels bringing home the harvest," and surely higher conceptions of the sanctity of maternity, and of woman as the loving and equal helpmate of man, with the wife's right to her own person and property, have steadily gained ground.

In the discussion of these questions many of the clergy held up the Bible as in favor of chattel slavery and woman's subjection, and this opened the way for new doubts as to the infallibility of the book. A popular clergyman in Maine, told his large audience that "it was a great misfortune for a minister to hold up a book as contradicting the holiest feelings of humanity." Henry C. Wright, with his usual power, put the case in the plain way of the fearless abolitionist: "If my mother was a slave, and I were told the Bible sanctioned her condition, I would put the Bible under my feet and make my mother free." Thus did it become possible for Theodore Parker to stand before the largest Protestant audiences in Boston and preach in Music Hall for years, saying frankly and manfully that the Bible was a human book, valuable but fallible—to be judged by our reason, but never set up as authority over us. To-day liberal ministers, especially Unitarians, begin to take the same ground, and many of the people are in advance of most of the clergy. Atheism and agnosticism are reactions from the Jewish Jehovah and the dogmas of theology. Modern Spiritualism makes the future life real and near,

binding it to this by the strong ties of eternal law and undying human love, and gives us a natural religion and a spiritual philosophy, rational, inspiring, and enlarging. It is an outgrowth and complement of New England transcendentalism, supplementing the intuitive ideas of that remarkable movement with facts and a psychological system which give them clearness and definite meaning.

So the world moves, and must move. Trouble may sometimes come from the misuse of freedom of thought, but truth gains and charity grows. When the spring flood comes swelling and sweeping down some mountain stream, it carries along, and tosses up on the hillsides, the floodwood and wreck that mark its course, and the loosened ice grinds to pieces whatever it strikes; but the flood subsides, the fertilized fields pay back more than all the losses, and the summer life and autumnal plenty are better than the reign of ice-bound winter. We can see, too, the dawn of the glad day when persecution for opinion's sake shall cease; when mankind shall recognize the benefit of progressive change, and learn

> "To make the present with the future merge,
> Gently and peacefully, as wave with wave."

Odd enough were some of the old protests against the autocratic authority of the clergy. The story comes down a hundred and fifty years of a Hatfield farmer—an eccentric but good man, one of the silent dissenters from orthodoxy, whose very silence brought suspicion—who was walking beside his ox-team and cart up the street, and met the minister. He saluted him with the same friendly respect he would show a neighbor, but the custom was to lift the hat to the preacher, and this he did not do. The demand came: "Take off your hat, sir," to which no attention was paid, when the minister raised his cane and struck the hat off from that rebellious head. The

wearer quietly took it up and put it on again, stopped his team, set his long gad carefully upright in the grass, and let it go. It fell, pointing southwest, and he picked it up and went quietly on his way, the lookers on wondering what this new oddity meant. In a few months he sold his farm and left for Connecticut; in a year he came back and said: "When that priest knocked my hat off, I thought I would set up my ox-gad and see which way it fell, and move that way, and I've found a place where I don't have to take off my hat to the priest."

The parish minister used to be the arbiter as to all public meetings, and his word would open or close the doors to a lecturer on any topic of reform or religion. The anti-slavery movement broke up this, for their lecturers would speak for freedom in every parish, with or without consent of clergy. A general meeting of Congregational clergymen was called in West Brookfield, Mass., some fifty years ago to see what could be done. One of those present said: "One of these itinerants came to my parish and advertised to speak. I took my hat and cane and walked up one side of the street and told my people not to go, and then down the other side in the same way, and nobody went." Others were less fortunate, and what to do was a vexed question. "A pastoral letter" was sent out to the churches, urging action, but it was met by a reaction disastrous to their efforts. Whittier wrote a ringing poem, of which a verse will show the quality:

> "So this is all, the utmost reach
> Of priestly power the mind to fetter,
> When laymen think, when women preach,
> A war of words, a pastoral letter!
> A "Pastoral Letter," grave and dull—
> Alas! in hoofs and horns and features.
> How different is your Brookfield bull,
> From him who bellows at St. Peter's."

A few years since a young clergyman told me of the

advice of an old preacher to a group of clerical students. He said: "Young men, never be priests, be ministers; men helping other men, but not priests." He was wiser than those at West Brookfield.

Reverence for sacred places and days was part of the old education, taught but mildly to me, but in the very air. One day, in my boyhood, I went alone to the meeting house on an errand, and lingered to walk up the silent aisles. Curiosity led me toward the pulpit, up its steps, inside and to the very desk, where I stood in the minister's place with my hands on the great Bible before me. At once a wave of feeling came over me as though I was a profane trespasser on holy ground, and I ran down the steps and out of the door, fearful and ashamed.

At home the Sabbath was free from the solemnity which ruled in many households. It was deemed a good day for rest and thought, beneficial as such, but not holy after the Jewish idea, and was kept quietly but not austerely. A school-master who had boarded with us some time, changed his quarters to another family. On a Saturday morning he came in and said to my mother: "Can I stay here over Sunday? Saturday night all the newspapers and books are put out of sight, and Scott's Bible and the *New York Observer* are brought out. Nobody can laugh or look cheerful, and I can't live there." He kept his Sunday in our warmer air.

An elderly woman whom I knew well, a notable housekeeper, whose work was her life, used to sit by her west window Sunday afternoons, trying to read the Bible, dozing a little, and rousing up to look out and measure the height of the declining sun. At last she would venture to take down the almanac that hung beside the old clock by the loop of twine through its corner, find the time of sunset, and then look at the clock. When the sun's last rays shone she would give a stretch and a sigh of relief, rise up from her chair, go straight to the kitchen, get on

the big kettle, and have her washing done before bedtime. To put on that kettle five minutes before sunset would have been held a sin. For rest and thought Sunday is good, but all days are sacred, all true work holy in a high sense.

I had no doctrinal training, and cannot remember a time when I was ever taught to believe or disbelieve any creed or dogma. I heard the comments in the family, on preaching and church doctrines, which were usually frank but charitable, but was left to frame my own conclusions. I was never taught or influenced to dislike or distrust people for heresy, but rather to respect sincerity in all. My father read a short prayer each morning, and reverence for spiritual ideas was a part of my life. In morals and conduct the standard was high. A lie was terrible, a knavish trick was contemptible, vulgarity was shameful. Clean lips and a pure heart, frank and upright conduct, and a readiness always to bear my share of life's burthens, needed little enforcement by direct precept ; they were in the daily acts and in the very air of our home. To fall below their high requirements was to forfeit the affectionate confidence and respect of those most near and dear.

For one thing I hold my father in especial reverence. In my youth he said to me: "My son, never fear to hear both sides of all questions fairly, especially in religion. Be careful and thoughtful. Make up your mind without rash haste, but with a clear conscience. When you have decided, hold to your convictions firmly and honestly and without fear." Many times have I blessed his memory for that weighty advice. It stands by me like a rock. At an early day I tested it, and him. I began to doubt eternal punishment, read the Bible, and thought it all over, and scripture and justice were with me. I went to my father and told him of my change of views. He questioned me a little, and then said : "Very well. If it seems right, hold to it like a man ; only be sure it seems right." And so, at twelve years old, a black cloud

rolled away, and my good father's word was like a strong wind that broke it in pieces.

A few years after I was in Boston and saw an advertisement of a meeting of infidels in Chapman Hall, to be addressed by Robert Owen and others. An avowed infidel I had never seen, and the name was as fearful to a New England boy as was that of "the black Douglas" to Scotch babies, whom their nurses frightened with it in bygone days. I found the hall in a labyrinth of crooked streets, fit place, it seemed, for such a meeting, and took a safe seat near the door. The audience was a surprise —intelligent and civil people, as good as the average. Several persons spoke, expressing opinions, wise or otherwise, and, at last, an elderly man—plain, square-built, with large head and kindly shrewd face—rose to his feet, and all listened with great attention. He stood with folded arms, talking rather than speech-making, and with beautiful clearness and simplicity spoke of the excellence of charity and active benevolence. Every word went home. I thought to myself, Paul wrote well of charity in his Corinthian Epistle, but this infidel Robert Owen is his equal. That hour did not change my religious belief, but it cleared away the mist of prejudice, and gave me new respect for courageous frankness. The fresh thought of my father's good advice sent me there, and I made lasting record in my memory of another obligation to him.

TEMPERANCE.

I well remember holding my father's hand when a child, as we walked up the broad street of Hatfield to the meeting-house one pleasant summer afternoon more than sixty years ago, to hear a temperance lecture by Dr. Jewett, the first ever given in the town. It made a strong impression on me, because some of the neighbors sneered at my father for going. And no marvel, for drinking distilled spirits was reputable, and the most pious indulged in it

without rebuke. The old minister and the deacons kept pace with the wicked, and the toper quoted scripture and held up the preacher as his pattern in moderate drinking.

A substantial townsman strongly opposed "these new temperance notions," and told me his boyish experience. The minister then had a farm—the parish property, which he worked and used after the old fashion,—and the stout old Squire said to me: "When I was a boy I used to work for the minister sometimes. He drove things sharp, but he used me well. I used to turn his fanning mill while he shoveled in and took away the grain, until my arms ached. But about eleven o'clock he would set down his half-bushel on the barn floor and say: 'Come, Elijah, let us go into the house and take something to comfort our hearts.' I knew what that meant, and was glad to go. I would sit down in the kitchen while he went to the old cupboard to get out the black bottle and the sugar, and mixed a mug of toddy. Then he would say: 'Come, my lad. take hold,' and that was good stiff toddy, and plenty of it. I stick to the old way." And stick he did, with the story of the minister's toddy as a stronghold.

Cider was freely used. I knew farmers who drank up forty or fifty barrels yearly—reputable citizens, not at all intemperate! It was hard work to make these men give it up. They would plead against the great waste of apples in their orchards—useless save for cider-making—and make that waste an argument for their fiery thirst, growing as crabbed as their old cider, if too much urged. But a temperance lecturer reached their hearts by turning their stomachs! He told them that the nine bushels of poor apples—knotty and wormy—that made a barrel of cider had a good half-peck of worms in them, which were ground and pressed in the pumice, and made about two quarts of worm-juice to give their cider a smart *tang!* There was no getting away from this, and it made more impression than all other arguments and appeals. They

had an internal sense of its truth when they heard it!

Years before my parents had taken the old-fashioned square case bottles of liquors—then a part of the outfit of every hospitable family—from their sideboard, and ended the drinking custom in our home. When we moved to Hatfield it was the common custom to offer rum to neighbors when they called, and our omission was a great rudeness, about as marked as not to invite the caller to sit down. They found that I was plied with rum and sugar in this way, and were obliged to forbid my tasting liquors or cider, which was thought a queer prohibition. But a change came. The young minister was a temperance man. Habits altered, so that the son of an old farmer who had used up a barrel of cider weekly, told me he did not use a barrel a year, with a farm and family larger than his father's. The temperance movement has wrought this change. Its farther progress must be on broader ground and with more knowledge. The idea of self-control, of the supremacy of will over appetite and passion, of pure life leading, not only in drinking habits but in the use of tobacco, in diet, and in other ways, must be made prominent. A study of physiology in schools and homes, in which the ruin of body and mind, wrought by drinking habits and by all violations of physical law, shall be made plain, must be a great help. Parents must teach their children the duty of making the pure body a consecrated temple for the spirit, and the wrong and shameful weakness and degradation of being controlled by perverted and abnormal appetite and passion must be emphasized with grave decision. Legislation has its work, but in all and through all, must be the guiding and inspiring idea and aim of a race well born, well bred, and strong in self-government. The word of Buddha, spoken twenty-five hundred years ago, is worthy of all acceptation to-day: "If one man conquer a thousand times ten thousand men in battle, and another man conquer himself, the last is the greatest conqueror."

CHAPTER III.

TRANSCENDENTALISM—BROOK FARM, HOPEDALE, AND NORTHAMPTON ASSOCIATIONS.

"The good we do lives after us,
The evil 'tis that dies!"

With the growth of transcendentalism in New England (1836 to 1850) came efforts for associations on the Fourier model, or in societies where families could live together, work in unity as stockholders, do away the jar of selfish competition, help to truer education, and cultivate fraternal relations. The transcendentalist held intuition and reason as beyond and above books or creeds; truth in the soul as above all outward authority; institutions as helps and servants, to be maintained for good order, but never submitted to when they would compel conscience to yield to the wicked law. James Russell Lowell put this in glowing words, applied to the evil demands of the slave-power:

"Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod,
Than be true to Church and State while doubly false to God."

In the presence of their ideas sectarian dogmatism was impossible, for the spirit of man—fluent, penetrative and ever fresh for new discovery—could not stop in the narrow limits of a creed, whose claims, indeed, violated the inner sanctity, and so were sacrilegious. Inspiration was not a miraculous gift to Jewish prophet or early apostle, but a divine endowment for all who so lived as to win it. Samuel Johnson put this in noble verse:

"Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind!

Secret of the morning stars,
Motion of the oldest hours,
Pledge through elemental wars,
Of the coming spirit's powers.

Rolling planet, flaming sun,
Stand in nobler man complete,
Prescient laws thine errands run,
Frame the shrine for Godhead meet.
* * * *
In the touch of earth it thrilled;
Down from mystic skies it burned:
Right obeyed and passion stilled,
Its eternal goodness earned.

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good.
* * * *
Life of ages, richly poured,
Love of God unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word,
And the people's liberty."

Emerson, Margaret Fuller, and a gifted company of co-workers, were the heralds of these views, and their winged words filled the upper air of New England thought, and went far over mountain range and sea. Theodore Parker's earnestness was lighted up, and his strong soul made cheerful and buoyant, by this flood-tide of spiritual life. Whittier's verse was full of it, for it was close akin and of like origin with his Quaker views. It spread like a contagious healthfulness, uplifting man and woman, enlarging thought, inspiring effort, and melting away the icy barriers of false conservatism.

HOPEDALE.

A new enthusiasm sprang up for useful and homely work done in fraternal spirit; for a truer culture and a simpler life; for a social state with more harmony and less antagonism, and Associations were formed to realize

these ideals. They did not succeed, yet surely they did not fail, for those who engaged in them testify to enjoyment and benefit in an experience that has helped their later life. Hopedale Community in Worcester county was a stock enterprise, with capital and labor paid at adjusted rates. A hundred people or more were there, living in families, working together, with Adin Ballou—a wise and good man, widely known as an abolitionist, a Universalist minister and a Spiritualist—as a leading officer and religious teacher, and E. D. Draper and others leading in business and education. They were practical workers on the farm and in mechanic shops, bound together by kindred religious views, and by interest in reforms—non-resistance, anti-slavery, temperance, etc. "*The Practical Christian,*" their neat little weekly journal, had a name telling their ideal. They kept united for years, and won respect by their integrity and fearless fidelity. It was pleasant to enjoy their hospitality and listen to the thoughtful discussions in their meetings.

BROOK FARM.

Brook Farm, at West Roxbury, was most noted, for there were George Ripley, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, and others as gifted but less known. Theodore Parker used to walk over to the farm from his home. Emerson lighted up the old farmhouse with his serene smile, and Boston's transcendental thinkers went out to enjoy the rare society. I was there but once, and my distinct memory of persons is meeting George Ripley, just from the plough, with cowhide boots, coarse garments, gold glasses, a stout body equal to farm-work, and a noble head—the ploughman and the scholar oddly put together. This incongruity impressed me everywhere. Hoeing corn and reading Plato; cleaning stables and writing essays; learned talk and calling *haw* and *gee* to the cattle; milk-pans and artist's easels; peeling potatoes and conning fine philosophy;

making butter and poetry, seemed all in strangely fantastic conjunction. The talk and study were admirable, the homely work was awkward, for they were versed in the one and not in the other. Its life was not long, but it inspired many noble labors, and left memories full of light and strength.

NORTHAMPTON.

On the west side of the Connecticut river, just on the verge of the broad meadows, is the town of Northampton county seat of good old Hampshire county, with its great elms, winding streets, ample old mansions, elegant modern dwellings and neat cottage homes. For a hundred and fifty years it has been noted, not only for its beauty, but as the centre of a good deal of influence, the home of men of mark in Church and State, the seat of intelligent conservatism and elegant hospitality. Jonathan Edwards, the great preacher and thinker of his day, there taught the stern doctrine of depravity so total as to consign even the infant, dying "with the fragrance of heaven in its baby breath," to eternal fire. His meeting-house was swept aside to make room for an imposing wood building, a noble specimen of old church architecture, and that has given way to a great stone structure, more costly but less attractive. The creed is the same as in his day, but the old rigidity has weakened, as a little incident will show. A few years ago a friend of mine went to the minister of that church, who was chairman of the town library committee, and asked him to take a copy of my "Chapters from the Bible of the Ages" for the library. Edwards would have looked at its preface, and kept it for his private use or consigned it to the fire, but his successor put it on the library shelves to be read by the people.

Ezekiel Pomeroy, a staunch Federalist in Jefferson's day, was told the State might change its politics. "Well," said he, "I don't believe it; but if it does, this will be

the last town to change, and I shall be the last man in it to vote anything but the Federal ticket." Such was the town in those days.

Three miles west, on the banks of the swift Licking Water, stood a three-story brick cotton mill not used; a saw mill, a small sewing-silk factory and a few dwellings. Along the stream was a belt of valley and meadow, on either side the slope of wooded hills and the spread of level plains—a right pleasant domain, with its paths winding amidst great pines and oaks and birch-trees, and bordered by laurels and wild flowers. Here the Northampton Association of a hundred and fifty members, found an abiding place, in 1842 I think. It was a joint-stock company, factory and saw-mill and farm were carried on under a board of managers.

The dwelling-houses were filled. The factory was divided into rooms with board partitions, a common dining-room and kitchen fitted up—all of the plainest. Social life was unconventional and free, going sometimes to the verge of propriety, but not beyond. I did not know, in a year's stay of a single grossly depraved or vicious person, and there were no tragic outbreaks of vice or crime. I never but once knew wine or liquor used on the premises. Vulgarity was less common than in the outer world, and the little swearing one heard was the emphasized indignation against meanness. They were thinking people who had gone out from the old ways. They came with an inspiring purpose—to make education and industry more fraternal in their methods than seemed possible elsewhere. They sought, too, a larger freedom of thought, a place for hearing different views. No unity of opinion was asked or expected. There were anti-slavery "come-outers" from the churches, those who sympathized with the liberal religious views, and a few atheists and materialists.

There was a strange charm in the daily contact with

persons with whom opinions could be freely exchanged, and no cold wave of self-righteous bigotry be felt. This and the hope for fraternal industry, free from excessive toil, made them cheerful amidst difficulty and discomfort. There were many visitors—eminent persons in thought and literature, intelligent inquirers, and curious spies among these strange fanatics—and meeting them was a constant source of interest and amusement. One day Rev. Mr. Woodbridge, a grave D. D. from Hadley, came to see the silk-worms and their care-takers. He fell in with a young man named Porter, and asked: "What do you do here Sundays?" The answer was: "We rest; sometimes do some pressing work; read, think, hold meetings, visit, amuse ourselves decently, and try to behave as well as we do Mondays." The preacher asked: "Have you no minister?" and the reply was: "No. We all speak, if we wish to, women and all. We have no objection to a person speaking to us. You can come and say what you please. We shall treat you well, but we may question you and differ from you." This was strange to a man whose pulpit words had hardly been questioned in his parish for forty years, and he said: "Do you all think alike? How do you get along when you don't agree?" The young man picked up a stick and rapped repeatedly on the same spot on a fence rail near them; then he rapped along the rail so that the sound varied, and said: "You notice when I rap on one spot the sound is monotonous; when I move my stick it varies. Don't you like the variations? You are not foolish enough to quarrel with my stick, or with the rail because these sounds differ, but you like to hear them and to make up your mind which is best." The puzzled preacher went away, and doubtless had some deep studies over that new lesson in free inquiry.

The Sunday meetings were always provocative of thought, usually interesting, but sometimes crude. They

were held in the factory dining-room, or on the hilltop under the shade of an immense pine. Wm. Lloyd Garrison spent some weeks there, and spoke often. The listening group, the speaker in its centre by the great trunk of the tree, his bold yet reverent utterances, the fragrance of the pines, the mountains far down the valley to the south-east, and the blue sky over all, seem like something of yesterday. N. P. Rogers, editor of the *Herald of Freedom*, used to come from his New Hampshire home to visit us, and was warmly welcomed. He spoke with charming simplicity and clearness, uttering the most startling heresies in a bland way, as though they must be as delightful to all others as to himself. Occasionally an orthodox clergyman would put in his word, heard respectfully, but criticised frankly. Women spoke at their pleasure, acceptably and well. A wide range of topics came up—practical, reformatory and religious.

The daily work was done under direction of overseers, and here came the difficulty of keeping all up to the mark without the spur of necessity. A woman complained of this to a friend, who humorously said: "Well, in association you must learn to work for lazy folks"—a hard lesson which many would not learn, and justice did not demand. For a time all went well, but business troubles and poor management abated the enthusiasm, and a final breaking-up came. I look back with pleasure to that experience, and retain a strong fraternal feeling toward most who shared it. I was not there as a member, but to take lessons of some noted teachers. It was a study of character, as well as of books;—marked individuality, moral courage, conscientious devotion to right, and warm sympathies abounded. I remember a wedding at the breakfast-table of the factory dining-hall, with no cake or cards, but brown bread and wooden chairs, and a Squire to make all legal. The ripe wisdom and beau-

tiful tenderness finely set forth in words, or in delicate acts, by those who went from the wedding table to their work in mill or field or kitchen, made some weddings where silks and diamonds and shallow compliments abound poor in comparison.

David Ruggles, manager of a successful water cure, sat at that table ; a colored man who, being blind, diagnosed diseased conditions by some fine power of touch, and won great regard from his patients and friends. I owe a great deal to him.

William Adam was my principal teacher—a native of Edinburgh, and a graduate of its famed Scotch University. He went to Calcutta as a Baptist missionary, learned the native language of the Hindoo, and the old Sanscrit also, wrought in that field for years, and then became editor of the *Calcutta Gazette,* the journal of the English people in that far land. Coming to this country he was for a time Sanscrit Professor at Harvard University, and then came to the Association with his wife and family. In Hindostan he knew Rammohun Roy well, and helped him select from the New Testament the moral precepts of Jesus, to be translated for his countrymen. This eminent Hindoo, the founder of the Brahmo Somaj, was a Brahmin of high rank, learned and accomplished. He understood Greek and Hebrew, but wanted Mr. Adam's aid to make all surely correct. He was an inquirer for truth, an admirer of the New Testament morals and of the character of Christ, but not a believer in Christianity as taught by the missionaries. His Mohammedan lineage on the mother's side made him a Unitarian, a believer in one God, as are all Mohammedans, and he was in unity with Theodore Parker in many respects. Mr. Adam noticed that he did not translate any of the New Testament miracles and asked why. The answer was : "That would throw discredit on the whole work, for the Hindoo miracles are so much greater than these that our people

would say that a religion with only such poor wonders to support it must be far below theirs and not worth attention. These precepts of Jesus must reach the Hindoos by their intrinsic merits."

He afterwards visited England and was highly esteemed there, his presence impressing many with a higher sense of the courtly grace and wide learning of the upper-class Hindoos. He passed away years ago, greatly honored and revered.

Asking Mr. Adam about the Juggernaut festivals, he told me he had attended them several times ; that by some accident pilgrims might be crushed beneath the wheels of the great idol-car as it was drawn by ropes in many hands, but no pilgrim ever threw himself under the car to be crushed. Only flowers and fruits were offered to Juggernaut. Other festivals had cruel rites, but this never, for this was one of the kindly gods. So the old story in our *Missionary Herald* falls to the ground, for other testimony confirms that of Mr. Adam. Doubtless that story is honestly repeated and believed, but it started from the soul of some bigot.

SAMUEL L. HILL.

"Than tyrant's law, or bigot's ban,
More mighty is your simplest word,
The free heart of an honest man.
Than crosier or the sword."

When the Association broke up, its financial affairs were in bad condition. One of its leading members, Samuel L. Hill, felt morally bound to see its debts paid. He was not bound legally, but his name had helped its credit, and he felt that he must make all good. To the creditors he said : "Give me time, and I will pay you all ; if you disturb me I cannot do it." In ten years every dollar was paid, thousands more than he was worth on the start. He was a simple and unpretending man, plain

in his ways, of remarkable sagacity and tireless industry, his integrity and sincerity the highest, his moral courage unsurpassed, his kindness and wise benevolence beautiful, his sound judgment remarkable. He became the leading owner and manager of the Nonotuck Sewing Silk Company, enlarged their works, filled with finest mechanism, and employing over four hundred persons. All that he took part in must be honest and thorough. There was no sham in him, and there should be none in his mills. His word was his bond, his credit undoubted, his promise unfailing.

As the village grew the schoolhouse was too small. He said to the town committee: "Give me the old house, and I will build a better one." In a year his building was completed, at a cost of $35,000. The upper story of a wing was a neat hall, for the use of the Free Congregational Society, and a library and reading-room free to the factory workers and others, and he paid largely to sustain both. At a later time when all the schoolhouse was wanted, he paid over $20,000 toward building Cosmian Hall for the Society, and helped to sustain this unsectarian effort for the presentation of different opinions in religion, the advocacy of practical reforms by representative men and women, and the moral instruction and innocent recreation of the young. He also paid $4,000 toward a kindergarten school, open to all children. Other men have paid money freely for public purposes, but few have been so unwearied as he was in well-doing—not known of men—or so fatherly in their constant care for others. If sickness or misfortune came to any, his help lighted their path as quietly and cheerily as the sunshine. If weakness or vice brought the trial, his warning was as faithful as it was kind; his sage suggestion was help to a better life, and not self-righteous rebuke. He helped the deserving to help themselves, and opened ways upward

for the faithful and capable, instead of using them, and then pushing them down as selfish men often do.

He was singularly thoughtful of all that might help the comfort or culture of the people. The factory girl had from him the same quiet respect any lady of the land would have; boarding houses were planned for comfort and good behavior; the atmosphere was everywhere permeated by a fatherly influence, a sense of protecting kindness. In his good efforts he had the ready help of co-workers of like spirit, his son Arthur, A. T. Lily, manager in the mill, and others. The skilled labor needed called for good wages, and this helped to build up a tasteful village of some 2,500 people, intelligent and well behaved beyond the average.

A few years ago a Christmas party was made for him in the Hall. Not far below the village was a large cotton mill, owned by another company on the river, and many Irish Catholics were employed there; but they had felt a kindly wisdom that knew no limits of creed, and they came to meet Protestants and heretics in all good will. They asked Father Hill to go to the foot of the stairs, and there was a nice sleigh, the gift of warm and honest hearts.

He was so quiet and unpretending as not to be appreciated by strangers, but his goodness and greatness grew with intimacy. In the "martyr days" of early anti-slavery, he was an abolitionist, with fidelity to conscience as firm as that of any Puritan. Thought of reputation or business prospects never turned his course or sealed his lips, and by his noble integrity he won the respect and confidence of all; his success a lesson to all time-servers and moral cowards, his bravely persistent industry and courage a lesson to all weak and aimless souls. He was somewhat above middle-height, with a serviceable body built for useful work, a high and noble head, a serious aspect, plain and kindly manners, and the quiet ways

that we often see in men of large power. Hours and days at his hospitable home, quiet talks in his last years when illness kept him from active work, are well remembered.

MRS. STETSON—SELF-CONCEIT ABATED.

One of the best things for a young man sometimes is to find out how little he knows. It takes down his self-conceit and settles him into deeper thinking. At the Association I had that lesson. I was at the age when self-esteem is active, and was looking forward to the study of theology. Of course I felt wise! A Massachusetts youth who was a Whig, a Unitarian, and a prospective clergyman, would naturally have a fair share of complacent self-satisfaction. I had a room in a house partly occupied by Mr. Stetson and his family, from Brooklyn, Ct. Mrs. Stetson was a superior woman, a personal friend of Samuel J. May, and other early anti-slavery leaders. One evening in their room the talk turned on anti-slavery, and she quoted some Bible texts favoring freedom. Gravely and with oracular aspect I spoke of Paul and Onesimus, and of the apostle sending the slave back to his master. I can see yet the shade of amused pity that spread over her fine face as she heard me through. Then she took up the matter, and expounded the scripture in the light of liberty. As she expounded I became utterly confounded,—perplexed and ashamed at my want of knowledge and moral insight. That I, one of the lords of creation, should be made to feel so small by a woman! I, who hoped some day, like Scott's Dominie Sampson, "to wag my pow in the pulpit," should be so humiliated by this woman, unlearned, as I supposed, in clerical lore! She was kind, but that made it all the worse. My conceit was all gone, and there really seemed nothing left of me. I could not sleep half the night, thinking of my confusion and chagrin, but at last it dawned on me that it was all right, and the next day I went and heartily thanked her

for her words. We became cordial friends and, having come into a teachable mood, I learned a great deal more from her.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

"Thou art not idle; in thy higher sphere,
Thy spirit bends itself to loving tasks;
And strength to perfect what is dreamed of here,
Is all the crown and glory that it asks,"

J. R. Lowell.

In 1838, being in Boston over Sunday, a merchant with whom I dealt asked me to sit in his pew in the Federal Street Church, and hear Channing. The simple taste of the old meeting-house, and the fine aspect of a congregation of such people as would be attracted to such a man interested me. Soon the minister came—a man of middle stature and delicate form, drawing a little on one's sympathy by his physical feebleness before he spoke, but lifting all into a region of higher thought when he was heard. At first his utterance was somewhat faint and low, but soon that sweet, clear voice reached all in full distinctness, its fine cadences rising to earnest warning and entreaty, or falling to tones of tender sympathy, as naturally as the Æolian harp varies with the breeze. He seemed inspired by an exalted enthusiasm, looking toward the higher and more perfect life of which he held men capable, and calling others up to the clear height of his own thought. Men and women heard him as though some angel from the upper heaven spoke, and the hour in that church was sacred.

Each fit word dropped into its place in the sentence naturally, each period was rounded out in full and fair perfection. The inspiration of his ideas seemed to set each word and phrase in harmony, as that of the musical composer sets note and cleft and bar in the scale to make a perfect and sustained strain of melody.

It was a privilege to see and hear him. I could know

better how his words had such uplifting power, and how it was that those who knew him best loved and reverenced him most. The great central idea and glowing inspiration of his life was the capacity of man for eternal culture and spiritual growth, and the divine goodness that has made the eternal life, here and hereafter, a fit field for that culture. In the day when New England, weary of the grim despair of total depravity, needed to hear a fresh and living word, he spoke. He was the Apostle to teach and emphasize the dignity of human nature, the capacity of man for spiritual culture, the beauty of that holiness of which we are capable, and the wretchedness of that vice and weakness to which so many descend.

JOHN PIERPONT.

"Not there! Where then is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear.
The grave that now doth press,
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there."

Pierpont.

I first met Pierpont at his home in West Medford, Mass., May 23d, 1861. He told me how a reaction in his favor had taken place, after his long and brave contest with the rum-selling pew-holders of Hollis Street Church, and how his Lyceum lectures and poems had grown in favor, but when he became a Spiritualist the calls for lectures and poems grew less, and his Unitarian brethren, a majority of them, cool toward him. Of all this he made no complaint, but spoke of it with cheerful humor, yet it could not but affect him. This message he gave me, received in New York in 1860, from Mrs. Hoy, a stranger:

"My Brother: The world is full of signs and tests of spirit power, and we will not allow you to question that

which meets your outer and inner vision at every turn, for you know the flower-lip speaks it, and the leaf-tongue proclaims it. I have passed away, yet the grave does not confine me. I am where I see more to do, and under more favorable circumstances, than when my soul was obliged to carry the burden of my body. Not that I despise the tenement, God forbid! I parted with it as well-tried friends bid each other a final adieu. I am carrying out my intentions, and urging with good faith that freedom in Christ, which shall render man the worthy companion of the angels. Here I see no eye watching with distrust or envy; no cold reserve and formalities which chill the heart's warm outgushings. . . . but, by the light which surrounds all here, I see man in all his nobleness and simplicity. Would that more could come into possession of this spiritual sight, which must inevitably raise the fallen—while as a self-adjusting principle, it must make man his own judge and saviour—God being within. It is not new, but the old, revived and relieved of all superfluous garniture which education has heaped upon it. . . . With kindness ever, T. P."

He thought the signature a mistake, not knowing who it meant, when the medium again decidedly signed "T. P.," and further thought led him to see it was Theodore Parker, from whom he had messages at other times and places.

Years after, wife and myself boarded on the same street, (4 1-2 Street, N.W.,) and near him, in Washington —he then holding an important place in the Treasury Department, and doing full daily work, although over eighty years of age. We often called on him about five o'clock, or just after his dinner hour when, refreshed by a short sleep and by his meal, he enjoyed a visit. One warm afternoon we went to the door of his room and found all still. Looking in through the half-open door

we saw him asleep on the sofa. Wife slipped in, laid a fresh rose on his breast, and we came away. Next day we met him on the avenue ; he stopped us, laid his hands on her shoulders, and said : "I've caught the sly rogue that slipped into my room when I slept yesterday, and left a rose for me,"—all this with the grace and humor of youth. Fifty years before he might have been a handsome young man, but surely he was handsome as we knew him. Tall, erect, his hair and beard fine and silvery, the fresh glow of health and temperate purity still giving ruddy hue to his cheeks, strangers in the streets stopped to admire him. In his delightful conversation the culture of a scholar and poet, the brilliancy of a young heart, the courage of a reformer, the wisdom of large experience, and the insight of a spiritual thinker, gave varied charm and instruction. One evening I heard him recite a poem of his own at a temperance meeting.

He came before the audience with a weary step, and began his poem in a broken and feeble voice, but a change soon came, and before he was half through his form dilated, his eyes flashed, his voice was deep and full, and the burden of a half century seemed rolled away, leaving him young and glorying in his strength. The conquering spirit had lent the body, for the hour, something of its own immortal youth, so that all were spell-bound in surprised delight.

We saw him last one lovely summer morning at the corner of our street, opposite the City Hall, and the statue of Lincoln, waiting for the cars to go to the Treasury building. He spoke cheerily of the beauty of the day ; said he was going to start for New England in the afternoon, and stepped on to the car as it came near, waving his hand and smiling his good-bye. In a few days he was acting as President of a meeting of Spiritualists at Providence, and just afterward passed serenely to that higher life for which he was ripe and fully ready.

THEODORE PARKER.

THE PREACHER OF TRANSCENDENTALISM.

"No boundless solitude of space,
Shall fill man's conscious soul with awe,
But everywhere his eye shall trace,
The beauty of eternal law.

* * * * * *

And he, who through the lapse of years,
With aching heart and weary feet,
Had sought, from gloomy doubts and fears,
A refuge and a safe retreat—
Shall find at last an inner shrine,
Secure from superstition's ban,
Where he shall learn the truth divine,
That God dwells evermore in man."

Elizabeth Doten.

Theodore Parker's earnestness and reverent spirit made all ordinary preaching poor. He emphasized the transcendent faculties of the soul, as above book or dogma, and was a moral hero.

This heretic and iconoclast was one of the most deeply religious men in any New England pulpit. He rebuked cant, that sincerity might gain ground; he broke beloved idols in pieces, yet

"'Twas but the ruin of the bad—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had,
Was living still."

None rejoiced in the life of the old-time good more than he, and few helped it so much—albeit he was held as a reckless destroyer.

His natural manner in preaching—that of a man addressing his fellow-men without any affectation in voice or style—impressed me favorably. He had the dignity and feeling fitting high themes discussed, but the "holy tone" of the parish priest was not heard—a happy relief! The clergy ought to bless his memory for his great help in making pulpit ways natural. His frank and courageous

speech, not only of Pharisees in Jerusalem but in Boston, of prevalent and popular wrongs in Babylon and New York, was novel and refreshing. Again the clergy should bless his memory for helping to emancipate the pulpit, making it a place for voices not echoes. His theology too had a fresh vitality; he told of a living and present word of God. Dean Stanley truly said of him: "No man in this century made so deep a mark on our religious thought." Surely no man made so strong and lasting impression on his hearers. His courage and sense of duty always led him to a sincere speaking out of his convictions, at whatever cost. This sincerity and fidelity gave him a power impossible without them, and made him the great preacher of the century.

From 2,500 to 4,000 people were his deeply interested hearers each Sunday in Music Hall for ten years.

He admitted the worth of Spiritualism as an agent in emancipating the human mind. Frothingham says: "He blamed the scientific men, Agassiz among them, for their unfair methods of investigating the phenomena; rebuked the prigs who turned up their noses at the idea of investigating the subject at all, and admitted that Spiritualism knocks the nonsense of popular theology to pieces, and leads cold, hard materialistic men to a recognition of what is really spiritual in their nature."

This I knew from conversation with him on this subject.

I have heard him speak in anti-slavery and woman-suffrage meetings—every word a blow, and the mark never missed.

Visiting him at his home in Boston, I found this heroic soul tender as well as brave. His domestic life showed that side of his character which was notable too in his public efforts in an undertone of sorrowing pity toward those he rebuked, and in the emotional parts of his religious discourses.

A devoted and true husband, a lover of the society of the best women, greatly fond of children, of whom he once said in a prayer that "the fragrance of heaven was in their baby-breath," his wealth of affection equalled his wealth of intellect.

Several times I spent an hour in his study. He was simple and sincere, so eager to learn that you almost forgot how much he knew. The plain ways of his early life on the farm never left him. That room on the fourth floor —the whole floor with its outlook over the city from front and rear windows—was filled with books; plain shelves on the walls—and in every corner or nook by door or window; full shelves in racks in the middle of the floor; piles on the floor, shelves along the stairways and in lower halls and closets, an overflow and inundation everywhere. To me the most interesting of all was a little bureau—very plain and small—such as a boy might have by the head of his bed in his little chamber in an old farm house—which stood beneath a window with an old Latin Dictionary on it, and the name, "Theodore Parker, *ejus liber,*" in a boy's hand on its blank leaf. That book he bought himself, and paid for it by selling huckleberries picked with his own hands on his father's farm, which he carried in his little tin pail on foot five miles to Lexington and sold for four cents a quart until he had laid away in that bureau drawer four dollars to pay for that dictionary. No wonder such a boy, grown to manhood, conquered difficulties and made that first book the seed-corn from which grew his great library; and did also much other work, books being only his tools. At the opposite end of the room was his desk, with its busts and statuettes of Jesus, Socrates and Spartacus, its flowers for fresh ornament, and its walls of books all about. The same stout and tender heart that led the boy with that little bureau by his bedside, to pick berries, and help his dear mother in her housework was in the man who wrought at that

desk. He kept, too, the clean ways of his childhood, and we can say of him, as is said of the good knight, Sir Galahad in the romance of King Arthur :

> "His strength was as the strength of ten,
> Because his heart was pure."

THOMAS MCCLINTOCK.

Going one Sunday to Junius Friends, meeting-house, near Waterloo, New York, I heard Thomas McClintock speak. He was a tall and slender man, with dark hair and eyes, finely expressive features, and an air of refined thought and benignant kindness. His ideas and statements impressed me as greatly like those of Theodore Parker, although I learned he had never read the works of that great preacher. Plainly enough he had reached substantially the same conclusions, at quite as early a day. I found he was one of the foremost among Hicksite Friends who publicly advocated and emphasized these views, and he met with an opposition from the more conservative like that which Parker encountered from the same class among the Unitarians. It was very interesting to note the growth and expression of like opinions in distant places and among different classes.

Certain eras seem to be ripening seasons for new spiritual harvests. Thoughts pulse through the air with fresh intensity foreshadowing beneficent changes, even as the perfume of the blossom in spring prophesies the autumn's fruitage.

The Boston preacher in the Melodeon and the Quaker in that plain meeting-house in Central New York, unknown to each other, had wrought out the same problems, and were possessed by the same ideas. Thomas McClintock was a druggist and bookseller, noted for the perfectness of his chemical preparations, and for his strict integrity. Certain of his townsfolk once came to expostulate with him ; not probably unfriendly in feeling,

they had strong dislike of his heresy in theology, and of his anti-slavery position, and wished he might be silent on those topics. So they said, in substance: "We come to you as friends, to warn you that your bold preaching and your open association with these heretics and fanatics will greatly hurt your business. We have no objection to your having what opinions you please, but your course is very distasteful to many people, and will injure you." He replied: "I thank you for coming, but I was trained up to obey the monitions of the spirit, and be true to my best light. In private and in public I have always expressed my opinions faithfully, without aiming to give undue offence, yet without fear of man, and to do otherwise would be sinful and cowardly. I will bear your words in mind, but I must speak the truth, and abide the consequences."

They saw nothing could be done, and left. He went on, treating all with courteous kindness, but not swerving from his straight path of duty. For a time his business did suffer, and he saw why and how, but it made no difference, and then the tide turned, and it more than came back; prejudice yielded to respect, and that ripened into affection. In a few years he planned to leave and go to his native Pennsylvania with a son in business. Then the town's people came to him, of all sects and parties, urged him to stay, and offered substantial aid to enlarge his business. He thanked them, but felt obliged to leave, and did so, amidst regrets well-nigh universal. Thus upright courage wins at last.

His home-life was delightful—a wife of fine culture and character, graceful and dutiful daughters, and their surroundings in that pure and quiet taste which gives a charm to the houses of the best Quakers.

CHAPTER IV.

ANTI-SLAVERY—WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

"Champion of those who groan beneath
Oppression's iron hand ;
In view of penury, hate, and death,
I see them fearless stand."

Whittier.

While at the Northampton Association I first knew William Lloyd Garrison, and began to understand the anti-slavery movement. There was to be a convention in the old church at Northampton, and notices were sent to the towns near, to be read in the pulpits. This was a good way to test the clergy. The abolitionists said their effort was religious in the deepest sense, their aim "to preach deliverance to the captive," and that the church and clergy were in duty bound to help. If a clergyman read a notice from his pulpit it showed his sympathy ; if not, he was held as blind or time-serving, practically an ally of slavery. They said to the ministers : "If our way does not suit you, show us a better, but do something. Don't be like dumb dogs."

In this instance a notice was sent to Hatfield, and I was at home with my father the Sunday it was read in the pulpit. It was handed to the young pastor by one whom he did not like to offend, yet he knew its reading would offend others ; so he coupled it with a warning not to go, as dangerous men and infidels were to be there. This facing both ways suited nobody. Before we were fairly off the steps of the meeting-house, one of the best church members said : "I shall go and hear for myself." The warning was an invitation accepted by him and

others. My father's advice to hear all sides, sent me there, and I found a good audience, whose general intelligence and decorum surprised me. Among the group of speakers on the platform in front of the pulpit was one quite bald, with a genial face, strong and hopeful, wearing gold spectacles, simply but neatly dressed, of substantial clean-cut form, rather above the average size,—his attractive and inspiring presence giving an impression of a clear-sighted man who would go straight to the mark. This was Garrison, the incendiary traitor of politicians, the arch-infidel of pro-slavery preachers! He spoke with intense earnestness, and great moral power, but with entire self-poise, and in the best spirit. I thought, "Verily, the devil is not so black as he is painted." But the old prejudice was not gone. The next day my friend, Mrs. Stetson,—my Paul and Onesimus expounder, asked me: "How did you like Mr. Garrison?" I replied: "He spoke well. I guess he wasn't in one of his black moods." She laughed and said: "You will never see him in a black mood," and I never did. Soon after this came a great convention in Boston, and I wanted to go, but did not wish to ask my father for money to pay my expenses. Fortunately, just in time, a message came to me from the great button-factory store at Haydenville, to come and help them take the yearly account of stock. I went, worked hard a week or more, came away with twenty-five dollars in my pocket, independent as a millionaire, and went to Boston for a week. In the old Marlboro chapel I heard Phillips, Garrison, Abby Kelly, Parker, Pillsbury, Pierpont and others. Such impassioned eloquence; such moral and spiritual power; such bold rebuke and warning: such exposure of iniquity in high places; such tender pleading for the wronged and plundered! I felt that they were right, and went home under conviction. But I thought that possibly this splendid eloquence had swept me off my feet, and resolved to wait a

fortnight, think it over quietly, and then decide. The resolution was good, but the end of my appointed time found me an avowed abolitionist. This avowal is easy to tell of now, but it was not easy to make then. The rising generation can form but a faint idea of the sway of the slave power, the prejudice against abolitionists, and the contempt and hatred of the negro at that time. The pest reached everywhere, like the frogs of Egypt in the plague of Pharaoh. The majority of the clergy of all sects and sections, from Texas to Maine, held slavery as a divine institution, sanctioned by the Bible. The political parties were its tools.

James G. Birney tells of a "Pastoral Letter" of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1836, to their churches and ministers, exhorting them :

"To abstain from all abolition movements and associations, and to refrain from patronizing any of their publications... From every view of the subject which we have been able to take, and from the most calm and dispassionate survey of the whole ground, we have come to the conclusion that the only safe, prudent, and scriptural way for us, both as ministers and people, to take, is *wholly to refrain from this agitating subject.*"

After Daniel Webster made his great speech in favor of the fugitive slave law Whittier said of him :

"So fallen, so lost, the light withdrawn,
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone,
Forever more!

Of all we loved and honored, nought
Save power remains—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes,
The soul is fled;
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!"

Edward Everett, when governor of Massachusetts, recommended the legislature to pass a law against anti-slavery agitation. Grave orthodox doctors of divinity in New England, were the clerical defenders of the slave system, and a Unitarian divine would send his mother (or brother) back into slavery to save the Union. The lesser lights did their part. I remember once giving an anti-slavery talk on a packet boat on the Erie canal, at the request of the passengers, and after its close noticing a serious looking man, with a clerical white neckcloth, talking quietly to single persons, book in hand. A man came to me and said: "That's a preacher defending slavery from the Bible." Of such preachers Whittier said:

"Paid hypocrites, who turn judgment aside.
And rob the holy book
Of those high words of truth which search and burn,
In warning and rebuke.

* * * * * *

Their glory and their might shall perish,
And their very name shall be
Vile before all the people, in the light
Of a world's liberty."

The pioneer abolitionists were devoted, plain in speech, uncompromising and stern in rebuke. To make our judgment of them complete, to discern clearly the spirit and temper of the early anti-slavery advocates, whether Garrisonians or liberty-party men, we must put in connection with these stern rebukes of wrong something to show their feeling toward the wrong-doer,—a feeling void of all vengeance or hatred, and ready to overcome evil with good. Here Garrison's words are in place. He said:

"The slave-holders have impeached our motives, libeled our characters, and threatened our lives. No indignity is too great to be heaped upon us; no outrage too shocking to be perpetrated on our persons or property.

And now we will have our revenge! God helping us we will continue to use all lawful and Christian means for the overthrow of their suicidal slave system. Ours is the agitation of humanity in view of cruelty, of virtue in opposition to pollution, of holiness against impiety. It is the agitation of thunder and lightning to purify a corrupt atmosphere, of the storm to give new vigor and freshness to field and forest. Ours is the incendiary spirit of truth, that burns up error, of freedom that melts the fetters of the bondman, of impartial love that warms every breast with the sacred fire of heaven. Could any men but those of extraordinary moral courage and endurance, sustain unflinchingly a contest which requires such loss of reputation, and such hazard of property and life? They are the winnowing of the nation. When that slave-system falls—as fall it must—we will repay them with rich blessings. We will remove from them all source of alarm, and the cause of all insurrection; increase the value of their estates tenfold; give an Eden-like fertility to their perishing soil; build up the old waste places and repair all breaches; make their laborers contented, grateful and happy; wake up the entombed genius of invention, and the dormant spirit of enterprise; open to them new sources of affluence; multiply their branches of industry; erect manufactories, build railways, dig canals; establish schools, academies, colleges and all beneficent institutions; extend their commerce to the ends of the earth, and to an unimagined amount; turn the tide of Western adventure and Northern capital into Southern channels; unite the North and the South by indissoluble ties; change the entire moral aspect of society; cause pure and undefiled religion to flourish; avert impending judgments, and secure heavenly blessings, and fill the land with peace, prosperity and happiness! Thus, *and thus only*, will we be revenged upon them—for all the evil they

are now doing, or may hereafter do to us—past, present and to come!"

It would hardly be possible to put in language a better statement of the benefits already beginning to be realized in the new South—benefits hailed and helped in fraternal spirit by the North. In the support of slavery all sections of our country had their share of guilt and blindness, and all can now join in repentance and reconciliation,—in the up-building of right and freedom. "Wisdom is justified of her children," and the good which we begin to realize from the downfall of chattel-slavery shows that the abolitionists were right and wise. That downfall came by a terrible civil conflict, because the people paid no timely heed to the noble company of men and women fitly called "the winnowing of the nation."

It is mainly of Garrison as a beloved friend that I would speak. His remarkable history, from being mobbed in Boston, imprisoned in Baltimore jail, and called by all manner of evil names, to walking daily in the very streets where the mob sought his life, as an honored citizen, and being seen and heard everywhere with marked respect and reverence, is written elsewhere. I met him first at the Northampton Association, and his buoyant happiness surprised and delighted me. He had the heroic cheerfulness that comes from unwavering faith in the conquering power of truth, and from devotedness to a high purpose. Good health, a happy temperament, and a well-ordered home, full of sympathy and affection, helped this unfailing joy of the spirit, which grew brighter amidst trial and abuse, and became a flame of heroism in hours of danger. The play of a fine humor, the brightness of a sunny heart, and the strength of a great soul, gave varied interest to his conversation. He used to speak of owing much to his mother, who was turned out of doors by her Episcopalian parents in New Brunswick, because she joined the unpopular Baptist Church, in obe-

dience to her own convictions. To know that anything was right was to be sure of its triumph in fit time, and to be ready to indorse it. To find an error, no matter how sacredly revered, was to know that it must die, and to bear testimony against it at whatever cost. All this was without empty boast or vain scoff, but with self-poised assurance, taking no council of "the fear of man which bringeth a snare."

Orthodox in his views from early education, he paid less heed to creeds and more to deeds as years went on. The wicked use which the clerical upholders of slavery made of the Bible, as the bulwark of that "sum of all villainies"—as John Wesley fitly called the slave-system —led him to study it more carefully, and to use with great power its truly inspired utterances in favor of freedom. Many times I have heard him read: "Cry aloud and spare not, rebuke my people for their transgressions and the house of Jacob for their sins," and other like warnings of the Old Testament prophets, and the New Testament words: "I am come to preach deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are in bonds," in a most impressive and beautiful manner. It was worth going miles to hear his Bible readings, yet the book was not infallible to him. He said that his new and rational views gave more force and meaning to its nobler parts and made it of more value.

His moral power with an audience was great. In old Faneuil Hall, in the presence of three thousand people, I once heard him read a resolution, severely condemning an eminent State official for some pro-slavery act. This man was popular, a good man in many respects, but lacked fidelity and courage for the crisis. The hall rang with outcries and hisses, Garrison meanwhile standing with folded arms, erect, resolute, quietly waiting his time. At last he was able to say: "Hear my reasons." The tumult quieted, and for an hour his words were like

cannon balls heated at some glowing furnace. In closing he said: "If any one questions my statements, let him speak, and he shall have fair hearing." All was quiet as the grave while he waited, standing like a strong tower, and his final word rang out in the silence: "My charge is true; no man dare deny it." There were able men in that audience, ready in speech, and who were in sympathy with the person denounced. But for the ablest to take up that quarrel would have been as though some rash knave, without horse or armor, had entered the lists against Richard the lion-hearted, on his war-horse, clad in steel and armed with spear and sword. The blows of the sword of the Spirit are more resistless and terrible than the sweeping strokes of King Richard's trenchant weapon. Emerson said: "Eloquence is cheap in anti-slavery meetings." This was true, for the theme was an inspiration; but in every meeting where Garrison was present his word was wanted to give completeness to the work. An early apprentice in a printing office, type-setting was always an enjoyment to him, and he was a rapid and correct printer. I have seen him set up his editorials without manuscript, as he often did. His home in Boston was in Dix Place, near Washington Street, its rear windows looking out on Hollis Street Church, where John Pierpont preached. It was a hospitable home, and the pleasant days there are well remembered. He was very thoughtful of the comfort of others, and his wife equally so. In that household, so full of cheer and of simple and genuine kindness, one would not dream of the storm of abuse without, of the $5,000 reward of the State of Georgia for the person of the happy husband, or of the mobs howling at his heels in the streets, but a few years before. It was a clean home, simply furnished and beautifully well ordered. There was no taint of wines or tobacco in its air, and a fine sense of moral purity, pervaded its sacred precincts. The children, four sons

and a daughter, were full of life, and their buoyant spirits were never crushed, but they were admirably trained and dutifully obedient.

While of necessity, the great work of his life was for the abolition of slavery, he was not of narrow mind. His delightful home talk showed healthy and wide interest, and enthusiasm for freedom of thought, the equality of woman, non-resistance and temperance, and his early public advocacy of these and like reforms is well-known.

In later years, since the abolition of slavery, his home was in Roxbury—a part of Boston—the house high up on a pile of granite rocks, with the wild pines rooted in their crevices, yet the street cars not far away. There I made several visits, and had hours of inspiring talk. His wife was an invalid in her room, his own health uncertain, but his mind as clear, and his spirit as noble and sweet as ever. We talked much of Spiritualism, which he had believed for more than twenty years.

At that house, in the last year of his life, I carefully noted down as he gave it this

INTERESTING EXPERIENCE :

Henry C. Wright, his old and valued friend and co-worker, had passed suddenly away, and Wendell Phillips and himself were made executors of his will. His body was put in a vault at Pawtucket, awaiting a permanent burial, and several offers came from friends who wished to erect monuments in Mount Auburn and elsewhere. These were not accepted, as Mr. Wright was known to be averse to any display. Mr. Phillips had said to Garrison: "Do as you please, and I shall be satisfied." One day he visited a medium near Boston, with no thought of Henry C. Wright in his mind, but with a hope that another friend might be heard from. A spoken message came through the medium, purporting to be from

Mr. Wright, and Garrison was told he would soon be sick and would go to Providence for medical aid. He was asked to visit the cemetery of that city, to buy a certain lot carefully described, and bury the body there. He was ill soon after, and went to Providence as foretold. There he saw another medium, a stranger, and a message was uttered, purporting to be again from his old friend, describing the lot, the trees and scenery about it, and a single tree on its border exactly as the other medium had done, and he was again urged to buy the lot and hasten the burial. He went to the cemetery, found a young man in the office, and asked to be shown the corner (north-east, I think) where this lot had been described. They went out to the place, and no such scenery or lot was there. He went away thinking it all a strange mistake, and gave it up, yet was not easy in mind. A few days after he went again, found the Superintendent, asked if any small vacant lot for a single grave was for sale, and was told there was none. He then asked to see the north-east part of the grounds, and, as they started, noticed that they took a different direction from that of his former search. As they reached near the borders of the grounds, he began to recognize the scenery, soon saw the very tree, as described by both mediums, and just then the Superintendent said: "I had forgotten. There is a single lot for sale under that tree." The lot was exactly as described; the former guide had taken a wrong path, the Superintendent's correct guidance led to the right spot, the medium's words were verified, the lot bought, and there the mortal remains of the veteran reformer rest.

In many minds religion is associated with conformity to popular outward standards—with belief in an infallible Bible, a holy Sabbath, a dogmatic creed, and the word of its ordained teachers. These are held as its bulwarks, to weaken them imperils it, to destroy them would be its

ruin. He who conforms is religious; he who does not is irreligious. Garrison was a non-conformist, yet one of the most truly religious men. He was not agnostic or materialistic, but affirmed his clear and deep convictions as strongly as any Puritan of the olden time, yet without intolerance. He had knowledge of spiritual realities, rational faith, natural reverence, noble inspiration, a daily life, beautiful and heroic, a transition to the higher life, sweet and peaceful. Whittier's tribute, sent to his funeral and read there, is simple truth in golden words:

"The storm and peril overpast,
The howling hatred shamed and still,
Go, soul of freedom! take at last.
The place which thou alone canst fill.

* * * * *

Not for thyself, but for the slave.
Thy words of thunder shook the world;
No selfish griefs or hatred gave
The strength wherewith thy bolts were hurled.

From lips that Sinai's trumpet blew,
We heard a tenderer undersong;
Thy very wrath from pity grew,
From love of man thy hate of wrong.

* * * * *

Go leave behind thee all that mars
The work below of man for man
With the white legions of the stars.
Do service such as angels can.

Wherever wrong shall right deny,
Or suffering spirits urge their plea,
Be thine a voice to smite the lie,
A hand to set the captive free!"

The mission and life-work of William Lloyd Garrison was to denounce chattel-slavery as the shame and peril of the land; to emphasize the sacredness and the safety of human liberty, personal, mental, and religious, and to demand that liberty for all; to set an example of dauntless

courage; to kindle a flame of moral heroism; to teach anew the positive and conquering power of right, whereby "one shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight." His task was like creating a soul beneath the ribs of death, but it was well done, and the country and the world owe much to him and to his co-workers—the pioneer abolitionists.

HELEN E. BENSON GARRISON.

Of Mrs. Garrison I transcribe this tribute, given at her funeral by Wendell Phillips. He knew her better than I did, but my clear remembrance of her admirable character and thoughtful kindness makes his every word true. He said:

"How cheerfully she took up the daily burden of life and effort. With what serene courage she looked into the face of peril to her own life, and to those dearer to her than life. Trained among Friends, with the blood of martyrdom and self-sacrifice in her veins, she came so naturally to the altar! Sheltered in the jail, a great city hungering for his life, how strong her husband must have been when they brought him his young wife's brave words: "I know my husband will never betray his principles." Helpmeet, indeed, for the pioneer in that terrible fight! The most unselfish of all human beings, she poured her strength into the lives of those about her. . . . A young mother, with the cares of a growing family, not rich in means, only her own hands to help, yet never failing in cheerful welcome, with rare executive ability, doing a great deal, and so easily as never to seem burdened! . . . She made a family of their friends, and her roof was always a home for all; yet drudgery did not check thought, or care narrow her interest. She was not merely the mother or the head of a home; her own life and her husband's moved hand in hand in such loving accord, seemed so exactly one, that it was hard to divide their work. At the fireside, in

the hours, not frequent, of relaxation, in scenes of stormy debate, that beautiful presence of rare sweetness and dignity, what an inspiration and power it was! And then the mother—fond, painstaking and faithful. . . . She is not dead. She is gone before. . . . She has joined the old band that worked lifelong for the true and the good. . . . We can see them bend over and lift her up to them, to a broader life. She works on a higher level; ministers to old ideas, guards lovingly those she went through life with."

"THE FLEAS OF CONVENTIONS."

So Emerson wittily names the odd characters that hang around all reform movements in their pioneer days.

Silas Lamson—white haired, with long beard, clad in unbleached flannel, scythe snath in hand and a loaf of brown bread under his arm—used to sit in anti-slavery meetings in Marlboro Chapel in Boston. Abby Folsom, too, was there with him, a good woman, a monomaniac on free speech, who would talk, in season and out, especially out. Often have I seen them, and their like, in such places.

It seems as though every new and sweeping wave of spiritual life, not only stirred up the depths of thought, but that the folly and passion of poor humanity are also swept along like froth on the wave. The froth comes to naught, but is troublesome enough while it lasts. Paul had a deal of trouble with contentious and evil men, and with babbling and shallow women, for whom his Corinthian Epistles were meant. Luther was greatly vexed by foolish Protestants loose in morals. Wesley was annoyed by canting nonsense among his Methodist people. The "fleas" stuck to anti-slavery meetings, and they stick yet to later movements. Seasons of marked mental and moral activity, and of noble and needed reforms, also stir to new life the folly and perverted desires of unbalanced

people. In old anti-slavery days the pious and respectable pro-slavery conservatives took the Lamsons and Abby Folsoms as types of the movement, foolishly ignored the self-poise and moral power of Garrison, Gerritt Smith and others, and were blind to the great value of their aims. Blind conservatives and thoughtless people to-day hold "cranks" and frauds as types of temperance and woman-suffrage and spiritualism, and sit complacently while the open saloon blasts and blights their sons and desolates the homes of their daughters. False prophets can be traced from Judea to Chicago, from the days of Christ to our own time bad men have been full of the cant of piety, or of reform. Our active age has its self-styled reformers,—noisy, often well-meaning but of light weight and erratic course. The clear insight, steady courage, and healthy outlook of the leaders in wise reforms are quite unlike the "zeal without knowledge" we sometimes meet. Especially is their hopeful and abiding faith, their religious trust in the triumph of the right, unlike the gloomy pessimism which leads to blind striking in the dark, and to enervating hate and despair. The world's true prophets and great reformers still live. They are among us and we fail to know them!

PERSONAL INCIDENTS AND ACQUAINTANCES.

The anti-slavery movement was a signal illustration of the conquering power of conscience—of truth, spoken with dauntless courage. Here was the slave-system, strong in its control over $1,000,000,000 invested in human beings—a great and hideous monopoly. Parties, sects, office-holders, and pulpits were in its hands. The people were inert, and their prejudices largely with the slave-holder. For one poor man to demand the immediate overthrow of this system seemed absurd. The world, then, even more than now, saw power only in money and in the

machinery of party and sect, and had small thought of a mightier power, spiritual and invisible.

Conscience won; politicians and pulpits gave way; parties broke in pieces, gold was but dross as against justice; slavery went down, and the planter in Georgia joins the abolitionist in Massachusetts in rejoicing at its downfall.

In the pioneer anti-slavery lecture field, from Maine to Missouri and Delaware, I spent years in cities, towns, and country by-ways, travelled thousands of miles and spoke hundreds of times. A great book could be filled with stories of hospitable homes, and warm welcomes, golden compensations for prejudice and contempt elsewhere, and inspiring helps in the great contest. Misunderstood and disliked or hated by the outside majority, the abolitionists had a warm side for each other; and this, with their intelligence, moral courage and fidelity, made their society both delightful and instructive. I have often heard it said, and truly, that if their efforts never freed a slave, the benefits of the culture of character for themselves would more than pay for all their troubles and trials. People marvel at the growth of Frederick Douglass, from ignorance to his present eminence. He had twenty years of the best education in America. No University could have given such scope for mental and moral culture as the society of the eminent anti-slavery advocates, the hearing of their great speeches, and the reading of such books as they, or his own genius, might suggest. In the light and warmth of such an atmosphere his large faculties gained wealth and freedom.

One of my first journeys in the field was in 1845—from Hatfield to the Western Reserve in Ohio, to join Stephen S. Foster and Abby Kelley, for three months. I reached Ashtabula with five dollars in my purse, and with the supreme independence of youth, which made much or

little of small moment. The great grove meetings were full of novel attraction. In one place I remember, where thousands gathered, a farm wagon used as a speaker's stand, was taken to pieces in the night and its wheels and frame were scattered over the ten acre lot. In the morning after it was again put together, Mr. Foster stood up in it and said he had seen some courageous acts, "but the bravery needed to mob an old wagon in the dark was most wonderful!" There was a great laugh, and the wagon was thereafter safe.

In private life S. S. Foster was gentle and true; one of the very kindest of friends; in public his words had the directness and unbending sternness of the Puritan. He was a Puritan, in grain and temper, and early training; and study for the ministry in an orthodox seminary in New England deepened his inherited qualities. Their creed he did not believe, but he scourged the upholders of slavery, as John Knox in his Scotch pulpit scourged heretics, and, like John Knox, he called things by their right names. The communion tables of Presbyterians, Methodists and others, reached from the sunny south to the pine woods of Maine,—all were "brethren in the Lord" together. The "Southern brethren" held and bought and sold slaves, were "man stealers;" the Northern brethren fraternized with them, kept silent as to their crime, and called them Christians. He charged the American Church and clergy with being "a brotherhood of thieves," and made that the title of a widely-read pamphlet of fearful facts. This terrible logic startled the dullest, and was hard to escape from. If a good church member or preacher denied it, and wished a hearing, he was fairly and fully heard, but then came the crushing rejoinder. In Marlboro chapel, Boston, I saw him go to the platform carrying a pair of heavy slave-shackles and an iron collar, three-pronged and ugly looking. In due time he spoke, rattling the shackles he said: "These are

your bonds of Christian fellowship;" holding up the great collar and clasping it about his neck, with its prongs standing out above his head, he continued: "And this is one of your tokens of Christian love!" and told where these came from, that none might doubt their genuineness. He was an agitator and did a needed work. Emerson's description of a strong orator well applies to him: "He mobbed the mob, and was more audacious than they;" but he was not recklessly destructive; he was only smiting down the bad, that the good might live all the better. Few did more for the final triumph of freedom than this strong and excellent man.

In New Lisbon, Ohio, one night a hundred of us stayed at the Quaker home of Mr. Garretson, sleeping in rows feet to feet on the floor, which was strewn with straw covered with coarse cloth. About midway in the rows were two tall Virginians, slaveholders, who had come over to hear the abolitionists. Their feet almost touched, and one laughingly said: "Gentlemen, this is Mason and Dixon's line. No man crosses this in safety." They were manly characters, greatly interested, and well-behaved. The next day a riot broke up the meetings for a time, and filled the streets with dire threats. In this the Virginians took no part, but expressed a lofty and genuine contempt for it. Soon came a reaction, and great audiences kept the best order.

Soon after this I visited Massillon alone, and a mob crowded the entrance to our hall, with tar kettle and a bag of feathers ready for use as I came out. A group of men guarded me. I walked near enough to the kettle to touch it; oaths were plenty, but no act save a fusillade of bad eggs spattering the sidewalk, but hitting nobody. I never feared a mob. I have no courage to boast of, but have several times walked quietly through groups of angry men, shaking their fists in my face. A ludicrous view of it always came up in my mind, which kept fright

away, and it is almost impossible for a mob to touch a fearless person.

In Phillipsville, now Belmont, among the hills of Allegheny County, New York, an egg thrown through the church door, struck me in the left eye. All night long a kind Presbyterian minister, Mr. Van Antwerp, watched by me and kept wet and cool cloths on the swollen and bleeding eye, and in two weeks I was happily well, and past what seemed a serious hurt. There was great indignation among the people, and that poor egg was as good as a dozen able speeches.

Going back to Ohio, a visit to the home of Joshua R. Giddings, at Jefferson, Ashtabula County, is well remembered. He entertained us and others, and took part in our meetings, giving frank assent, and criticism as frank and fair. He was a brave man, unpretending and genuine, his manners those of a plain countryman who had seen enough of the world to be at ease. A strong man physically too, with an aspect and carriage showing that he knew no fear. An elderly man came to his door on a warm afternoon, whom he greeted as a friend. He seemed a little weary after a long ride from his farm. Mr. Giddings asked: "Where is your horse?" "At the gate," was the answer, "and I'll put him in your barn if there's room." "You don't know about the stables. I'll put him in for you," said Mr. Giddings, and the good man rested while the really honorable Congressman stabled his horse. It was a simple act of neighborly kindness, and showed what manner of man he was. In the morning our host said—after breakfast: "We have family prayers, but if any of you prefer to be in your rooms, there is entire freedom here." This was probably said, because he thought that Abby Kelley's Quaker education might make stated seasons of prayer distasteful to her. It showed a largeness that we liked, and we all stayed through the sincere family worship. He afterwards

became a Spiritualist, and his daughter Maria, who was with him in his last days at Montreal, told me that his faith and knowledge gave him great light and strength, to the last.

I liked the Western Reserve—the north-eastern Ohio counties. The really best blood of New England went there—emigrants from the middle class, upright and thoughtful working people.

On Lodi plains, in Michigan, five miles south of Ann Arbor, lived Captain Lowrie, who found a new way of preaching the gospel. Over the gate to his yard, fastened to posts high enough for a load of hay to pass under, was a wide board, on which was painted a white man at one end, and a black man at the other, holding between them a scroll with these words: "Are we not all brethren?" This sermon, as he called it, went far and wide. The daily stage would stop for passengers to read it; travellers would go that road to see it; every neighbor's child talked about it, and so the gospel, which the pulpits failed to preach, went forth from over that gateway. Had he been a weak man, it might have been torn down, but he had a sturdy will, and broad acres and full barns, and was of a sort not safe to tamper with, and so it stood for years. One man, at least, enjoyed it greatly, if I could judge from the satisfaction with which Captain Lowrie told me of the talk it made.

In an interior town in Michigan, I gave their first anti-slavery lecture to some thirty men in a small hall over a store, while a larger number were in the room below, to hear through the open doors. The next day the talk through the streets was that the marriage institution had been attacked, while only slavery, as destroying marriage, had been alluded to. Fifteen years later, I went to that town by invitation, spoke in a large hall filled with its leading people, and uttered the same sentiments with their hearty applause.

A BRILLIANT TEA PARTY.

The itinerent life of an anti-slavery lecturer had its hardships and trials ;—wearying travel and exposure, fare alternating from the choicest to the plainest, and constant meeting with bitter prejudice and abusive misunderstanding.

But it had inspiring compensations as well ;—hospitality and help the most heartfelt, meeting the tried and true who dared to assail an inhuman institution, close alliance with the gifted and noble in a sacred work.

Occasionally came especially pleasant seasons of enjoyment and refreshment. One of these comes to mind as a delightful memory. In 1851 or '52, during the second visit to this country of George Thompson, then a member of the British Parliament, an anti-slavery convention was held in Syracuse, N.Y. The large hall had been filled with an audience sitting spell-bound to hear a great speech from the noble English orator, and at the close of the afternoon Rev. Samuel J. May asked a goodly company to tea at his home. Some twenty of us walked a mile or so up the rising ground in the north-east part of the city, and stopped at his door to look down on the fair scene below—town and country, mansions and cottages, shops and green fields, seen in the summer sunlight.

Edmund Quincy, with the grace of his old-time courtesy, Sojourner Truth, with her quaint and striking ways, George Thompson, full of life and heart, Abby Kelley Foster, earnest and attractive, Charles L. Remond, his dark face lighted up, his fine eyes radiant, Garrison, beaming with enjoyment, and his admirable wife ; Frederick Douglass, noble of aspect and eloquent in private as in public, Benjamin Fish, my wife's father, a tall, Quaker-like figure, his genial face lighted up with appreciative pleasure, Samuel May, jr., steadfast as the Leicester hills of his happy Massachusetts home, James Miller McKim, smiling and serene, a gifted English lady, who greatly

enjoyed the occasion with him, Charles B. Sedgwick, an eminent Syracuse lawyer, a true man, and Mrs. Stebbins and myself were of the company in the house. The genial host, and his good wife and her sister, ministered to every want.

At the tea-table what flow of fine humor softening the deep earnestness of speech, what grace and ease, naturalness and fraternity! It was indeed "the best society," in a sense higher than the fashionable world can reach. Changing the poet's word a little one could say:

> 'Twere worth ten years of common life,
> One glance at their array.

A wade through snowdrifts to a country schoolhouse, a bed in a room like an iceberg, a bad egg flung in your face, even the mean talk of a pro-slavery politician or preacher could well be endured, cheerfully, if the thought of that rich hour of compensation came up.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

> "Down to the dust be Slavery hurled!
> All servile chains unbind!"

Before me lies the Autobiography of Henry C. Wright, a volume of four hundred pages, published in Boston, in 1849, by Bela Marsh—whose little Cornhill bookstore, in the same room for years with the anti-slavery office, was the place where all sorts of books on unpopular, yet excellent reforms and reformers, could be had, and where Bela Marsh himself, one of the best of men, could always be seen. On the blank leaf of this book is written in a bold, plain, ungraceful hand: "Giles Stebbins, from the author, with kind regards, Hopedale, Mass., Nov. 27th, 1853." The words call up my friend. I see him—tall, massive, with large head and a brain and build that showed—as I once told him, while he laughed a hearty assent—that "a good General had been spoiled to make an indifferent peace man." He was a notable figure at the early reform meetings in New England, and later in

the West. Born in the Housatonic Valley, in Connecticut, in 1797, going to the wild woods and great hills of Otsego County, New York, in early childhood, reared in the school of plain-living and hard farm work, trained to do his duty honestly, going East to become a student of theology at Andover, graduating as an orthodox Congregational clergyman, doing admirable work among children as well as preaching to adults, struggling with doubts and fears and breaking his fetters at last to go out and stand alone and religiously seek for truth. All this and more, is told in his Autobiography—a vivid picture of child life and later growth, and of the religious usages of that day. It was written in 1847, at Rochane Cottage, on the banks of Gare Loch, in the West Highlands of Scotland, the summer-home of the Patons of Glasgow, and of James Anderson—a son-in-law. Catherine Anderson—"my wee darling" as he called her—was a lovely child, who reciprocated his affectionate tenderness. The frontispiece of the Autobiography is a fine engraved portrait of himself sitting, with the child standing beside him, her head resting confidingly on his breast, and her face radiant with joy. He has told me of the beauty of Gare Loch, the bold mountain scenery about it, and the intelligence and kindness of the inmates of that cottage, so that all seems familiar.

When his clerical career was ending he knew Garrison and N. P. Rogers, went into the anti-slavery field with all the strength of his great soul, broke down in health, visited Great Britain, lectured in the cities, spent some months at Graefenberg water-cure, when Preissnitz had it in charge, talked all kinds of political and religious heresy to the titled nobles among its guests, and came home to take up his lifelong pilgrimage as an itinerant speaker in the reform field in this country. He was strong, direct, plain in manners and speech, not subtle in discrimination, but with a solid depth of conviction. He concentrated

his thoughts on the subjects near his soul, and enforced his views with small respect for things held sacred, but with high reverence for what he held right.

He was always made welcome like a brother at the home of William Lloyd Garrison, and they were true and trusting friends to the last. As early as 1835 his writing and speaking for non-resistance and anti-slavery began, and temperance always claimed his attention. Marriage, parentage, the sanctity of maternity, the laws of heredity, he wrote and spoke on with marked effect. Spiritualism enlisted his earnest efforts and advocacy in later years. I well remember his plain and strong language, startling by its directness and power, and softened by touches of tender feeling. Once at North Collins Yearly Meeting in Western New York, speaking to three thousand people he said: "When I die, as you call it, I shall begin to live. I am not going to some place so far away that I never can get back, and I don't expect to sing psalms and shout Hallelujah forever. I don't believe God is selfish enough, or fond enough of flattery, to want me or anybody to spend an eternity in that way. I love to work here, and to grow in wisdom and love, and I want a chance to work and grow over there. I shall want to see you, for I love you. I shall have something to do for you. I shall come back and help knock in the heads of your whisky barrels, and get the tobacco out of your foul mouths."

His best work was with audiences of plain people in the country. Once, in Northern Indiana, at a free hall on Brushy Prairie, with a full hearing of farmers and their families, he had laid down the points of his argument in his plain way and then stopped and asked:

"Now, friends, don't you see it?" and from all quarters came the response: "Yes, yes." With an air of satisfaction, impossible to describe, he said in his deep and friendly tones: "I knew you would see it."

This characteristic letter calls to mind like words I have heard from him:

TO THE CAPE COD CAMP-MEETING OF SPIRITUALISTS AT HARWICH.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., July 29th, 1870.

"President of Cape Cod Camp-meeting of Spiritualists, —I cannot be with you this year. Can I have the platform a short time? If so, I will say a word with pen and ink. This is my speech :—

"Cape Cod,—a hallowed name and place to me. Nearly forty years ago I lectured there first. I have been there often since. I love her men, women, and children. For intelligence, courteous behavior, and frankness and heartiness of manner, they are not surpassed by any part of our broad land. I never left them but with regret. I never returned to them but with gladness. My memories of her sons and daughters, in their homes and in conventions, are pleasant, and only pleasant.

"Man—his nature, relations, and destiny—is my one life-thought; his elevation and happiness, my one object. By man I mean woman also. The body is not the man; it is but an incident to him. The death of the body is not the death of the man; nor does it change his relations, obligations, and duties. These are the same out of the body as in it. Down with all gods, doctrines, religions, and governments that tend to dishonor and degrade man.

"Creeds, codes, and constitutions, churches and governments, are nonentities when they conflict with internal conviction. * * *

"From the high and holy platform of Spiritualism, we look upon the great battle of the race that is now being fought with a zeal and devotion never before known. The great issue is between God in man and the animal in man. A union of the two is essential to existence here; but which shall have the mastery? To answer this is the mission of Spiritualism."

At about seventy years of age, being in Pawtucket at the home of a friend, he went into his carpenter's shop to talk

with him as he worked, sat down at the end of his bench, and soon said: "Come and hold me up." At once a change was seen, and in a moment he passed quietly away. His friend W. L. Garrison and others spoke at the funeral.

CHARLES LENOX REMOND.

"What tho' these eyes may ne'er behold the time?
A coming age shall hail the Jubilee,
When men of every caste, complexion, clime,
Shall burst their chains, and stand in dignity sublime."

W. L. Garrison.

Forty years ago I attended a large anti-slavery convention at Upton, Worcester County, Mass. The discussion turned on the interdependence and influence on each other of the Southern cotton planters, and the merchants and manufacturers of New England, who "stuffed cotton in their ears," and would not hear the abolitionists. Through all Charles Lenox Remond sat quiet, a flash of his eye or a hot glow of his swarthy cheek now and then showing his feelings. At last he sprang to his feet, stepped forward, and began to speak with slow deliberation yet strong emotion, his tones rising and quickening as he went on. His first words were: "What we have heard from Mr. Garrison and others touching the ties of cotton that bind men in New England is all true. I am glad it has been said. But there is something beneath and behind all this. It is the everlasting cry, nigger! nigger! ! nigger! ! !" And then came, for a half hour, words, ringing like the bugle blast, flashing and rattling like sharp lightning and quick thunder, with the musical voice melting now and then into tones of saddest pity and tenderest entreaty, to burst forth again with its full force of warning and rebuke. His frame trembled with emotion, the flashing eye smote and pierced us, and the echoes of that resonant voice came back from every corner of the great room as he closed and

sat down exhausted amidst a silence that might be felt, and in a moment came the reaction in an outburst of applause. Many times I have heard this impassioned orator speak in that way, the wrong and contumely heaped on his race, stirring his soul most deeply.

In the year 1836, I think, a Committee of the Massachusetts House of Representatives gave public hearing to the petitioners for the repeal of "the black laws," and the political rights—soon granted—of the colored citizens. Samuel E. Sewall, an eminent lawyer, Wendell Phillips, and C. L. Remond were to speak for the petitioners, and a large audience met at the State House to hear the addresses, among whom was a Southern planter, an intelligent and cultivated man. He happened to find a seat near Mrs. Maria W. Chapman, of Boston, an eminent anti-slavery woman. Looking at the speakers he said to some one near: "What can that black fellow say?" Mrs. Chapman heard him, and turned to say: "I think, sir, you will find he has something worth saying." He bowed politely and replied: "I shall hear him fairly, Madam." Sewell opened with his legal argument, Phillips followed with an eloquent appeal, the Southerner listening with marked interest. Remond came next, the occasion one to stir his soul; that hall rang with the clear tones of his voice, and he held legislators and audience spell-bound in wondering silence, the planter most surprised of all. At the close Mrs. Chapman turned to him and asked: "What do you think of the colored man?" His hearty answer was: "Madam, the black man wears the feather!"

Mr. Remond was descended from a free ancestry from the West Indies. He was of lithe and active frame and nervous temperament, singularly graceful and courteous in manners, and fastidiously neat and tasteful in person and dress, with a refinement that avoided all garish show. He had times of moody despondency, the chafings of a

high spirit under the cruel prejudice that clouded his life; but when the cloud lifted off he was a delightful companion, and lent new grace to any company. Born and at home in Salem, Massachusetts, he once told me how he found himself ill at ease as a boy, among the rude and ignorant colored children, and how the white boys would not treat him decently, but he made the happy discovery that the horses in his father's stable reciprocated good treatment, and so he cultivated their friendship. This led to a great fondness for horses, great skill in their management, and the owning of beautiful animals that no white man in Salem ever passed on the highway.

He visited England and Ireland, and was treated with marked attention. He told me that only once while abroad, did he see anything to remind him of any distinction based on color. A party of friends in London, were visiting the Bank of England, and being shown through its great vaults and many rooms, when he noticed some of the English attendants looking curiously at them and whispering among themselves. His quick suspicion led him to think his dark face was their mark. At last one of them called him aside and said: "Excuse me sir, but may I ask who that lady in your party is"—pointing to a lady of Quaker lineage. The question was respectfully asked, and he replied: "That is Miss Neal from Philadelphia," when his querist said: "Thank you. We were all very anxious to know, for she resembles our Queen Victoria very much."

His last years were spent in Boston, where he was highly esteemed by a choice circle of friends.

GEORGE THOMPSON.

In the early anti-slavery days, about 1835, an eloquent Englishman, who had caught from his friend Garrison, in London, the noble enthusiasm and earnest depth of conviction of the pioneer abolitionists, came to this country as a lecturer. His ability and power of speech and

eminent personal character called out large audiences, and stirred the wrath of the "gentlemen of property and standing," in Church and State, who stood behind the vulgar mob that did their foul work. Those were the days when an eminent Baptist clergyman, in South Carolina, Rev. Wm. S. Plummer, D.D., said : "If the abolitionists will set the country in a blaze, it is but fair that they should have the first warming of the fire," and Boston men were plenty who would obey Carolina and stir the fire. Mr. Thompson was a reformer at home, a friend of England's toiling people, and afterwards a member of Parliament, from the Tower Hamlets working men's constituency in London. In this country he never advocated bloodshed or violence, or British interference, came as agent for no foreign Society, but spoke plainly in warning and rebuke of our sins in the matter of slavery, in the spirit and method of Whittier's words to Virginia :

> "We wage no war, we lift no hand,
> We fling no torch within
> The fire-damps of the quaking mine
> Beneath your soil of sin."

Yet he was mobbed, in Boston and vicinity, with such vindictive ferocity that his friends felt obliged to hide him and put him secretly on board a ship bound across the Atlantic.

I have seen, at Mr. Garrison's house in Boston, one of the anonymous handbills flung about the city streets at the time, with these words printed in ominous black letters :

> $100 REWARD
> FOR THE NOTORIOUS BRITISH EMISSARY,
> GEORGE THOMPSON,
> DEAD OR ALIVE !

He visited this country again in 1848, spent some years, spoke to large audiences, was still hated by the pro-

slavery element, but friends watched his path and imminent personal danger had gone by.

During those years I met him and heard him speak often. Of commanding personal presence, he combined a graceful ease like that of Wendell Phillips, with an impassioned and concentrated force like the sweep of a strong wind, and his hearers were charmed to tenderness and sympathy, and then would hold their breaths until the whirlwind rushed by as his moods changed.

After a speech he would go to his room, take a bath, have a cup of choice tea, which he always carried with him, and then come into a waiting group of friends one of the most genial companions, fascinating in conversation, an admirable story-teller, brilliant and animated, until past midnight.

I well remember an evening in Rochester, New York, in which he told of his journey from Calcutta to Delhi, and his interviews at the last named city with the great Mogul and the Begum, his wife.

Eight hundred miles, up the Ganges, and across plains and through forest and jungle where tigers haunted, he was carried in a palankin, its poles on the shoulders of four men, others with torches and baggage in front and rear, journeying only at night, resting in bungalows in the hot days, with natives sprinkling floor and walls, with cool water, and taking five weeks for the strange trip. Then came processions, with elephants and howdahs and caparisoned steeds, an oriental palace, visits to the great audience hall, with its inscription, wrought in gold on the painted wall, in Arabic: "This is the palace of delight." Then came business of public moment, and then the return over the same route, watching stars and sky as he laid in his palankin hearing the low voices of his Hindoo bearers and attendants, and thinking of home and England as though in another planet.

It was like a chapter from the Arabian nights.

Giving a course of lectures in Rochester he was the guest of Isaac and Amy Post, while the "Rochester rappings," were stirring the air with new wonder. Expressing a wish to know something of the matter, Isaac said: "Thee can go with us any time," and a night was soon fixed on. At the house where the *séance* was to be held were George Thompson, Isaac and Amy Post, Sarah D. Fish, my wife's mother, and three or four personal friends, with Mrs. Leah Brown, (*née* Fox, now Mrs. Underhill of New York,) as the medium. All sat around the table in the lighted room, and in fit time Isaac Post said to Mr. Thompson: "Ask questions as we do," and he asked: "Are any Hindoo friends present to say something to me?" The raps came to say yes, and call for the alphabet, when a gentleman wrote down, as they were rapped at in response to the repeated alphabetic letters, the following, d-w-a-r-k-a-n-a-t-h-t-a-g-o-r-e-e. Mr. Thompson and all the company thought and said that this jumble of letters had no meaning, but he took the paper in his hand, took in at a glance their connection, and exclaimed: "Dwarkanath Tagoree! My God is it you?" to which came emphatic response, a valued Hindoo friend, who was not in his mind, and whose name was not known, thus manifesting his presence.

For a half-hour of deep interest he asked questions and all the answers he said were correct. At the close he asked: "Where did we meet last?" and the reply was rapped out: "Regent Street, London," with the right number given. "What mood were we in?" was then asked, and the word "Anger" came in response. "That is true," said Mr. Thompson, "we disagreed, and his illness prevented our settling our trouble." Then he asked: "Do you still feel angry?" and the prompt answer came: "No, dear friend, in the light of this higher life anger dies away."

That half-hour made a strong impression. In after

years, with more experience and thought, he became a lifelong Spiritualist.

GERRITT SMITH.

"Thine to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrongs away,
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting heaven's warm sunlight in."

Leaving the New York Central Railroad at Canastota, twenty miles east of Syracuse, the mail carriage takes one southward nine miles to Peterboro. Upward leads the road; winding up the hills, following the course of a foaming mountain stream, getting glimpses of a broad landscape of farms and forest north to the verge of Oneida lake—which shines like a sea of molten silver in the distance, passing dairy farms and rocky gorges, the village is reached—a thousand feet above the starting place, where the air is sweet and pure in summer, and the wintry winds have their own wild way. Around the pleasant village green, with its grass and trees, are the homes of some four hundred people, and on every side, hill and dale and dairy farms. On the north side of the green, in an ample space of lawn and old forest trees, stood the family home, a spacious three-story wood house, with broad hall through the centre, and great pillars reaching up to its roof along the front piazzas. A garden, some acres in extent, abundant in useful vegetables and beautiful in flowers and trees, reaches along either side of a swift, clear brook. For twenty-five years, I visited that home occasionally, speaking on Sundays in the plain little free church across the green, meeting prized friends in the neighborhood, and enjoying the society of Gerritt Smith, his admirable wife, and their family and friends. It was a hospitable house, its doors open to many kinds of people, from the accomplished and elegant to plain and homely men and women, coming to attend some reform convention, or old neighbors and prized friends. His acquaintance had wide range, and he always cherished a warm, neighborly feeling

for the dwellers on the farms around who had interest in reforms and were devoted to religious ideas sacred to him. His tall and stately person and fine face beaming with good feeling, gave a princely air to his courtesy, bestowed impartially on all.

In early life a believer in the prevalent orthodox theology, his views changed, but he always held in reverent respect all sincere opinions. Orthodox and heterodox alike were his welcome guests, and there was frankness of speech, without controversy. I remember once at breakfast, when several visitors were present, I sat at his left hand, and a lady with whom I had enjoyed some interesting talk on his right. The conversation turned on the narrow and bitter feelings so often manifested on religious subjects, and he said: "Here am I, suspected of being heterodox, yet quite orthodox after my fashion; here is Mr. Stebbins whom some people think a sort of pagan; and here is this Catholic lady on my right. We are all good friends, and if that was the way of the whole world it would be a blessed gain of true religion." His natural reverence was deep and earnest, and, while he could plainly criticise error, he never showed, or felt, contempt for what others held sacred. Each morning the family met in the sitting-room, and when all was quiet he would rise and repeat some hymn from memory, which all who chose would join in singing; then he would repeat Scripture passages in the same way, the clear and deep tones of a fine voice, adding to their effect, and his brief prayer would follow, tender and beautiful, "the soul's sincere desire" for spiritual light and strength. It was good to be there.

Mrs. Smith, at that morning hour, always dressed in white, her winter garb of some fine woolen stuff of the same spotless hue, a single fresh rose, worn on her bosom.—making contrast of color with her dark hair and white robes. Such a dress always seemed fit and appropriate beyond any other. It was her own choice, and seemed

the outward expression of her inner life. In a shaded nook in the garden was her summer-house—a rustic roof of bark and twigs just large enough to cover her table and a half dozen chairs; with grass and flowers, the murmuring brook and the great old trees around. With her favorite books she spent many hours there. In the corner of the drawing-room was her rocking-chair and work-basket and a stand for books, works on Spiritualism usually among them, "Anna's crazy corner," as her lover-husband sometimes laughingly called it.

He was a sincere believer in free trade, basing his support of that policy on the broad ground of universal philanthropy and fraternity.

He was greatly occupied in practical reforms. Temperance had his lifelong advocacy. From the day when he invited an anti-slavery convention—good and true men mobbed out of Utica—to meet in Peterboro, and opened home and church to them, he was an abolitionist, without fear and above reproach. His courage, his generous help, his wise counsel and eloquent speech were of great value. His peculiar and valuable way to reach his friends and others, was the publishing, in large quantities, of his advancing thoughts on reform and religion in form of letters to leading men, or addresses, in leaflets or pamphlets or newspaper articles, to be widely circulated. While he loved whatever truths the sects held, his own feelings can be well expressed in Emerson's lines:

> "I like a church; I like a cowl;
> I love a prophet of the soul;
> And on my heart monastic aisles,
> Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles,
> Yet not for all his faith can see,
> Would I that cowled churchman be."

I found him diligent, sagacious and successful in business affairs, and giving sums, large or small, with careful judgment as well as benevolent spirit. Thus he could make donations reaching many thousands, and yet have

more to give. His mission—performed unconsciously, and therefore all the better—was to teach, by lifelong example, that persons of ability and wealth should devote their talents and means, in a spirit of religious consecration, to the freedom and uplifting of the people, and should have "the courage of their convictions" amidst the enervating influences of outward abundance and ease.

ABBY KELLEY FOSTER.

One keen winter evening, fifty years ago, I was one of a group of a half dozen or more persons, sitting around the stove in a village store in Massachusetts. This group was a sort of informal club of "stove warmers" met to discuss the affairs of neighborhood and nation, and had its opinions on matters of moment,—a sort of unwritten code which one of them jocosely called "stove-pipe law." One article of the code was that abolitionists were fanatics, tainted with infidelity and quite *uncanny*. On this evening one of the company was just home from Boston, and said: "I went to an abolition meetin' and saw Abby Kelley," whereat he was asked: "How did she look?" and answered: "Well, she's a good-lookin' woman, not a bit like the peaked-faced old maid I expected to see. She talked well, but she's hard on some of our big men, and she don't spare the preachers a bit." He was a "forehanded man," a church member, and was reputed to know a good deal. No comments followed, the smoke curled up around the stove-pipe, while silence reigned for a brief time, and the talk was of cattle, and queer old folks, as though the "abolition meetin'" and the woman lecturer were about on par with the turnips that Deacon Graves fed his cattle on, or the old cloak that Aunt Tenty Dibbins had worn to meeting every cold Sunday for thirty years, and had just cast aside to come forth arrayed in the shining glory of a new black silk.

I fearlessly confess now, the lapse of a half century making it safe to do so, that I then had doubts about this article of the old "stove-pipe law" as to the abolitionists, as did some others, but we waited in prudent silence.

A few years after I fell in with these abolitionists, came under the sway of their "spell of light and power," and met Abby Kelley,—a devoted woman consecrated to the service of the slaves, giving her life to the help of her abused and outraged sisters who could not speak for themselves. Never was consecration and self-abnegation more entire and unreserved. A favorite teacher in a school in Lynn under the charge of the Orthodox Friends, a member of that society, graceful and dignified in personal presence and manners, winning many friends, she left all to go out as an anti-slavery lecturer, against the feelings and advice of many of the leaders in her Society, "facing a frowning world" in days when a woman speaking as she did was followed by vile suspicions, and persecuted, not by the vulgar of mean estate, so much as by those high in social life, pillars in church and state.

Strong in argument, plain and searching in warning and rebuke, tender in pathetic appeal, persistent in will, fervent in unfailing faith, her voice ringing out clear as a silver bell, and easily heard by thousands in the open air, her public work was very effective.

A mingling of sisterly and womanly feeling, noble dignity and high purity, won friends and gained her reverent respect. I have known pro-slavery preachers rash enough to criticise her. They were always fully heard, and then she would bury them under an avalanche of terrible facts mingled with Bible texts, quote the tender passages of the New Testament, tell of the spirit of the Nazarene, and hold them up as the allies and helpers of proud and wicked oppressors until they were utterly

discomfited and ashamed, glad to escape, and never venturing a second trial.

The honest and faithful, of whatever creed, always had due honor. "Will you help break the bonds of the oppressed and let the captive go free?" was her test question.

In Worcester, Mass., in 1850, she attended the first woman-suffrage convention in New England, and was called out to speak. Seeing the comparative ease of public-speaking for women, and the personal respect paid to those present, she briefly alluded to her own trials in earlier days, and said, in such a way that many eyes filled with tears: "Bleeding feet, my sisters, have marked the paths that are strewn with roses for you." In Ohio, at a grove meeting, a young man led me aside to a fence corner and very earnestly asked: "Does Abby Kelley believe in marriage?" I said, "Really I never asked her," and a sad look came over his face. I wickedly enjoyed his grief, but soon relented and said: "All I know is that she told me lately that she expected soon to marry Stephen S. Foster," and it was pleasant to see the good soul go away relieved and happy. Such power had prejudice, and such power it yet has.

ABIGAIL AND LYDIA MOTT.

"No laurel wreath, no waving palm
No royal robes are ours;
But evermore, serene and calm,
We use life's noblest powers."

Some forty years ago two sisters left their Quaker home in Eastern New York to win support by their courageous industry. They had good education of the plain country sort; good home training in useful work; good Quaker teaching, which led them to follow the "inner light," and be true to the right "through evil report and through good report." They found their way to Albany, and opened a gentlemen's furnishing store, long known

for the excellence of its honest and skilful work. Their principal capital was character, skill, and persistent effort. Dependent on the public for patronage they never swerved a hair's-breadth from what they held right to gain the popular favor. With their nature and training they could not. They sold their goods, but never their principles. Obey conscience before all else, it is the voice of God in the soul, was written in their hearts and was the gospel of their lives. They were social, cordial with their friends, true as steel, clear-sighted and intelligent, not beautiful, yet attractive, their words and acts forceful from their weight of character. Their integrity and thoroughness won and kept customers ; their unswerving allegiance to duty drew a goodly company of the best persons around them, and these friends were held fast as by hooks of steel. They soon became known, and when they felt that they must take active part in the anti-slavery movement they became notorious. To be an abolitionist then was to be branded as fanatic, infidel, and traitor, to lose social caste and personal reputation, but all this they counted as dross in comparison with the golden worth of freedom's sacred cause.

They would rent a large hall, advertise Garrison or Pillsbury, or some like Abolition fanatic, entertain them at their home, go with them to the lecture-room through sneering crowds or angry mobs, and laugh over their coffee the next morning as they read the caricatures and sneers of the leading newpapers. Have women no moral courage ? They helped woman-suffrage, too, when that shared the unpopularity of anti-slavery, and walked cheerfully upright under this added load. Never obtrusive or needlessly antagonistic they stood in the front with serene self-poise and heroic cheer, and kept that place through years of trials. Their home-like rooms over their store were known far and near. How strengthening and delightful was their hospitality! What abun-

dant cheer and simple life, shared with no apology, but freely and with heartfelt cordiality! Gentlemen finely bred, like Edmund Quincy and Wendell Phillips, felt it a great joy to be there, and plain wayfarers in the rugged paths of unpopular reforms found rest there. Susan B. Anthony loved the Mott sisters greatly. She found strength and wisdom in their fast friendship, and that rest and peace in their loving sympathy which the true-hearted need and crave.

Dark hours came when the bravest and most eminent men went to these remarkable women for counsel and for courage. Thurlow Weed was their frequent visitor, and brought with him his most sagacious friends. Measures of high moment and great National importance, before and during the death-struggle of the slave power which we call the civil war, had their start in suggestions made in conversations in the quiet rooms of these Quaker sisters. They lived to see and feel the turn of the tide, to be held in respectful reverence by those who had formerly maligned and abused them as mischievous Abolition agitators—a change so great that none can realize it save those who have passed through it.

Abigail Mott's earthly life ended first, and Lydia followed her at the ripe age of near three score and ten. A letter from William Lloyd Garrison reached her on her bed in the last sickness, and she read it with a clear voice, but with eyes full of tears. A few days after it was read at her funeral at the request of the writer, and shows his close and appreciative friendship. Mrs. Phebe Willis, of Battle Creek, Mich., a sister, kindly allowed me to copy this admirable letter, which might as well apply to Abigail as to Lydia, so like were they, and held in such like esteem by the author. It is a beautiful tribute to the worth of a true woman, and opens to us the lesson of a life full of persistent effort, noble faithfulness and gracious tenderness.

LETTER OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Boston, Mass., June 22, 1875.—My very dear friend, Lydia Mott: A letter from dear Mrs. Jones (another sister) to my son Frank brings the sad intelligence that the disease which you have struggled against so long and so persistently threatens a fatal termination at a period not distant, but she bears witness to the remarkable brightness and cheerfulness of your spirit through all your sufferings, thus "dispelling, as far as possible, the gloomy atmosphere of a sick-room." This you have never failed to exhibit, in sickness or in health, no matter in what form trials may have come. Ever since our acquaintance I have seen in you such a combination of admirable qualities as is rarely found, entitling you to the highest respect and the noblest appreciation. The circle of those whom I highly esteem and honor is a large one, including many on both sides of the Atlantic, but among them all it would be difficult for me to name one that should take precedence of yourself in modesty of deportment, purity of heart, gentleness, yet energy of spirit, moral courage of the grandest type, self-abnegation and self sacrifice in the cause of benevolence and philanthropy. Your's has been a steady adherence to principle, a quick discernment between genuine and spurious religion, fearless rebuke of evil doers of the first rank, unfaltering faith in the ultimate triumph of the right, and a never-failing hopefulness in the darkest hours of the conflict. You have had a vital and active sympathy with the poor and needy, especially with the millions now set free from cruel bondage at the South, to whose deliverance you devoted your time and strength and substance in the face of a perverse and bitterly hostile public sentiment, thereby causing yourself to be regarded as a pestilent intermeddler and a fanatical disturber of the peace.

You were indeed an Abolitionist of the Abolitionists,

brave, vigilant uncompromising, well-balanced, clear in vision, sound in judgment, a discerner of spirits, a many-sided reformer.

What an isolation was yours for long years from the courtesies and enjoyments of social interchange and the sympathies of the community in which you dwelt! But it gave you no uneasiness or regret, save only as it indicated how all-pervading was the slave-holding sentiment of the country. Happily you have lived to see every yoke broken, to witness an entire change in the public estimate of such labors and testimonies as your own to have all reproach taken away.

And now, it appears, the hour draws nigh in your case for "the silver cord to be loosened and the golden bowl broken." A happy release it will be from all the pains of mortality. I am sure you are ready for translation, doubting nothing, fearing nothing, trusting in the infinite love in another sphere of existence as you have in this, and clearly perceiving that

> "Death is the crown of life:
> It wounds to cure; we fall, we rise, we reign!
> Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies.
> This King of Terror is the Prince of Peace."

Should you precede me, my dear friend, take with you the renewed assurance of my profound regards and my best wishes for your future welfare and happiness to whatever sphere you may be assigned. Hereafter I trust again to take you by the hand and to join the loved ones who have gone before. Affectionately and gratefully yours,

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

ABIGAIL P. ELA.

"The heart ever open to Charity's claim,
Unmoved from its purpose by censure or blame,
While vainly alike on her eye and her ear,
Fell the scorn of the heartless, the jesting and jeer."

During our visit to Washington in 1867–8, my wife and myself first knew Mrs. Ela. My first memory of her is as we met in the "old Capital prison" block, a row of solid old brick houses across the capital grounds, eastward, used as a prison in the civil war and since put in order for dwellings. In a large room on the second floor, the magnificent dome and the noble east front of the capitol in sight from its windows, we used to sit by the sofa on which rested a feeble invalid wrapped in shawls and propped up by pillows—feeble in body only, but of a mental and moral health that made us almost forget her physical illness. The deep brilliancy of her eyes, her animated features, and a certain sense of life and power in the faintest tones of her voice, had the effect of giving us strength and refreshing inspiration. Virtue went out from that strong and true spirit. We afterwards made our home under the same roof in another part of the city, for some months during two winters. Her rooms were on the first floor, and after our five o'clock dinner they were the prized gathering place of a company of her privileged friends, when her strength would allow. She would rest in an easy-chair, and her husband was ever ready to help her and added to the interest of the hour by his sterling sense, and clear sagacity of comment on passing events. Those visits are fresh in memory. Common-sense and judgment, and frank independence brightened by keen wit and tinged with a fine womanly grace shone out in her conversation. She never assumed to teach, yet much was always learned from her. She had fidelity to conscience and a readiness for every practical

duty, while her soul was filled with an abiding faith in the triumph of truth and the progress of man. Feeble as she was in body, her sweet and strong spirit gave light and abiding life to the whole household. At last the time came when she was unable to leave their New Hampshire home. I extract from the Concord *Daily Monitor* its fit tribute to her worth. That room which is mentioned as her abiding-place for years her husband showed us photographs of, and also of the views on the two sides from its windows of village streets and swift river, and towering hills near by. The *Monitor* said :

"She bore her long illness with remarkable patience and fortitude, and kept up her interest in public affairs and the reforms of the day, to the closing hours of her life. Loving hands and hearts ministered to her every want during her protracted illness, and those nearest and dearest witnessed in her last years a superb illustration of the power of mind over the ills of the body. She possessed rare insight, in judging of the character and action of people, and an extensive knowledge of public affairs.

"No sham, political or religious, passed her keen inspection without detection. She was one of the early anti-slavery women of this city, and a 'Garrisonian Abolitionist' until slavery was abolished. In the memorable struggle in the old New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society, for the right of women to participate in its business and discussions, she was one of the earliest and foremost for that right, and served on the executive Committee of the Society in its last years. She was one of the women, who, under the name of the Concord Female Anti-Slavery Society, addressed a letter of sympathetic support to the late Hon. John P. Hale, when he broke from the democratic party on the occasion of the annexation of Texas, and in reply to which he made use of the memorable expression, 'God makes women ; milliners make ladies.'

"Mrs. Ela was an earnest supporter of the cause of temperance, and no less so of the Woman Suffrage movement, serving as an officer of the National Woman Suffrage organization until failing health compelled her to retire. Her house was the home of all workers in these and kindred reform movements which gave her a wide circle of acquaintances and friends. She had the courage of her convictions to a rare degree, and never compromised her opinions or shrank from any duty they required of her. Her philosophy of human action could be epitomized in this: 'Duty is ours; consequences, God's." She took her position among the advanced liberals in theology from the time when Theodore Parker stirred the theological conservatism of Boston and New England, as the angel of old stirred the pool that health might flow from it; and for the past five and twenty years has abided in the hope, joy, and peace that comes to her from a belief in the spiritual philosophy.

"Mrs. Ela spent much of her time, winters, in Washington, until her increasing illness, within four years, rendered the journey too fatiguing. For the past three and a half years she left her house but once, for a short ride, her room but a few times."

JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING.

"For the soul that gives most freely
From its treasure, hath the more:
Would you lose your life, you find it,
And in giving love you bind it,
Like an amulet of safety,
To your heart forever more."

Lizzie Doten.

Born in a Connecticut farmhouse and of Huguenot descent on the father's side, Josephine S. Griffing inherited the high sense of duty and the readiness for self-sacrifice of the Puritan and the French Protestant. Trained in the simple ways of daily industry, guided and inspired

by kindly and thoughtful parents, well educated in the common way, of uncommon mental ability, fine physical health, and an admirable harmony of character, she was well equipped for the great work that came unsought to her in mature life. A graceful beauty of person, and a winning charm of manners, showed some strain of fine blood softening the hardy vigor of New England country life.

I first knew her in Salem, Ohio, where much of her married and family life was spent. She was graciously hospitable in an admirably managed home, full of household cares, a thoughtful and sweet-souled woman, greatly beloved and respected. She was soon after in the field as a speaker among the abolitionists, and had rare persuasive power. Ohio and Michigan were her main fields of travel, and in storm or calm—storms coming fiercely sometimes in those days—she held her self-poise and high courage. I well remember how she faced an angry mob for an hour in Ann Arbor. I can see her on that plain, low platform, with only a little space around her vacant, and she, fearless, erect, radiant, speaking in clear tones that conquered wrath and even won a hearing part of the time. No lady in a parlor could have had finer poise of feeling and manner.

She afterward did great service as a Loyal League organizer in the west. In the spring of 1864 she went to Washington, and her home and main life-work were there from that time. She "had a concern," using an expressive Quaker phrase, for the freedmen, saw imperative need for some large system for their help and protection and future self-support, and thought out the idea of governmental help in some organized and effective way. Inspiring others the idea ripened into the Freedman's Bureau bill, first prepared and offered in the House of Representatives by Hon. T. D. Elliott of Boston, after-

ward modified and amended in the Senate by Charles Sumner.

The idea was hers. The efforts of these gentlemen, and others, are worthy of commendation. They continued to be her friends. She did all possible then and afterward for the bill and for needed appropriations, and won the high respect and confidence of the public men who knew her. From the heart and brain of this woman sprang the inspiring thought which gave life and being to the Freedman's Bureau.

I have heard Senator Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio, give this opinion several times, and say that she ought to be at the head of the bureau. That she never sought or expected, but was ready to do service for it, as she did, in ways that were equalled by few and excelled by none. Her house was on Capitol Hill, in sight of the north end of the Capitol. Spending some time, with my wife, in that city, from 1866 for some years, we often went to that house to see her daily work. Throngs of needy freed people, infirm and poor, were there, each case must be carefully looked into and the worthy helped. Sometimes the bureau helped ; sometimes it came from private contributions which came to her from all over the land. Her work by day and her large correspondence at night grew to a wearing task, in which her daughters helped.

There was no large salary, but plain life and heavy work for the poorest of the poor. If a babe died in a hovel she would go to see that all was decent, and stand beside the little coffin at the grave to say a few words full of sweet strength, the music of her voice broken by the sobs of those around. She was their angel of mercy. They all knew and trusted her devotedly, and the rudest treated her with tender reverence. She saw the need of this host becoming self-supporting, and, by aid from the bureau and other sources laid plans for sending them north to earn their living. We would sometimes go to the rail-

road depot at night to see her start for New York with a chartered car full of these freed people, she going to see they were put in right hands and coming back the next day. In this way she sent off seven thousand, of whom the larger part did well—a larger work of this kind than was done by any or all other persons or societies, and a task of great toil.

Abraham Lincoln was her fast friend, and she could always see him, for he prized her counsel. We have often heard her speak of the depth of pathos and feeling in his eyes, and of a reverence for good women always marked in his manner. She was a saint in all eyes and hearts. The best clergymen were her friends and the stoutest heretics stood by her. Riding one day in the street-car in sight of her house, after her death, two rough men sat opposite me. One of them pointed to the house and said to the other: "A pious woman lived there; one of the genuine kind, I tell you," his voice growing tender and his aspect reverent as he spoke.

One evening Clara Barton, the well-known army nurse, Mrs. F. D. Gage, and a few others met at Miss Barton's to open a plan for Mrs. Griffing to travel and lecture to find greatly needed change and rest, and to get money which she needed. They were all sure of her success, and she listened for an hour to their hopeful words and then said: "I thank you; it may be so, but I cannot leave these poor people," and she never did, so long as strength lasted.

An earnest advocate of woman suffrage she was a welcome speaker and a prized helper in that great reform. Domestic in her tastes, an accomplished woman, fit to adorn and charm the finest society, giving her time and strength to service among the poor, she was indeed a Sister of Charity. In the spring, 1872, my wife sat with her dear daughters by her bedside when the last hour came —an hour of such peace and light that it was rather the

ascent of an angel to the skies than the gloomy going down of a mortal to the tomb.

This letter from William Lloyd Garrison, showing his estimate of this gifted woman, may fitly close this brief sketch. The beautiful chirography of the letter, clear and perfect, shows the steady hand of the anti-slavery pioneer, when nearly 70 years of age:

ROXBURY, Mass., March 4, 1872.

G. B. STEBBINS—

My dear friend: I was glad to see the well-merited tributes paid by yourself and others to the memory of Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing. She was for a considerable period actively engaged in the anti-slavery struggle in Ohio, where by her rare executive ability and persuasiveness as a public lecturer, she aided greatly in enlightening and changing public sentiment and hastening the day of jubilee. With what unremitting zeal and energy did she espouse the cause of the homeless, penniless, benighted, starving freedmen, driven by stress of circumstances into the National capital in such overwhelming numbers; and what a multitude were befriended and saved through her moving appeals in their behalf. How like an angel of mercy must she have seemed to them all! No doubt the formation of the Freedman's Bureau was mainly due to her representations as to its indispensable necessity: and how much good it accomplished in giving help and protection to those who were so suddenly brought out of the house of bondage, as against the ferocity of the rebel element, it is difficult to compute because of its magnitude. She deserves to be gratefully remembered among "the honorable women not a few," who, in their days have been—

"Those starry lights of virtue that diffuse
Through the dark depths of time their vital flame,"

whose self-abnegation and self-sacrifice for suffering humanity have been absolute, and who have nobly vindicated every claim made for their sex to full equality with men in all that serves to dignify human nature. Her rightful place is among 'the noble army of martyrs,' for her life was undoubtedly very much shortened by her many cares and heavy responsibilities and excessive labors in behalf of the pitiful objects of her sympathy and regard. Very truly yours,

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

CHAPTER V.

THE FRIENDS—QUAKERISM.

"Our footsteps sought the humble house,
Unmarked by cross or towering steeple,
Where, for their First-day gathering, came
God's plain and chosen people.

* * * * * * *

How deep the common silence was ;
How pure and sweet those woman faces,
Which patience, gentleness and peace
Had stamped with heavenly graces.

When at the elder's clasp of hands,
We rose and met beneath the portal
Some earthly dust our lives had lost,
And something gained immortal."

Harriet O. Nelson.

The reading of Bancroft's description of William Penn and the early Friends, and of that noble book "Barclay's Apology," had given me a high idea of Quakerism, but I knew nothing of Friends personally, until my connection with the anti-slavery movement. When travel in the lecture field opened wider acquaintance, I found these were friends indeed, and the simple beauty and genuineness of their hospitality was restful and cheering beyond expression. One of the first Quaker homes I visited was that of Effingham L. Capron, at Uxbridge, Mass.—a tall white-haired man, of noble aspect, commanding yet gentle, and of a fine courage fit to stand firm for a most unpopular truth. Husband and wife were helpmates, a sense of this was in the very air. Mrs. Garrison was the daughter of George Benson, an Orthodox Quaker

of large powers and great moral courage, and I saw in her a fine type of womanhood; strength, courage, large views, and yet no loss, but gain indeed, in the sweet graces of the wife and mother. A great work Quakerism has wrought for woman, and so for man, for we rise and fall together.

Farther acquaintance with Friends gave new understanding of the practical benefits of their idea of the "inner light." The central germ of early Quakerism, that which gave it life and vital warmth, was, that in the soul is a divine light, which is our best and safest guide, above all books and creeds, or all forms and ceremonies, excellent, as these may be; that all written gospels are to be judged by this primal gospel. This leads the Quaker to wait "in the quiet" for the "inward witness;" to pay heed to "the voice of God in the soul;" to make all outward authorities of less value, all other guides less sure than this. Priceless has been this central idea of the Quaker. Did Paul, as interpreted by orthodox authorities, say it is a shame for woman to speak in public, the inner light led the Quaker to be just, and woman's persuasive voice has been heard in their meeting-houses for two hundred years. Did grave doctors of divinity make the Bible the bulwark of slavery, the inner light led Whittier to be true to freedom, and to give voice to the genuine Quaker sentiment when he charged the pro-slavery priesthood with

> "Perverting, darkening, changing as they go.
> The searching truths of God."

No doubt the Quakers have clouded the light by artificial disciplines and dogmas, for no class of human beings have ever been wholly true to their highest ideal, but it has dispelled many a cloud. A leading elder in a great New York City meeting of Hicksite Friends said: "I had rather be a slave-holder than an abolitionist," showing

that his light had grown dim. Weighty members helped to persecute and disown the anti-slavery advocates, in their midst, but this did not put out the light in many true souls, or seal their lips.

In the daily conduct of private life, in honesty, temperance, simple friendliness and hospitality, and in mutual reverence between man and woman, the Quakers have profited more than they, or others, are aware, by their central and inspiring idea. The societies of Friends are on the wane ; as organized bodies they may cease to be, but their truths will pass into other movements, with no golden seed-grain thereof lost. No body of men and women of equal numbers has ever been of so much benefit to mankind, or helped so much to the moral and spiritual growth of the human family.

Far beyond the Society of Friends has their influence gone. William Lloyd Garrison frankly owned that a little tract by Elizabeth Heyrick, an English Quaker woman, opened clearly to him the wisdom of immediate emancipation, and gratefully acknowledged the fidelity of his early Quaker co-worker, Benjamin Lundy.

The peace principles of Friends are to win their bloodless and beneficent victory by national arbitration.

Ralph Waldo Emerson preached at Newport and New Bedford, in 1827, and greatly prized the Friends he met. Mary Roach, of New Bedford, a thoughtful and intuitive Quakeress, was his near friend, and his difficulty as to sacrament and prayer as forms of worship, which led him out from his Unitarian pulpit to a world-wide ministry, may be traced to these influences. Certainly his writings have much in common with the views of Friends.

Lydia Maria Child had great unity with the Friends, and was inspired by their doctrine of the voice of God heard in the soul of Pagan as well as Christian to write her great work, *The Progress of Religious Ideas*, a work of great research, and the first effort to give fair

statement and comparison of the world's great religions, recognizing the unity and sympathy of the leading truths in them all. This large-souled woman opened the path which Max Müller and other eminent scholars have since explored with such rich results, and she was led to that opening work by her knowledge of Quaker views.

So live and spread and last the teachings of Fox and Penn, of Woolman and Whittier.

Only once I have met the Quaker poet, forty years ago, at the anti-slavery office in Boston. I sat by him for an hour of pleasant talk. His fine simplicity, his strength tempered by sweetness, and the depth of his wonderful eyes, I well remember. He was then in delicate health, and did not expect to be long on earth. As we parted he took my hand and said in a quiet way with no touch of sadness in voice or manner, "I am glad to have met thee. We may not meet again, for I seldom go out. I am far from well, and my stay on earth will not probably be long."

Fortunately he has lived to be a teacher of "the wisdom which is love."

Something of other Friends whom I have known is worthy of note.

GRIFFITH M. COOPER.

In the winter of 1844 I first found my way to the home of Griffith M. Cooper, in Williamson, Wayne County, New York. A walk of five miles northward from Marion brought me in sight of a large stone farmhouse, built after the Pennsylvania style, and standing some twenty rods back from the west side of the road, with its barns and orchards on the south side. I followed the path in the snow to a side door, rapped, and a voice said: "Come in." I entered and found a Quaker-like man, of middle age and stature, with a clear eye, an expressive face and a prompt and decisive yet kindly manner, sitting by the

stove and mending a harness-strap. I gave my name and said: "I was told to call and see you." He rose, gave me a friendly grasp of the hand, and replied: "I am glad to see thee; take off thy coat and sit down. This is Eliza, my wife"—as a tall, fine-looking matron came in. I was at home at once, our talk flowed freely, we seemed like old acquaintances, and so began a long and cordial friendship. He was not a Quaker by birth, but by conviction. His father was a captain in the navy, and lived to be over ninety. The son went from their New Jersey home a voyage or two as a boy in a merchant ship, and was sailing-master in a war-vessel, and a lieutenant before he left the service. One day, at his house, he was looking over files of old papers in his desk, and laughed heartily as he opened a yellow sheet, and explained its contents as being a copy of a brief but frank correspondence between himself and a certain veteran Commodore who shall be nameless. It bore date in 1813, during our last war with Great Britain. He said, during a naval fight on Long Island Sound between some of our gunboats and some British war vessel that the Commodore was intoxicated. This reached that officer's knowledge, and hence the letters, as follows:

SAILING MASTER, G. M. COOPER.—SIR, did you say that I was drunk during the action with the Maidstone and the Sylph? An early answer is requested.

Yours, etc.,

. . . COMMODORE.

Spermaceti Cove, L. I., Nov. 13th, 1813.

COMMODORE. . . . I did say you was drunk during the action referred to.

Yours resp'y,

G. M. COOPER,

Nov. 17th, 1813. SAILING MASTER.

This prompt reply shows his frank fearlessness. He said that when the Commodore's letter came he thought his time of reprimand and disgrace had come, for it was a grave matter for a young subordinate to make such a charge against an old officer; but his second thought was: "It's true, and I'll say so," and his reply went back prompt as a musket shot. He waited, expecting a summons daily, but none came; no allusion ever was made to it, and a few months later, after he had taken leading part in some other naval fight, that Commodore, in his official report, named him as worthy of merit for his bravery. He married, was home at Haddonfield, N. J., on a furlough, and met the Quakers, whose plain ways were matter for the jests of a lively officer like him. He attended their meetings, appreciated their worth, resigned his naval office—where all promised a bright future, and joined the Friends in a year. When the strange news reached his father that sturdy man-of-war's-man had a good laugh, and then swore stoutly: "Grif will make a good Quaker. He's first rate at anything he tries."

Moving to Western New York at an early day he bought a large farm, built his solid home, took active part among the Hicksite Quakers, and soon became a leading minister, advocating his new opinions with earnest enthusiasm, commanding respect by his honor and thoroughness in business affairs, and winning friends by his fine social qualities. He visited the southern part of Erie County, below Buffalo, to attend Friends' meetings, and found that the Cattaraugus Indians were being led by the Ogden Land company (a rich corporation) to surrender their lands for poor pay. His knowledge of the world led him to see that this might be stopped, and his sympathy for the Indians roused him to action. He went first to his own Genessee yearly meeting, but they were too cautious to engage alone in so weighty a matter. He then went, as he told me, to Philadelphia, visited Dr. Parrish, an influen-

tial Friend (the physician who attended John Randolph of Roanoke, in his last sickness, when the dying Virginian wrote, "Remorse, Remorse," on a card) laid his "concern" before him, went with him to the great assembly at Race Street yearly meeting of Friends, and there laid the case before them with such clearness that they decided to help. He then went to Baltimore yearly meeting, and had help pledged there, and Genesee meeting promised aid when he went back to them, and to his home. This aid was not a large salary, for Quakers are opposed, on principle, to paying salaries for religious or philanthropic work. He was simply to be paid modest expenses, so that he could devote so much time as might be necessary to this arduous task, and have his farm cared for in his absence. With the way thus open, he entered upon what he felt would be a difficult undertaking with his usual enthusiasm and persistent vigor; and for ten years spent a large part of his time on the Cattaraugus Indian Reservation, or in journeys connected with their affairs. The Ogden Land Company had already obtained a title from the Indians to the Tuscarora Reservation, a valuable tract of land near Buffalo, and could not be disturbed in that. They were partially in possession of a part of the Cattaraugus Reservation—which embraced many thousand acres of fine lands on Cattaraugus creek—had removed a part of the Indian occupants to the then far west, in what is now Kansas, and were making great efforts to get full possession of all these lands. The ablest legal counsel, the shrewdest diplomatists, the most astute managers to lead the red men into their designs were employed, for the prize was a rich one. Against this combined power of talent and money our brave Quaker was almost single-handed on the start. But he had justice on his side, his knowledge of men was wide, his industry unwearied, and his Quaker directness and simple sincerity won the fast confidence of most of the

Indians. He stayed with them, attended their meetings in the great Council House—a rude wooden building where they met in response to the call of runners who went swiftly on foot over the Reservation to notify them of these gatherings—kept notes by a stenographer of all important speeches or action, and was well posted as to the acts of the agents of the Land Company.

Standing in the railroad depot at Rochester, New York, with him as a train was starting westward, he touched my shoulder, pointed to a tall man just stepping into a car, and asked: "Does thee see that man?" He gave his name, and said: "In Buffalo once he led me into the hall of a hotel and said to me: 'Mr. Cooper, if you will go home and stay on your farm, and attend to your own affairs, you can have $60,000.'" What did you say to him? I asked: "I said, go to the devil with thy $60,000," —as near an oath as a Quaker could well come. He often spoke of the decorum and order of these Council House meetings. Matters of the greatest importance, and on which there was strong feeling, were discussed, but there was never disorder or dispute. One Indian would rise and state his views; when he took his seat there would usually be a moment's interval and another would follow, taking perhaps, the opposite view, seldom alluding to what had been said, and never in controversy but only to make his own meaning plain. Very rarely it happened that two would rise at the same time, but no contest ever followed, one always yielded quietly to the other. He said that in order and fairness of statement, those Indian councils excelled any like gatherings of white people, he ever attended. While with them he often spoke in Friends' meetings near by, and Indians would occasionally be hearers, but among them he never made efforts for their conversion. He talked familiarly of industry and honesty, and good habits, and respect for the squaws, pointed out matters in which the whites were their supe-

riors, and warned them against certain failings and vices of the white people. Of their Great Father he spoke as the Father of all peoples, but raised no controversy as to creeds or systems of faith. Several journeys to Washington with Indian delegations were necessary, and interviews with leading officials. One such interview he had with Martin Van Buren, then Secretary of State. They were alone. Mr. Van Buren had heard the Ogden Land Company's statements, and was influenced in their favor. He gave a version of a certain matter, evidently the Company's version, and yet he knew certain facts which would refute it. Our plain-spoken Quaker said: "Martin, what does thee say so for? Thee knows it is not so, when thee says it." Van Buren told this himself to some friends, and said: "I like that Quaker. A man with the courage to tell me, in so frank and friendly a way, that I don't tell the truth, I greatly respect."

At last the victory was won; the Land Company gave up all their efforts; Joshua Varney, a Quaker near the Reservation, went to the far west and brought back the Indians they had sent there—glad to see their old home again; and a treaty with the United States Government left three thousand Cattaraugus Indians in full possession of their domain, where their children are to-day. To Griffith M. Cooper, more than to any other man, do they owe this peaceful possession.

It is fifty years or more since these events occurred. Dates are lost with the lost records which, as long as he lived, he carefully kept. What I give is from his own lips, and from those records as I saw them. For some time the Friends kept up a mission on that tract, another person being sent as his successor. He had some difference of opinion with the Society, did not wish to seem to interfere with their agent, and, therefore, did not visit the Indians for years. At last, in response to many requests, he sent them word that he would be at the old Council

House on a certain day. Runners went out, the day was fair, and the whole population was there—thousands went to see and hear and greet their old friend, and tears "from eyes unused to weep," coursed down the swart cheeks of his hearers. I have met those Indians since, and the mention of his name lights up their faces, and calls out expressions of respect and affection. I have omitted to mention what he told me of their treatment of children. He never saw an Indian child whipped or abused. The little ones had large liberty out of doors, and therefore were not greatly troublesome. When a boy was wrong or ugly, he had seen the father take him by the hand, lead him one side, sit beside him on the grass or on a fallen tree, and talk with him earnestly and gravely until the lad came back in better mood. The mothers would deal in like way with the girls, but he never saw an Indian parent lift a hand against a child, and never heard a threat or an angry word to the little ones.

At a later day came up searching questions on theological matters, and the great anti-slavery reform. A man of such active mind and sterling independence, would pay small heed to any technical narrowness of Society discipline, or to any timid conservatism. Of course he was a progressive thinker and an abolitionist. Both these, especially the last, were grave heresies to "weighty members" of the Friend's Society to which he belonged. No charge was possible against his personal character, but he was after long effort, deposed from his ministry, which action was considered as a grave rebuke. On a corner of his farm he had given a lot on which to build a Quaker meeting-house, and usually attended there on first day, speaking to good audiences. When official notice reached him that he was no longer minister, "after the order of Friends," he attended the next meeting in that familiar house, took his usual place on the high seat at

the head of the meeting, and was moved to speak at length and with great earnestness, not in criticism of the Society's action toward him, but in powerful advocacy of his own views. In closing he said: "I have met with you here for years as a minister of our Society, and have aimed to speak to you freely and truthfully, according to my best light, claiming no authority over you, and asking you to speak freely in assent or dissent. Word now comes from our elders that I am no longer a minister, therefore I will take my seat among you and be a man." Suiting the action to the word he stepped from the high seat and sat down in the audience. The meeting soon broke up, the customary hand-shaking was heartier than usual, and many voices spoke friendly greeting in trembling and softened tones. In a few months the meeting was dead—the people had no unity with the action of the Society. He ceased to take any part in Friends' meetings, or to call himself a member, although not formally disowned; but he retained their manners and accepted still their leading principles. He had, at the last, true and tried friends among the liberal members of the Society. The forms that fettered he could not abide, the spirit that gave life and growth was his. An early experience in the navy give him knowledge of its discipline, and he forcibly told of its despotic and aristocratic character. To be subject to it, he felt, was crushing and calamitous. "But," he would say, "it is a part of the war-system. War has its heroic side, yet it is despotic and cruel, a poor and barbarous way to settle disputes, inevitable as the world is, but to end as men grow wiser. I know what it is, and I dread and abhor it."

Once a year or more, wife and myself made a visit of some days at the farmhouse. Many meetings I have attended in that vicinity, often gotten up by his active help and strengthened by his presence. Sparkling wit, keen perception of pretence or folly, grave earnestness,

frank sincerity and wide knowledge of men and things gave his private talk a wonderful charm. The career of Theodore Parker interested him much ; the cordial friendship with Lucretia Mott, George Truman and others in Philadelphia was kept up ; he had a warm side toward Spiritualism. There was hospitality for more light in that house, and wife and sons and daughter had like views. Their kind and sincere friendship are gratefully remembered.

At last absence interrupted those visits, and word came that our dear friend had passed peacefully away. Wife and children, too, have all, save one, gone to that bourne from whence travellers sometimes return.

JOHN AND HANNAH COX—A GOLDEN WEDDING.

A few miles north of Kennett Square, Chester County, Pa., stands the solid brick farm-house where John and Hannah Cox spent more than fifty years together. That homestead had an air of comfort and abundance. All around were the well-tilled fields and sunny hill slopes of the farm, with the ample old barns and out-houses near at hand by the road side. A grassy yard, with its roses and shrubbery and great overshadowing trees and old-fashioned brown picket fence ; the old orchard ; the garden with its medicinal herbs, its small fruits, its vegetables and blooming flowers near the bee-hives, fitly surrounded the dwelling. The house—with its narrow and irregular passage ways ; steep staircases ; cozy rooms—low-ceiled and with small windows ; cheery dining-room, with the old-fashioned blue figured ware on the table ; great kitchen ; odd nooks and corners ; furniture of old style and home-like plainness ; pictures, old and quaint, and of later and finer style ; mementoes of affection and friendship, and books from George Fox's *Journal* to Parker and Emerson—was full of attractive interest, and was verily a home. There had sons and daughters been

born, from thence had some of them gone out to marry and settle near, while others remained—but this was the centre, the place of heart-warmth and welcome and refuge to all. John Cox was one of the steadfast men, industrious, of few words, of sound judgment, wise in advice when urged to give it, but never offering it unasked—one of those whose worth and weight grow on acquaintance. His plain yet attractive features and solid frame typified his character. Hannah Cox, as I first knew her at sixty, and up to over eighty years old, had grown large in person, and had open and animated features full of life and intelligence, finely expressive eyes, and an air of large motherliness. She was a mother indeed to the sick and distressed in the neighborhood. I remember well how she used to start out in her Jersey carriage with supplies of food and medicine for their needs. They had many visitors. Sometimes, in the old fugitive slave law days, they entertained slaves who came there in the still watches of the night and were always kept and sent along in safety. It was a saying among a certain sort of persons ; "You might as well look for a needle in a hay mow as for a nigger in Kennett," and John Cox's farm was a hard place to find them—that is, when they were "property" with faces set northward. Sometimes the visitors were of quite different degree. William D. Kelley of Philadelphia, for instance, and his large-hearted wife, greatly prized their occasional visits. Edmund Quincy, that courteous gentleman of the old school from Boston, found interest and instruction in the talk of the intelligent daughters who remained at home, as well as in that of their parents. William Lloyd Garrison was a welcome visitor and correspondent. They had a curious album in the sitting-room—a wax-plant trellised up the walls and over the windows, on the leaves of which were pricked the names of their visitors, each making a lasting autograph, and all a long and inter-

esting list. In the early autumn of 1875 came their golden wedding, fortunately on a lovely day. Tables were spread in the yard under the trees; seventy-five guests sat down; speeches were fit and choice; presents of the best kind—not gaudy tinsel or rich display, but books and pictures, and the fine simplicity of tasteful mementoes. Whittier sent a poem; Bayard Taylor, their neighbor and friend from his boyhood, a letter and present from Germany; messages came from the South, from Philadelphia, Boston, New York and elsewhere; and the golden wedding testimonials added interest and heart-warmth to the household rooms. The letters and poems were printed in a choice private volume, which I saw at the house soon afterward. But a few months after, Hannah passed away, and her husband soon joined her, over ninety years old, she being about eighty-five. I was there last in 1876, and spent a day with William Lloyd Garrison, in attendance at the Longwood yearly meeting of Progressive Friends, where he read a testimonial, prepared at the request of the meeting, touching the life and character of Hannah Cox. I remember how he emphasized the suggestion that in all probability she was present in spirit, though unseen by us, as she would feel drawn to visit a place in which she had long taken active interest.

This family did their full share of work, in the fields and the household, after the usual farmer fashion, while their social life reached to the most truly cultivated persons. High thinking with plain living, give grace and power of character.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE OF A QUAKER PREACHER.

I have heard Priscilla Cadwallader preach in the meetings of Hicksite Friends in Rochester, New York. She was a tall, noble-looking woman, with an earnest and inspired manner that carried great weight. An elderly Quaker lady who was often her companion and nurse in sickness, told

me of some remarkable experiences in the ministry of that gifted preacher. In Scipio, near Auburn, N. Y., she was once sick and in danger, and doubted about taking Thompsonian medicine, *when a voice within*, audible only to her, said, "Take it and thou shalt live." She took it in peaceful confidence, and was soon better. While at Hamburgh, near Buffalo, her friend saw her standing quiet, and looking intently into empty space, and asked, "What does thee see?" and the answer was, "I see a tattered curtain waving in the wind and falling in pieces. It is the Society of Friends, which will soon decay and something else will come in its place. I can't see what, but something better." One night soon after, her friend woke in the night, and heard her, through the open door of their adjoining rooms, talking pleasantly and laughing at times, for an hour, as though with some imaginary person, and told her in the morning, asking if she had dreamed, when she said in some surprise, "Did thee hear me?" and it was not again spoken of.

She once made a religious tour in Canada with Elihu Coleman, of Rochester, N. Y., and his wife, with his carriage and horses, from one Friends' meeting-house to another. Going over on the steamboat they were directed by a respectable-looking stranger, to stop at a certain hotel, a few miles from their landing place for the night, and did so. It was a lonely place, but they were well treated and shown to their rooms for the night, but Mrs. Cadwallader felt no wish to sleep, found the room of the Colemans, waited quietly in her chair, without fatigue, and three times in the night heard men come softly toward the room, and made some noise each time to show that some one was up at which they turned back. At early dawn she called up her friends, and they left, as she said she felt they must. Breakfasting at another hotel, she felt like telling her story, and was told their escape was fortunate

from a spot noted for foul play, and to which they were doubtless directed by a confederate on the boat.

Riding soon after from one settlement of Friends to another, they came to a fork in the road, and Coleman was about to turn into the plain way where they had been directed to go, but she laid her hand on his arm, pointed to the other road, and said, "We had better go on that awhile." He always obeyed her directions, and did so then, when they came to a strange house, a mile or more distant, and she said, "Thee will please stop here and I will get out." She found a Quaker woman in the house, held a religious talk of an hour with her, greatly to this lone woman's spiritual help as no Friends' meetings were near, and then went back to the carriage and said, "I think now we had best go back to the other road."

Telling my friend, Henry Willis, of these experiences, he said: "In 1832, at the Cherry Street Friend's Meeting-House in Philadelphia, I heard Priscilla preach, and she said, 'A terrible war, one of the most fearful ever known, will rage in this country. I hear the martial music. I see two great hostile armies, both praying the same God for victory. It is fearful, but it will come.' Her hearers thought her wild, but it is accomplished. What is all this? Fine intuition, delicate perception and feeling of danger and violence, subtle drawing toward the spiritual needs of a lonely woman, a stranger in a strange land, that finer foresight which we call prophecy, the real presence of guardian friends in a higher life. As the thoughtful woman who told me most that I have written, said: "Spiritualism is Quakerism enlarged and revised."

LUCRETIA MOTT.

"Whose eighty years but added grace,
And saintlier meaning to her face—
The look of one who bore away
Glad tidings from the hills of day.
While all our hearts went forth to meet,
The coming of her beautiful feet!"

Twenty years ago Lucretia Mott visited some friends in Washington, and was asked to speak in the Unitarian Church on Sunday morning. It was in the days when Civil Rights and like measures were discussed, calling out more moral enthusiasm than usual. It was the old church, in the steeple of which hung the bell given to the society by John Quincy Adams. Wife and myself went a half hour before the time, and found the house well filled. When the hour came it was with great difficulty that Mrs. Mott found her way through the crowded aisles to the pulpit. The house was packed with a remarkable audience—the most thoughtful intelligence from the middle classes, the largest ability and the highest character from those eminent in official rank. All listened with reverent attention. It was a simple appeal for fidelity in daily life and duty, with little mention of topics in controversy; yet brief sentences on some great matter seemed like volumes, and an ineffable tenderness melted and subdued all possible prejudice.

Before an audience she had an air of commanding dignity, softened by womanly grace and sympathy. Her figure was slight and not above middle height, her features sweet, strong and beautiful, her manner of speaking direct and natural, with few gestures. The simplest words had new significance, because they were her words, freighted with something of her own insight and uplifting power.

For more than half a century that potent and persuasive voice was heard in many great meetings, pleading for the enslaved negro, for woman's equality, for temperance,

for liberty of conscience in religion and fidelity to the light within. During all that time her social influence was large and delightful, and meanwhile no duty of wife or mother or housekeeper was neglected. Her long wedded life with James Mott—a husband worthy of such a wife—was happy and harmonious.

One of the last times we saw her was in the Centennial summer. We rode out on a lovely June day, to the beautiful suburbs of Philadelphia, to the home of her daughter Maria Mott Davis and Edward M. Davis. Sitting by an open window in her rocking chair, looking out on the wide space of grass and flowers and sheltering trees, with her work-basket by her side and busy sewing for the children, was our dear friend. Near her was a roll of handsome rag carpet, the material for which she had prepared herself. Then, as in all her life, these household tasks were pleasant, and her industry was constant. Eighty years had begun to tell on the physical frame, yet she was erect as ever, and as clear in mind and spirit. An hour's talk showed the same fresh and lively interest in passing events, the same tender thoughts of friends far and near as in years gone by ; with a word now and then of quiet and serene looking forward to the great change which she knew could not be far away. As we sat in the carriage by the steps of the porch, just ready to leave, she said : "Catharine, let me give thee a copy of my talk on woman, more than thirty years ago, the only word of mine ever put in print, in book or pamphlet," and then turned toward the door, tripping across the floor erect and bright as a girl, and soon coming back with the pamphlet. In 1878 she made the long journey to Rochester, New York, to attend the third decade meeting in commemoration of the first woman's suffrage meeting in the country at Seneca Falls, New York, June, 1848, and we met her at a private house several times. She would take her toast and tea, rest in quiet on the sofa a half hour, ask to be called up, come among us

again fresh and charming as ever, and go across the yard to the Unitarian church where the Convention met, ready to bear her testimony to the waiting audience that filled it.

She did a great work in breaking up the narrow way of Friends in "keeping out of the mixture," and not joining with "the world's people" outside, in any reform. Her leading idea she made a motto in later years : "Truth for authority, not authority for truth." The breaking up of Quaker exclusiveness and of sectarian prejudice ; the advocacy of religious liberty ; noble efforts for reform and impartial freedom ; and the daily doing of kindly and useful deeds, made up her life-work, and strong intellect and perfectness of womanly character made it great and excellent.

ISAAC T. HOPPER.

It was my good fortune to meet Isaac T. Hopper several times—not only one of the best, but one of the handsomest men I ever saw. His personal resemblance to the great Napoleon was so striking that Joseph Bonaparte, seeing him in the street in New York, exclaimed: "Who is that man? Dress him in Napoleon's clothes and put him in Paris and he could raise a revolution and be hailed as my brother returned to France."

His mental powers had a Napoleonic strength, used in far different ways. His fertility of resources and calm courage in baffling a slave-hunter were like the Emperor's planning of a campaign, and he won more surely than the great Frenchman. Lydia Maria Child has told the story of his "True Life." Wife and myself once dined at his table in New York. He seemed like a well-kept man of fifty-five, the gray hardly seen in his dark hair. As we left he sent a message to her father—for they had been members of the same Friends' Society, co-workers in reform, and fast friends. Standing erect and vigorous before us, he gave me his farewell, and then turned to her and said: "Catherine, I want thee to tell thy father—Benjamin Fish—that I am within a few months of seventy-six years old, that my eye is not dim nor my natural strength abated, and I am as strong for war as ever." It was a good message to carry home.

Truth compels me to say that this man was "disowned" by the Hicksite Friends in New York! The pro-slavery element could not abide his presence, but in trying to humiliate him, they but hurt themselves. To-day that Society would honor rather than disown such a man.

THOMAS GARRETT.

"Happy he whose inward ear,
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And, while hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern,
Of the good hereafter."

Whittier.

To be in the presence of Thomas Garrett was like breathing fresh and vitalizing air; to enjoy his hospitality was like sitting "in the shadow of a great rock in a desert land." The memory of visits to his home calls up his large personality and protecting care. He was the person from whom Harriet Beecher Stowe pictured Simeon Halliday, the fighting Quaker in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

His long life was a lesson, teaching the eminent power of integrity, courage, fidelity to conscience, sagacity, persistent energy, and a most sweet and tender benevolence.

Born and raised at Darby, near Philadelphia, among the Friends, he was a member of the Hicksite Society, and retained their simplicity of dress and address to the last, although laying small stress on the limitations of discipline or sect.

He engaged in trade in Wilmington, Delaware, as a hardware merchant, and was a man of steady industry and careful attention to business details, yet always found time and thought for the affairs of his society, for the reforms in which he was engaged, and for the wants of the poor and the enslaved. He was master of his business, but never allowed that business to master and enslave him, and thus he reached beyond it and made its success the means to higher and broader ends. He had admirable health, a firm and strong nervous system, great physical strength and endurance; all well fitted to obey

the dictates of a will strong, persistent, and tenacious to a rare degree, yet tempered by a judgment remarkably clear, and made heroic by a religious obedience to conscience, which carried him above all fear, while the noble purity of his life kept him above reproach, save for opinion's sake, and for that he cared little.

In the midst of a slave-holding community, and in days when abolitionism was heresy and treason of the darkest dye, and the helping of fugitive slaves to escape the worst of crimes, he was an open abolitionist, and the daily helper of fugitives.

As a merchant, dependent on such a community, he never sank to that moral cowardice which makes traders barter their opinions to gain custom, or cater to evil prejudices for material wealth.

He never stinted, for he could not, the frankness of his speech or the boldness of his rebuke; yet his words were never barbed by personal malice or hatred. He would lift the sinner above his sin—that was all.

I once asked him, at his home, if slaveholders traded with him. Pointing to a large store near by, he said: "Does thee see that shop? These men know that they can trust me, for I say what I think. They are afraid of the men over there, for they know they don't say what they think, and so they deal with me, yet hate my opinions."

Although at times he suffered financially, yet he never wavered, and so won at last.

His house was a refuge and stopping-place for fugitive slaves, when detection would have been heavy fine and imprisonment, and peril of violent death; yet his marvelous skill and vigilance baffled that detection for years. I listened once for a whole day to his stories of device and adventure, told with a simple straightforwardness that made them doubly wonderful, and regret that they never will be widely known. He never would go out to

the plantations after slaves, for his royal integrity spurned the false pretenses he thought must be used, and his sagacity showed him a surer way. Through tried and true friends the slave found his way at night to his house, and thence northward, until his list of those who had thus fled "out of the gates of hell" reached over twenty-seven hundred names.

At last he was detected. Coming home from a business trip to lower Delaware, some colored men asked for a ride in his carriage; asking no questions, he granted it, and brought them a few miles. They got out at a cross-road and he came home. They were slaves, he had "aided and abetted" in their escape, and there was great joy among the baser sort of slave-owners when "old abolition Garrett" was in their hands. He was fined to the full extent—some $3,000. When the judge had closed his long charge on the heinousness of the offense, Garrett said: "Is thee done, friend?" and when the judge said "Yes," he replied: "I mean no disrespect to thee, for thee is doing the duty of thy office according to thy idea, but I must say that I shall feel in conscience bound to do this same thing again when the way opens."

This fine, with other embarrassments, compelled him to suspend his business. After paying his debts he had but little left. And now came the triumph of character! Bankers and others, slaveholders and active helpers of such, quietly assured him of their credit and means. He thanked them, waited awhile, accepted such help as he needed, and his new business grew far larger than the old. Years before his death he retired on a decent competence, and said to a friend: "Thee knows I am a plain man; wife and I had best be simple, and I only want just a penny to give away now and then."

His modest penny was a stream of daily benevolence, and frequent generous help to some good enterprise or unpopular reform. His wise kindness knew no limits or

distinctions of race or sect, and the poor Irish loved him with all the enthusiasm of their impulsive natures. Even their pitiful hatred of the negro, taught them in this country, melted away under his influence, and they were quick and ready to help the fugitive if "Father Garrett" wanted them.

I once heard him tell with great glee, for keen and shrewd humor was part of his nature, of the escape of a slave who was closely pressed by her pursuers, darted down an alley in the rear of his house, and was hastily thrust through a gate into his yard by a kindly Irishman, who only had time to say, "Find Thomas Garrett and you're safe, shure." It was a dilemma, as his custom was not to take in fugitives unless there had been previous notice and planning to keep the coast clear; but there the poor creature was at evening, and every policeman then acting with the slave hunters knew she was there. Here was room for a little strategy, and he was equal to the occasion. She was put into an upper room, fed and rested, talked with kindly and made strong in spirit. Some friends were visiting in the parlor below, fronting on the sidewalk, and the grate was made bright and the shutters thrown wide open that all passers by, police and slave hunters included, might look in.

Thomas and his wife were cheery with the rest, until she said, "Please excuse me a little while and I'll soon be back," and went upstairs to dress the fugitive in a cloak and bonnet of her own. Soon Thomas goes up and says to the woman: "Thee must take my arm, keep still, walk up like any white lady, don't be afraid, and I'll take thee out safe." Going back to the parlor, hat in hand and overcoat on, he says, "Please excuse me, too, a little while," steps to the stairs and calls: "Is thee ready?" when the wife stays up, and down comes the fugitive, with Quaker cloak and bonnet, and veil to protect from the chilly air, takes his arm, he opens the front door, and

they step down to the sidewalk, and go quietly past two watchful policemen, Thomas making some witty remark to a passing lad, and saying, "How is thee?" to a policeman whom he knew. They go on a square or two, turn some corners, stop at a colored man's house, some mystic sign is made, and all is safe. He steps out of a back door, goes home another way, enters his rear yard, goes upstairs, and down to the parlor with his wife, and in a few weeks the grateful woman he had thus delivered finds a kind friend in Canada to write back her heartfelt blessings. "And the police all had a better night's sleep than if they had caught the poor creature—and felt better all next day, no doubt," said he with a cheery laugh, as the story was ended.

Sometimes he faced danger with a wondrous courage. Once he went into a chamber where armed men were guarding a fugitive, bound with ropes. Pistols were aimed and knives drawn upon him, but he had no fear, trusted to no weapons, and subdued and conquered all by the height of his moral courage, the blaze of his righteous indignation, and the marvelous power of his iron will. In sight of their deathly weapons he said: "Put them away, none but cowards use such things," and walked boldly to the slave, cut his cords with a penknife and led him out in safety and peace.

Doubtless in such cases the large proportions of his stalwart frame, and the sight of muscles strong as iron, helped him, but the spiritual force of a heroic soul won the victory. I once asked him if he ever laid hands on a man. "No," said he, "I once said to an impudent constable, 'If thee don't stop, I'll shake thee.'" Did he stop? I asked. With a quiet but hearty laugh he answered "Yes, he did." From early life he felt himself especially and divinely called to his anti-slavery work and his help of fugitives, and that the Lord was with him in his efforts.

In his religious opinions he took no counsel of man, in

any servile sense. By Quaker education and deep conviction he sought ever to be true to the "light within." Reverent in spirit, if the many were with him he was glad ; if he was well-nigh alone, he held on his way rejoicing. He took great interest in the yearly meeting of Progressive Friends, near Kennett, Pa. I once rode with him, on a June day, through twelve miles of pleasant farms from his home to their Longwood Meeting-House, and greatly enjoyed his wise and witty talk. For years he believed in the presence and communion of the spirits of loved ones, "not lost but only gone before," which is no marvel, as the spirit-world must seem very near to one living in the presence of its great truths, as he did. He always believed and advocated the religious and political equality of woman. His mental vigor and buoyant spirits held on to the end, and he passed peacefully to the higher life early in 1871, aged over seventy. At his funeral, the loving request of the colored people of Wilmington that they might take charge of the simple ceremonies, was fitly granted, and they gathered in large numbers to mingle prayers and tears over all that was mortal of one they had known so long and loved so well.

Not only these, but thousands, of all classes and conditions, of all sects and opinions, took part by their presence, and testified their respect and reverent affection.

He was the American Apostle of courage in daily life and of practical good deeds, and his long career of steadfast bravery, and wise benevolence was his inspired Epistle.

RICHARD GLAZIER.

"The Quaker of the olden time!—
How calm, and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through."

In 1858 we found a home for three months with Richard Glazier of Ann Arbor, on his farm among the hills, two miles from town. He was a preacher among Friends, an early pioneer settler, a man of positive will, just and true, and of remarkable personal weight of character. He had a direct and searching way of appealing to the moral intuitions that disarmed all prejudice. I remember his going among merchants and others to get money to help a fugitive slave. He approached a man of well-known proslavery views, and said to him: "I have a black man at my house, who has fled from a bad master and wants his liberty. I am satisfied his case is genuine. In thy heart thee is not a man who wants any human being oppressed or badly treated. I want thee to help this poor man." The help was readily given, by him and others like him, whom no one else would have thought of asking. I spoke in the Court-house one Sunday, the birthday anniversary of Thomas Paine, and aimed to give a just estimate of his character. I denied the current stories of his dissipated habits and wretched death, but felt that a part of the audience had little faith in my statements. At the close Richard Glazier rose—a familiar figure there, upright in attitude as in spirit, clad in plain Quaker garb, his broad-brimmed white hat on his head, his hands resting on the silver top of his stout cane planted firmly on the floor. Turning to me he asked: "Is there freedom for me to say a few words?" Of course there was, and all wanted to hear. He said in substance: "I had a near friend, Willett Hicks, a Quaker well-known in New York city as a business man. He had a farm joining that of Paine at New Rochelle,

where he and his family spent their summers. A path led across the fields between their houses, and they passed to and fro as neighbors. He was not a disciple of Paine, but knew him in this way. He has told me that no more liquor was used in Paine's house than in other farmhouses near, and probably not so much ; that he never knew Paine to be filthy or intoxicated, or heard bad language from him, but that he was plain in his ways, civil and well-behaved. During his last sickness some of the family were at the house daily and never saw or heard of any of the strange scenes described. None were there at the hour of his death, but from a reliable person who was there, he was told that he passed away peacefully." When my friend Glazier sat down, the audience was convinced. They knew him and believed him.

Growing feeble in health he moved into the town near the grounds of the State University. He was seventy years old, wasting with consumption, but his mental powers clear as ever. In these last years we were told that he had softened in manners and was less severe in judgment than in middle life, when he was more rigidly sectarian. Professor A. D. White, late Presient of Cornell University at Ithaca, New York, was near by and wanted to see my friend. It was planned that we should go together, and we found him propped up by pillows and able to converse. He asked Mr. White to sit beside him, expressed pleasure at the meeting, and then for a half-hour spoke with a wondrous weight—an authority as of one with long experience, and now so near the world of real life as to utter its higher and larger thought. With no reference to any doctrine or dogma, with no criticism or reflection on the errors of others in belief or practice, he dwelt on the idea of God, the Supreme Spirit in all ; the nearness and naturalness of the life beyond, its sure reality, and the glimpses we get of it ; the priceless worth of fidelity, sincerity, and moral courage,

the sacredness of man's inalienable rights, and the equality of woman. He said: "I am a Spiritualist, for God is a Spirit," and then more directly and personally addressed the listener by his side, alluded to his large opportunities, his fine faculties and high responsibilities, and urged him to persistence and growth in his work of education, so that high and broad thinking, steadfast courage, and noble harmony of character in his students, might be the result. We sat in reverent silence and rapt attention, for the impression made on us was deep and peculiar. Such an hour never came to us, never will again probably on earth. It was as though a wise and strong angel had spoken; and well it might be, for he was very near that life where transfigured human beings are angels. The inspiration of the spirit gave him an understanding wonderful and impressive. A brief and easy conversation followed. He said: "I am too weak to say more; and we must part," and we clasped hands pleasantly and left. Standing by the gate Mr. White said: "What a loss to me that I never met that man before!" In a week Richard Glazier passed quietly away, and hundreds gathered reverently at the funeral to look on that still face—so calm and strong.

YEARLY MEETINGS—PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

"Early hath life's mighty question
Thrilled within the heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching:
WHAT and WHERE IS TRUTH?"

Forty years, or more, ago a desire for a larger freedom of discussion of religious progress and practical reforms than the sects or parties gave, led to the calling of yearly meetings, at Longwood, Pennsylvania and Waterloo, and North Collins, New York, the two first under the name of Progressive Friends, the last entitled Friends of Human Progress. The Waterloo meeting has ceased, the others

are still kept up, the attendance large, yet not as great as in their earlier years. This is not from a decrease of interest in their aims, but because more doors are open elsewhere for free thought and speech.

These movements started among the Quakers, whose quiet ways saved the free gatherings from turbulent disputes, and gave them decorous dignity, as well as liberty. A little later a commodious Free Church was built in Sturgis, Michigan, largely by Spiritualists of the more weighty sort, where for thirty-five years have been held the yearly meetings of the Harmonial Society—still useful and influential as well as interesting. At all these places meetings are held at other times with more or less frequency, but the annual gatherings are notable occasions, their general objects the same, the themes discussed varying in different localities. A committee invites speakers, and makes the needed arrangements, all can take part in the discussions, and there is little formality of membership. The Longwood meeting-house stands amidst pleasant farms near Kennett, Chester county, the former home of Bayard Taylor at his "Cedarcroft" farm. An ancient Quaker meeting-house near Waterloo was used for that meeting. A large hall in a grove near the railroad is the North Collins gathering place,—hospitable people near, entertaining, doors and hearts open, and the social hours very pleasant. Anti-slavery, temperance, peace, woman-suffrage, religious ideas, Spiritualism, and other living questions were taken up, with earnest utterance of differing opinions, and an avoidance of heated controversy. For instance, at Longwood I once heard an orthodox cleryman speak in favor of his idea of Christ's atonement, and Garrison reply, mutual respect ruling the hour.

From a thousand to over four thousand was the usual attendance at the rustic Hemlock Hall at North Collins. There and at other like meetings I have met Oliver John-

son, Rev. Charles G. Ames, Rev. Samuel J. May, C. C. Burleigh, C. D. B. Mills, Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. E. C. Stanton, W. L. Garrison, Frederick Douglass, Parker Pillsbury, George W. Taylor, Henry C. Wright, Sojourner Truth, Selden J. Finney, Mrs. Lydia A. Pearsall and others, and have heard excellent words eloquently spoken.

The good order and good conduct at the gatherings was remarkable. In the old anti-slavery days there were angry threats sometimes, but never an outbreak. One morning I reached Hemlock Hall to attend the North Collins meeting and met my friend Joseph Taylor. He came to the platform just before the meeting opened, and we shook hands. Something in his manner impressed me singularly. His tall and stalwart form seemed stronger than usual, his face had an aspect of quiet resolution, he seemed like a charged battery, and took his seat on the platform, which he usually did not do.

The meeting opened with a searching anti-slavery discussion in which I took part, looking occasionally at my friend who sat erect and resolute as though ready to "put ten thousand to flight." All passed along quietly as I supposed it would, and it was some days after, at Joseph Taylor's house, that he solved the riddle for me, "Did you know why I sat on the platform at the hall?" he asked, and I replied, no. "Well," said he, "I heard that some fellows were going to fling you off the platform if you made an abolition speech, and I kept close by to have a hand in the business. I thought it was well for "some fellows" that he did not "have a hand in," and my heart went out to my dear brave friend for his watchfulness.

I can see the old meeting-house near Waterloo, brown and bare in Quaker plainness, its grassy yard with the great forest trees, and the fruitful fields and orchards all around, as I saw it one pleasant June Sunday noon, thirty years ago. The shaded yard was full of people,

table-cloths were being spread on the grass, an abundance of food coming out of big baskets and piled on these cloths by good women, while the pleasant talk of the waiting groups around cheered their task. In one of these groups was Samuel J. May, the gentle yet heroic soul, of whom Theodore Parker said: "Where brother May is it is perpetual May." He was given a seat on the grass where he could lean against the trunk of a great tree, and when asked what he especially wanted spoke of tea. A fragrant cup of his favorite beverage was brought him, food abundant and delicious came with it, and his aspect of happy and grateful enjoyment is perfect as ever in my mind's eye. Many pleasant remembrances of the goodly companionship of "the thoughtful and the free" come up in connection with these valuable meetings. They have served as excellent training-schools, teaching people to speak the truth for truth's sake, not for combat, to hear fairly diverse honest opinions, to distinguish between orderly liberty and disorderly license, to be firm for the right and ready to gain more light.

At a later date grove meetings, and great camp meetings of spiritualists and the liberal denominations have been organized, of which the popular newspapers make but slight mention. The total attendance at these meetings may be 250,000, or over.

CHAPTER VI.

SOME OF THE WORLD'S HELPERS AND LIGHT-BRINGERS.

THE world's saviours are the best men and women who have lived, and are living on earth. This "house of David" endures. Wise men without guile, holy mothers, useful Marthas and waiting Marys, are here, and will be. Seers and prophets, and leaders of men, dwell along our blue rivers and lakes, as others dwelt by Jordan and Genesaret. Life in Judea was made more divine by the presence of the carpenter's son, and the fishermen and tent makers, of whom the Testament gives brief record. Life in America is made more divine by the presence of our best and truest. Without Garrison and Parker, Abraham Lincoln, Lucretia Mott, Peter Cooper, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, our light would be dim. Others, too many to name, have added to our imperishable wealth. Some of these are widely known ; some are unknown. Of the last Carlyle said : "These noble, silent men, scattered here and there, each in his own department ; silently thinking, silently working ; whom no morning newspaper takes notice of ; they are the salt of the earth. A country that has none, or few of these, is in a bad way ; like a forest which has no roots ; which has all turned into leaves and boughs ; which must soon wither and be no forest."

No land is better rooted than ours, and the strong, deep roots hold the earth together and make our ground solid. There are more of these noble men and women than hopeless pessimists think. Of a few whom I have for-

tunately known I make brief record. Others as worthy must pass by.

"Only remembered by what they have done."

It is impossible to write of those yet living among us ; they are too many, and their work here is not done. It would be invidious to select from them, but from such as have passed on we can choose freely, and they will not be troubled, even if they know it, as perchance they may.

JOHN D. ZIMMERMAN—THE MICHIGAN VILLAGE BLACKSMITH—AN UNKNOWN GREAT MAN.

"No longer with self or with nature at strife,
The soul feels the presence of infinite Life :
And the voice of a child or the hum of a bee—
The somnolent roll of the deep-heaving sea—
The mountains, uprising in grandeur and might—
The stars that look forth from the depth of the night—
All speak in one language, persuasive and clear,
To him who in spirit is waiting to hear."

Lizzie Doten.

Thirty years ago or more I left the Michigan Southern Railway at Coldwater, rode north in a stage fourteen miles, crossed the St. Joseph River, and went up the slope on its north side to the high table-land on which stood Union City, then a pleasant village of a thousand people, amidst beautiful farms and groves, now a much larger town. I went to find John D. Zimmerman. Turning east a short distance, his plain story-and-a-half house was in sight, facing south and overlooking the winding stream and the broad meadows. West from the dwelling was an orchard, in front great forest trees, east a grove of noble oaks in the deep yard of a neighbor.

A rap at the door called out a strongly-built man, who gave his welcome word in a deep, rich voice, and with a frank simplicity singularly attractive, and the quiet kind-

ness of his wife made the house a home. We stepped into the sunny, low-ceiled southeast room, in which so many pleasant hours were passed in after days, and I noticed a large book-case in the corner, its contents costing more than all the simply comfortable furniture around it. The best books were there—all of Emerson's among them. The kind of books one finds in a house gives some gauge of the range and quality of thought of its inmates. As he sat in his arm-chair waiting for dinner I said: "You read Emerson, I see." His wonderful blue eyes lighted up, and his mellow voice had new music as he replied: "Of course I do, over and over again." After dinner he said, "I must go to my blacksmith shop," and I soon found him there stoutly swinging his hammer, as he did for forty years. His visible work was forging and shaping iron to useful ends; this all could appreciate, and it was good and true; his invisible work was forging and shaping thoughts, this but few could so well appreciate, but it was good and true also. When both these go on together life is noble and commanding, as in his case.

At night we went to the plain Congregational Church near by to find a good audience at an anti-slavery meeting.

So began one of the most delightful and beneficial friendships of my life, to last for more than twenty years.

After coming home that night he told me he had belonged to that church, but had changed his views and was not in unity with their creed. He felt that honesty required that he should state his dissent, and soon a church meeting was called, and one of the deacons asked him to attend. He went, asked if there were any charges against his conduct, and was answered: "None, we hold you in high personal esteem, but our rules require that you should not be a member as you do not accept our doctrines." The usual course in such cases involved a censure for heresy. He said: "I do not, and cannot, believe your creed. You who can, have a right to do so, which I re-

spect. I offer a resolution, and will go home for you to act as you please," and then read and laid on the table a resolve as follows : *Whereas*, our brother John D. Zimmerman has so modified his opinions that he cannot honestly continue to profess belief in our doctrines, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That he be allowed to leave our membership."

In an hour the good deacon, his next neighbor, came in and said they had passed the resolve unanimously, yet with much regret, and with the feeling that they should continue friends, as they did, without censure or casting reflections on either side.

Years before a fugitive slave came to Zimmerman's house, and his claimant came soon after—not his owner, but an agent fit for such base work. Just at night he rode up to the blacksmith shop, sprang from his horse, walked up to its owner, who stood by his anvil, and shook his fist in his face, with threats and oaths. A blow from that stalwart arm would have felled him to the ground, but Zimmerman said, "This is a case for law, not for a fight ; come with me to a justice."

There was a quiet command in voice and eye that subdued wrath, and in five minutes they were peacefully on their way together to a law office, and the slave hunter was asked home for the night, but his host said : "I have another guest at my house. He shall treat you well, and I expect you to treat him well. He is the man you claim as a slave." The astonished hunter of men did not see the other guest that night. In the morning he was late, being worn out with long riding : his host went to call him and was asked into the chamber. A valise laid open on the bed, evidently to display a pair of fine revolvers and a bowie knife. Picking up a revolver Zimmerman remarked : "These are pretty fair weapons, but we don't think much of them up here ; our rifles are surer and have longer range." They met the slave

in the breakfast-room, who was greeted with a cool nod by his claimant. They were seated at table on either side of their host, the Southerner conquered his prejudices, and all was quiet. This lasted some days, until one morning the colored man was gone, none knew where. The baffled pursuer swore and raved, but was told, with decided firmness, that such talk could not be allowed in a decent house, and so saddled his steed and went southward. The colored man was heard of a year after, and lived safely a long time in this State. In all the varied annals of underground railroad experiences no like case can be found. It illustrates the majesty of magnetic control and command, the great power of my friend's personal presence—a power which makes such a man, at his anvil and clad in leather apron, more imposing than a king on his throne, tricked out in his royal robes.

In 1876 he spent a month in Philadelphia at the Centennial. With a mind large enough to take in and compare its varied aspects, with practical skill in mechanism and a native taste for artistic beauty, the time was full of enjoyment and profit. It took a comprehensive range of thought to fully appreciate that Exhibition ; narrow and commonplace people were dazed and confusedly pleased, but such a man would be enriched and instructed. While there he stopped at the Atlas Hotel—a vast temporary caravansary near the grounds, holding a thousand guests or more. One Sunday its great central room had a platform and seats extemporized, and some hundreds sat to hear a sermon. He joined the rest, and soon found that the preacher was laying out the "scheme of salvation" in such a way as to send all the race into eternal torment, save a pitiful little company specially elected and saved. He felt indignant and stepped quietly to the platform while a hymn was being sung to ask the privilege of making a few remarks, which was rudely denied. Taking his seat again, he waited until the audience were dismissed, and then rose

and said : " I have something to say for a few minutes, and will ask such as choose to sit and hear me." The magic of that deep voice and a curious wish to hear, kept most in their places, and he said, in substance : " This Centennial is a sign of the fraternity of mankind. It shows that we are drawing toward the era of peace on earth and good-will among men. Christian and Pagan, all sects and races, come here from the four quarters of the earth in amity and mutual respect. This very room is decked with the flags of many nations, displayed together in token of this unity of spirit. We live in the nineteenth century with its broad thought and growing charity, its willingness to search for truth wherever found. This poor man whom you have heard takes us back to the Dark Ages, and tells us of a God cruel and unjust enough to doom to the fiery pit forever almost all the human race. I protest against this Phariseeism, and against this horrible conception of the wrath of God and the wretchedness of man. I ask you to repudiate these degrading errors, to think of man's capacity for eternal progress, to know that good deeds are the sure warrant of salvation before that God who is no respecter of persons. How enlarging it is to see good men from every land and of every religion meeting here and learning so much of each other. If you and I live so as to be fit for their society, we shall find them in heaven above."

Doubtless he was deeply stirred and inspired. For fifteen minutes the people sat as though entranced, and the preacher was dumb with amazement. The next day many came to express their gratitude, and their unity with his sentiments. A son of John Brown of Harper's Ferry was one of the first to thank him, and for hours others filled the time in like way.

His life, as people saw it, was that of a steady workman, whose work was honest; of a man whose word was good, whose practical judgment was sound, whose

presence and manners had a charm and power which was not understood, and who had some strange notions, but who was greatly respected and esteemed.

The great wonderland of thought in which he lived few visited with him. He read the best books—the ripest religious and spiritual thought of our day gaining most attention. He did not read too much, and therefore could better inwardly digest his reading. He seldom spoke in public, and wrote little, but the little he said or wrote had singular beauty. No richer thinker or conversationalist in private did I ever meet. I used to wish, while listening to him as he sat in the winter evening, in his old arm-chair, with his feet before the fire on a stool, that I could transport him to a circle of the best students and thinkers and enjoy their delight in his wise and charming talk. Emerson would have made a pilgrimage to Michigan to meet him had he known of him.

His home was the place to know him. There his grace and wealth of life bloomed out in word and deed. To spend a day at that home was a pleasure and a privilege not to be forgotten. Taking no leading part in the affairs of the town, the toil in his shop, the duties and joys of his home, and the golden hours spent in his own inner world divided his time.

His knowledge of the great world's wants was wide, he felt the set of its tides, his interest in practical reforms was earnest, his views clear, his literary taste excellent. In conversation his language was singularly choice, yet wholly natural and unaffected. His wonderful eyes were eloquent, his mellow voice thrilled with enthusiasm and its deep tones revealed the power of a great soul. He might well have said with the old poet:

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

There was a fine courtesy and simplicity in his manner, and a flash of fire and an uprising of power when a wrong

was to be righted or a meanness rebuked. Of no sect in theology he kept firm hold of the great foundations of religious faith, and felt that he knew of the life beyond and of the gates ajar between that life and ours on earth. The last time that I saw him was on a bright day in February, not long before his departure.

His working days were over, his time was full of thought, his spiritual nature ripening, his books opening new mines to be explored, his social faculties illuminated.

Coming out of our room in the morning, wife and I found him sitting in his easy-chair, the sun shining into the windows and tinging the clouds with golden light. He rose to greet us with a noble grace, his fine eyes lighted up eloquently, and he said: "What a bright morning! The air is pure, and the good spirits are numerous, and hospitable, and busy all about us."

In September, 1884, I was at Union City. Just at night I walked past the house and was glad to find its appearance unchanged. Going beyond it, along the roadside under the shade of the trees to enjoy the outlook southward over the pleasant valley, and winding river, I turned back for one more sight of the home, and saw Mrs. Zimmerman in the yard—a surprise, as I had supposed she was absent. Going into the familiar sitting-room I learned from her something of the last hours on earth of her beloved husband.

His illness was but short and not very painful; his mind clear, and his command of language perfect to the last. They hardly realized how near the end was, most of the family were with him, and he soon felt that the great change was near. His wife said to me: "It was so wonderful to us all. Much as we loved him, it did not seem like a death-bed, but the whole air seemed full of a glory and beauty which gave us comfort and joy. All felt peace. It was a serene hour. He said to me: 'Tell all my friends that my faith is unchanged, and my views

of life and immortality the same. As I draw near to the end all is more beautiful and peaceful.' A clergyman, who was with them as a neighbor and friend, said he never saw so beautiful a death-bed. A neighboring woman some hours after, as she stood looking at the face, so noble in its sweet majesty, exclaimed: 'Can this be death!'"

The poet's words are indeed true:

> "The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
> Is privileged beyond the common walks
> Of life, quite in the verge of heaven."

At the age of sixty-five, he passed away, in May, 1879.

Such was John D. Zimmerman, the village blacksmith; one of the most gifted of the goodly company of unknown great men and women who add far more to the wealth of life and to the peace and safety of the State than we realize.

A LESSON IN MANLINESS AND INDUSTRY—WILLIAM S. PRENTISS.

> "Such was our friend, formed on the good old plan,
> A true and brave and downright honest man!
> His daily prayer, far better understood
> In acts than words, was simply doing good.
> So calm, so constant, was his rectitude,
> That by his loss alone we know his worth,
> And feel how true a man has walked with us on earth."
>
> *Whittier.*

We may well keep in mind the noble qualities of a goodly number of our Western pioneers—the men and women who toiled and delved in the solitude of forest or prairie, fraternally helped each other, met hospitably, and had that large manhood and womanhood which spurns all meanness and keeps home bright and the heart true.

We owe them a priceless debt. Not only did they

make our external comfort and abundance possible, but from them came some of the noblest and most beautiful elements of our civilization.

William S. Prentiss was one of this illustrious company, great in heart and life, but unknown to fame, as are most of them. Abraham Lincoln belonged to the same company, and the virtues of his public life were the virtues of his pioneer life practiced in a wider field.

Sixty years ago young Prentiss went from Petersham, Worcester County, Massachusetts, to Cambridge to be a student in Harvard College. His health gave way, and he consulted Dr. John C. Warren, an eminent and sagacious physician. The doctor learned his antecedents of parentage and vocation, and then said: "Young man, you can take your choice, keep to your books and die, or fling them away, shoulder an axe, and strike into the woods and live." This was the truth in few words. The books were put aside, the whole current of his life changed, and the autumn of 1832 found him in Michigan with a slender purse but a stout heart, hunting land for a farm. Going to the government land office in White Pigeon, in Southern Michigan, he found what lots were for sale, and struck off on horseback southwest, through oak openings and prairies, with map and compass in pocket and food and clothing in his saddle-bags. After a few days' search, he was riding along a slope of land falling southwest into a valley, and his horse sank deep in the soft ground among the trees where a spring moistened the earth. He got out of the bog with some trouble, found it was near noon, tethered his horse to browse among the twigs and grass, and seated himself on a fallen tree to take a lunch from his saddle-bags. Rested and refreshed his eye ranged over the pleasant valley. He explored hill and dale, found forest and spring, and open meadow and clear stream, good soil and a cheery outlook that gave a sense of heart-warmth. Finding the land unsold

he started back to White Pigeon, entered a half section in LaGrange County, Northern Indiana, on Brushy Prairie, nine miles east of the county seat, and built his log cabin on the slope, just below where he took that memorable lunch—the spring then found giving water to house and barns to this day. In a few years a comfortable farmhouse stood in place of the cabin, his patient and sturdy labor had helped to transfigure wild forest and field into blooming orchards and waving harvest fields, and other pioneers had made homes along the pleasant hillside.

The year of his arrival he married Jane Mary Clark, a school-teacher from Sheffield, Mass. : sons and daughters grew up to do them dutiful honor, and their wedded life of over forty years was full of cares yet full of cheer. He was grave, earnest, and practical ; she was sparkling, merry, and full of quaint fancies. He was of strong and solid frame, capable of great physical labors ; she was lithe, healthy, and active. That fortunate variety made unity and harmony. Under her sportive gayety, as under his grave sedateness was a vein of clear common-sense, and each bore a lover's share of the other's burdens.

Wolves were plenty. Mrs. Prentiss once told me of her first night alone in the cabin. Her husband was away to buy cattle, and not a white person within five miles. The dozen sheep—precious to them when the fleeces, sheared, carded, spun, and woven by their own hands, were their main dependence for clothing—she drove from their pen into the cabin at night. Hungry wolves howled outside, pawed under the door, and pushed their noses through its wide crack above the threshold. "Were you not afraid ?" I asked. "No, the door was strong and I had a good axe. It didn't worry me." Indians were plenty, too, and sometimes a score of them slept on the cabin floor. They were a little troublesome, but

always friendly, and kept the same good faith that was kept with them.

Few men did so much hard work as Mr. Prentiss, and a fair competence honestly won was his reward. Widows and orphans trusted their all to him; the weak clung to him as a strong support. He was urged to take public office, but declined, loving home life and the society of neighbor pioneers whose toils he had shared and for whom he had a strong affection. Once only was he almost forced to be County Judge, and the title stuck to him—for titles in our Republican land stick like burs.

For thirty years he kept up a correspondence with his college classmate and room-mate, Rev. Dr. Putnam, Unitarian clergyman in Roxbury, Mass., but they never met after he left college. Hon. John B. Howe and his accomplished wife, and his brother James came early from Boston and settled in the neighboring town of Lima. A cordial friendship grew up between the families, their intimacy giving a glimpse of the cultivated society of days in the East long gone by. James Howe nursed Mr. Prentiss like a beloved brother in his last illness, their attachment being singularly tender.

In 1858 I made my first visit at that farmhouse, which became a familiar and homelike place. I can see my friend Prentiss in his stout old arm-chair, by his desk, in the corner of the plain and ample sitting-room, near the open fire, which they always kept up. There he sat and read and talked, his sagacious comments on men and things always worth hearing. His life on that farm for forty years was a gospel of honor, faithfulness, kindness, and industry —such a gospel as our true-hearted pioneers have made indeed a divine service, helping us all the better to live.

WILLIAM DENTON.

In 1860, I heard his course of lectures on geology. He stood on the platform, a lithe figure full of life and

endurance, his rich voice rang out, clear and strong, his eyes lighted up, his features glowing and expressive. On the wall behind hung colored pictures of antediluvian scenery—huge beasts and birds, gigantic ferns, mud, slime, steaming water and veined lightning flashing in the murky air. He was master of his subject, the peer of the best on his great topic. Others equalled him in knowledge, but he had the poetic element, giving a charm to his impassioned eloquence. To me he was the first lecturer on geology in America. Yet for years he had little recognition. In the days of contest between geology and dogmatic theology, men, far his inferiors, spoke to pious and popular audiences, and won cheap fame and poor gold by professing to reconcile Moses and the gospel of the rocks,—a poor effort which hurt Moses, but made not a single scratch on the rocks. Now they are being reconciled in a better way, more to the satisfaction of both schools. Meanwhile Denton held on his own brave way and would never let thrift follow fawning. But he won at last, went to Canada and had eulogistic reports of his lectures in the *Montreal Gazette*, went to New England, settled his family at Wellesley, near Boston, and was constantly occupied as a lecturer and writer for years. Born in England, nurtured in poverty, coming here poor in purse, but rich in courage, and rich, too, in the faith and loving heroism of an intelligent wife.

An infidel of the old materialistic school, he came into Spiritualism ready in the use of the sledge-hammer, quick to strike hard at a defender of orthodoxy, sure to smite him down if he was a bigot. Time modified this, and made him larger in thought, more constructive in method, less fond of fighting small fry, but stronger than ever to meet an opponent when truth called for the contest.

Forty years ago he gave lectures at a town in northern Ohio, and the church-folk went to Hiram College, where James A. Garfield was a teacher, and brought him on to

defend the faith against the young evolutionist. I have the story from an Illinois man, then an Ohio boy, at whose father's house Denton stayed. Garfield came, the debate began with a crowded house, the first night Denton came home, he said: "I like that man. He is fair, honest and able. He holds out well, and is worth discussing with, which many are not." Several nights the discussion went on, not for victory but for truth. No vote was taken at its close, but each of the opponents bore testimony to the fairness and sincerity of the other, and shook hands in mutual friendship amidst the cheers of the audience. Long after, when Garfield was in Congress, Denton lectured in Washington and the manly Congressman was a constant hearer and met him cordially.

"*Our Planet*," "*The Soul of Things*" (a work made up of valuable psychometric researches) "*Jesus as he Was*," and a goodly number of pamphlets were written by this constant worker. A few years ago he went to Australia to find a new field for his scientific exploration, found great delight in its strange flora and fauna and rocks, gathered a large collection to send home, went a hundred miles into the wild interior, was smitten by fever, and died in a poor hut in the forest, with none present but natives who could not speak an English word,—his son and nephew in search of him but a dozen miles away. He must be busy among finer strata in the Summer Land.

He was brave, and true and pure,—"Without fear and without reproach." I always felt as though in healthy air when we met.

It is note worthy that this man, accurate and scientific in his search for facts, saw, years ago, the imperfectness of Darwin and others, who only looked at the material side of the universe and ignored its spiritual side, the interior life and guiding will.

He said: "An infinite and intelligent spirit, in my

opinion, presides over the universe, andnatural laws are its instruments."

EBER B. WARD.

"Cheerily on the ax of labor
Let the sunbeams dance,
Better than the flash of sabre,
Or the gleam of lance!
Strike!—with every blow is given,
Freer earth and sky,
And the long-hid earth to heaven
Looks with wondering eye!"—*Whittier.*

In 1863 I went to Detroit, spoke in a Union Club Meeting, met Eber B. Ward, who was its president, and spent much time for a year or more in speaking in the State on the great issues involved in the civil war then going on, having his help in this work. At that time there were thousands of confederate soldiers, prisoners of war in Chicago, Johnson's Island, and other places. One day Mr. Ward asked me to call at his office, and said: "I've been thinking of a way to do these men some good. They are on the wrong side, but there are a good many good men among them. In their prison life they have little to occupy their time, and will be willing to hear a man talk to them in a friendly way. If you could get to them, and tell them of the benefits of free labor, of education, of employment at fair pay, and that, while we don't claim to be perfect, our ways are the best, it would be a good move. You can make them feel that we have no ill-will toward them; yet we are determined that the rebellion shall be put down, and slavery, its cause ended, so that we can all be on good terms and have lasting peace, and real union. Will you try it if I can open the way?" I said I would. "Well," said he, "I'll write the Secretary of War and we shall soon find out." As he was well known personally by Secretary Stanton and Abraham Lincoln, I had little doubt of the result, but some "red

tape" stood in the way, the plan was given up, and I lost what would have been an interesting experience, and might have been a substantial good to the State.

Our acquaintance grew gradually. I liked him from the first, but he was greatly occupied. He asked me to his house, and I went for a night. He said to me in the moning: "When you are in the city, come here without invitation. We have room enough, and if it happens not to be best for you to stay I will say so." After that I would step into the office and say: Shall I go to your house? and the answer was usually yes—sometimes no—with a reason given if he had time, if not none was given or needed. This frankness I enjoyed, and often wish there was more of it. So we became lifelong friends.

During the ten years, from 1864 to 1874, he was caring for large iron interests, lumbering, steamboats, and railroad affairs, keeping six thousand men busy, and helping to competence a goodly number of worthy and diligent persons. Plain in manners, kindly and unpretending, giving ready hearing, yet deciding with a certain weight that closed the case, he was able to accomplish a great deal. Nothing seemed to worry him; ordinary perplexities, over which a weak man would fret and waste his poor powers, he was too strong to be vexed by. To those in his employ, and near his person, he was cordial and friendly. As one of them said to me: "If you do your duty he's the best man in the world. If there's some mistake he'll always hear you explain it, but if you are lazy or crooked, you 'walk the plank,' and no more said about you."

A good friend to honest men, he would help them in trouble and wait for his dues; but let a man try to cheat and he followed him like an Indian.

Late one autumn a steam barge on Lake Superior had two boats in tow, laden with iron ore. Off the Pictured Rocks a snow storm struck them, and all sunk, and eight lives were lost. He found the men were single,

save the Captain, and that his family was in the city. His trusted sister Emily was asked to see them, and she reported the wife and children in such condition that they could get along if the mortgage of five hundred dollars was lifted from the house. He drew a check for six hundred dollars, his sister took it, paid the mortgage, and gave the rest to the wife to start on. But few knew of this good act or of many others.

One day a lame soldier came to the office for help, and showed me his testimonials. His face was his best proof of manliness. Mr. Ward was very busy writing, but said: "I'll see him." As we entered the room its occupant looked up from his work, pushed a chair near the desk and said: "Sit down." The soldier seated himself and handed out his book of pledges, which was looked over for a moment, then came a kindly but searching glance at the man, a dive of the left hand fingers into his vest pocket, and a five dollar bill was laid on the book and handed to its owner, without a word. To his cordial thanks the response was a nod and a smile that seemed to say: "All right, but I'm very busy." As we came out the good-hearted soldier said to me: "I am glad of this help, for I need it, but I like that man better than the money; his looks meant more than a good many people's talk."

In the garden back of his ample and solid house were large glass houses—a thousand feet in total length—where were raised tons of choice grapes, freely given away in their season, and kept fresh all winter in a fruit house. Every morning for some weeks he would bring a basket of fine black Hamburg and white grapes to the office, go from one desk to another and lay out a luscious bunch or two, and set the basket in a corner by his chair to eat and hand out to others through the day.

He once said to me: "I understand how workmen feel on this wages question. I am glad that I was once poor,

for it helps me to know what poor people think. But I can't see what I can do better for these men than to hire them, and deal with them as we fairly agree. I must make money, or they would not have work. If I should hand over all the iron mills to them to-morrow, they would run them to ruin in a year or two. Co-operation is the only wise thing; if wages don't answer. Strikes are folly: labor unions, when used to protect their members from injustice, are right; but when they dictate on what wages outsiders shall work they are wrong and tyrannical. No vote of labor unions can decide wages, for the laws of trade are stronger than all such votes."

The three hundred Wyandotte mill-men once struck, and sent a committee to him, asking higher pay. He said to them: "You remember that not long ago your wages were raised. I claim no credit for it, but the market was upward, and I thought it fair and safe to do it. Now you want higher wages when prices are falling. That is impossible. Here is the price-current, and you will see by it that I am right. Go home and tell the men that I always try to do the best I can, in justice to myself and the other owners, and to them, but this I cannot and shall not do." All this was said kindly, but with a decision solid as a rock. They went home, made due report, and the next day all went cheerily back to their work.

His solid person, deep chest, plain face, and large head showed power of physical endurance and strong character. Such men have a reserve of vital force and in case of need can put a month's work into a week and hardly feel it.

Broad shoulders carry large loads, and large brains put those loads where they will do the most good. Some men get rich by selfish greed, trampling others down as they go up, or by some stroke of stock gambling; Mr. Ward's business success came by dauntless courage, executive force, and immense will-power guided by sagacity and foresight. His best enjoyment was to develop natural

resources; to add to the common wealth as well as to his own by utilizing forests and mines and farms to employ labor and skill, and open the way to comfort and competence, and a better life for others. He enjoyed success, but that enjoyment was illumined and humanized by a fine enthusiasm for the common weal, which banished narrow selfishness. If he won wealth, others must be lifted up meanwhile, and the whole land made fairer to dwell in.

He foresaw that iron rails must give place to steel, and the first Bessemer steel rails rolled in this country were finished at the North Chicago Rolling Mill—in which he had a leading interest—May 24th, 1865, from ingots made at his Wyandotte mill, near Detroit. He foresaw that iron ships must navigate the lakes, and encouraged the Wyandotte ship yard, from which the genius of Kirby has launched steel steamboats staunch and beautiful.

His ability to put aside cares and turn to social enjoyment and mental culture was proof of health and strength, and helped greatly to preserve them, for change of action is rest. At his tea-table he was full of social warmth, in the evening ready to look at some new book or talk of some new topic, in so fresh and easy a way that one would not dream he had any large affairs to carry along each day. With early schooling in books limited to a few months of the crudest kind, few knew that he was one of the best informed men, and one of the best judges of books in the State—books with thought and purpose that is; merely fine writing or dilettanteism he cared little for. He would carry home a fresh work, look at its title and contents, turn over its pages and stop to read the main points and put it aside in an hour. I would manage to ask about it and find that the scope and gist of the writer were grasped and clearly held. That was all he wanted—details he would master, or not, as seemed best. It was a constant surprise to note how he kept up to the best thought on a wide range of topics, and how alive he was to the great move-

ments of the age, all the while keeping in steady motion a hundred engines in many mills and studying metallurgy and engineering to that end.

No liquors or wines were ever kept or used as beverages in that house, no tobacco in any form. Hearty eating of healthy and simple food, regular habits, "early to bed and early to rise" made up his household ways. He exercised a large and kindly providence for family and friends, and his patient bearing of trial and hopeful cheerfulness were notable. It may be asked: Were there no faults? Certainly there were faults, marked as the man himself, but the nobler virtues and high qualities towered above and cast them in the shade, so that when he passed away a leading daily newspaper but uttered the feeling of the people in saying: "No death since that of Abraham Lincoln has caused such deep feeling and sincere regret."

He was seldom induced to speak in public and had no eloquence of voice or manner, yet had marked power and weight of speech in an emergency, and wrote with terse vigor in strong Saxon.

Protection to home industry as opposed to the British free-trade policy, he advocated and helped, with steady persistence and in a large way that made him felt and known all over the land; his advocacy based on a deep conviction that a fairly protective tariff policy was best for the people.

For years he was president of the American Iron and Steel Association and visited its Philadelphia head-quarters when necessary. Often urged to be a candidate for political office he always refused—save in the Presidential campaign of 1868, when he was a State elector on the Republican ticket.

In early life he was a skeptic in religious matters, having small faith in dogmas and tending toward materialism; at a later time he became a Spiritualist, facts he witnessed quickening his thoughts and changing his

views. He once said to me: "I am only a common-sense man, and this is a common-sense religion; I like it." He was a contributor to the fund for the *Index* newspaper, and for a time vice-president of the Free Religious Association and also a supporter of Unitarianism. He gave away hundreds of books on religious and reform topics.

One evening, at the house, I told him of a plan long in my mind of compiling a work to be made up of chapters from the Sacred Books and best ideas of different religions and peoples, to show the spiritual fraternity of man, the essential unity of religious ideas, Pagan or Christian, the inspirations of many seers and prophets, ancient and modern. After a few inquiries he said: "I like that. Suppose you go to the *Post and Tribune*, and see what it will cost to get it out." I found that the cost would be over two thousand dollars, and that some valuable books would also be needed. He told me to get duplicate copies of all books wanted and he would pay for all and keep a copy of each, and see the work published. The offer was unexpected as well as generous. I set about my welcome, but arduous, task, and within two years (in 1872) an edition of two thousand copies was out, he advancing the money for a part of it, which he took and gave away, and giving me time to pay for the rest from the sales. Several later editions have gone out, and the "Chapters from the Bible of the Ages" has been a help to many. Its contents not being mine I can commend their value.

To be satisfied that anything was right and just was to support it frankly, and so woman-suffrage won his active support. In 1860, Wendell Phillips was to speak in Detroit on anti-slavery. The streets were full of threats, and the trustees of Young Men's Hall dared not open their doors lest the threatened property should be destroyed. Mr. Ward went to them, saying: "Open the Hall, I insure it, go on without fear." They did so, and a large audience

heard the lecture quietly, the brave and strong will of one man keeping the peace. When the civil war came his advice and help were prized in Washington and at home. At its close he went South, and met leading men there in friendly spirit, to urge on them the importance of varying their industry and building up manufactories.

In 1871 he bought a spacious corner lot, near the City Hall, at a cost of twenty thousand dollars, and planned to erect a large building on it, with a free hall, where lectures on industrial science and like topics could be given, and which should be open for reforms, for liberal religion as well as orthodox, and for Spiritualism. Reading and lecture rooms and a temperance restaurant were also to be in the building.

His intent was to spend some $200,000 in this enterprise; the plans for building were begun, but the panic of 1873 came, and he said all must be put aside, for his first aim was to keep his thousands of men employed, if possible, that they might be saved from distress.

I sketch his character and aims in his business career, because he was a noble type of a class more numerous than many suppose—men of executive and organizing power, who would work for the common good, as well as for their own. Possibly some of these in the light of his labors, can do better than he did.

In days gone by he would have been General in some great army, a dauntless conqueror, a hero in war. In our day he was a great captain of the industrial hosts, a hero of the chivalry of labor.

In January, 1875, came the swift stroke of apoplexy—an instant change from vigorous life to bodily death on the sidewalk.

EMILY WARD—A HELPFUL PIONEER'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

On Saturday afternoon, March 16th, 1889, it was my good fortune to be present on a noteworthy occasion in Detroit, the eightieth birthday of Emily Ward, commemorated by a goodly company. Not a fashionable party for gifts and display, but a gathering of the early friends of a venerable woman, and of those younger who hold her in loving reverence.

"Aunt Emily," to many from Michigan far over the wide land; "Grandmother" to twenty children and to their children, at her home and far distant, all children of her adoption, some of them of no kinship in blood. She never married, but her mother's death left her, at ten years old, her good father's friend and comforter, the child-mother of a brother and two younger sisters with a mother-heart that in after years, took home their children, and others left orphans, and a loving wisdom that trained them for useful lives and larger responsibilities.

In a large chair at one end of the roomy parlor of her house, an ample matronly woman, with a plain, strong face made beautiful by its kindly radiance, her brown hair not yet whitened, with flowers and plants in windows and along the wall behind her, and some of her children near at hand, she sat four hours to shake hands and hold cheering talk with some two hundred persons. On the piano stood a vase holding 80 roses, from Chicago, on her table were many heartfelt letters from those, far and near, unable to be present. It was good to be there, for it was a heart-festival.

The letters from her *proteges* were full of grateful affection. One wrote: "My life has widened since those happy days of your early care, but you are among the widening influences that have made me more of a man than I could otherwise have been."

Another: "I have known the uplifting influence of

your strength and courage and nobility of character."

Coming to Michigan more than sixty years ago, settling on the St. Clair river, helping school and church in the forest hamlet, nursing the sick, keeping the lighthouse on Bois Blanc island near Mackinaw, dutiful, helpful and fearless amidst the toils and perils of pioneer life, inspiring all, especially young men, to true and useful effort, few lives have been so helpful.

Her brother used to tell how the little family watched with admiring interest her first effort at bread-making when she was about twelve years old, from which time she managed that high art in the household.

From bread-making to fitting up the furniture of a score of great steamboats, and to the building of saw mills and iron mills, her help was ready, her advice always sought by that brother. A dauntless will, a wise head, a heart true and tender, and the magnetic power of a strong personality gave her large influence.

At the party she spoke humorously of offers of marriage :

"There wasn't an old widower for miles around," she said, "whose first or second or third wife had left him with a family of ten or twelve children, and who wanted a woman to be a slave to him and a servant to his progeny, but what came over and wanted to marry me. I uniformly declined the honor, however. I didn't have time to get married."

Heart and hands were full, with the care of the many children whose destinies were so intimately linked with hers.

One of her children, a niece, with a tall daughter standing by her, said :

"Aunt Emily's way of bringing up children was a homely old New England way. She believed in making children work, and she didn't believe in what she called 'gadding about,' nor in a good many other things. If

one of us girls would say, 'Can Ada and I, or Laura and I, or somebody else and I, go out for a little walk?' her answer wouldn't always be 'yes.' Very often it would be: 'Oh, want exercise, do you?' Well, you go out and weed that onion bed': or, 'You go out and pick strawberries for supper'; or, 'You go upstairs and sweep.' And if one of the boys wanted to go over to somebody's house and play, it was: 'You go out and tackle that woodpile'; or, 'You can hoe those potatoes this afternoon.'

'Gadding about,' dancing lessons, balls and parties, and other things which are contrived for the amusement of the little ones now-a-days, had no place in Aunt Emily's scheme of bringing up children. 'You have the most beautiful river in the world at your door,' she would say to us. 'What more do you want?' What more did we want, surely. That was the most beautiful river in the world. Aunt Emily was a Puritan in some of her ideas, but motherless children were never happier than we were playing along the river shores, or rowing on its surface, and living all together in one house. Few children whose mothers are spared to them can be happier."

A band of Saginaw Indians, in their war paint, suddenly came into the house one day when every man, save one cripple, in the settlement was gone to a town miles away. They demanded whiskey, then kept in every cabin, even by men like her father who never drank it. She put her hand through the latch of the door where it was kept, armed herself with a broomstick, and struck stoutly all who came near. The chief said, in their tongue which she understood, "Leave her to me, I'll put her to sleep." This she knew meant her death, but she looked him steadily in the eye, stood firm and called to her sister outside: "Go and call the men," which stratagem led the Indians, after brief consultation, to leave in haste. She knew if they found the whiskey that all would be mur-

dered. That same self-possession led her, in later years, to bleed her brother when he was smitten with apoplexy, and thus save his life for years.

Here is a pleasanter story, as told to the children years ago. In another chapter is Reading German Philosophy, an experience of a different kind.

"One day in June," said grandma, "as soon as dinner was over, Sallie and a young woman named Margaret, who worked for Uncle Sam, and Uncle Sam's little boy and myself went across the river to the Canada side to gather wild strawberries that grew there in great abundance. We crossed in a row-boat, and when we got on shore we pulled the boat up high enough on the beach to prevent the waves from carrying it off.

"We had a gay time filling our pails and baskets with the ripe fruit, and when we got through we were rather tired, and very leisurely took our way to the boat. We did not notice that the small boy had gone ahead of us. When we were nearly to the beach he came running toward us, shouting; 'Boaty! Boaty!'

"I knew in an instant that he had done some mischief, and I set my strawberries down and ran as hard as I could to the river. Sure enough, he had pushed the boat into the water, and it was floating off with the current. I waded into the water clear up to my neck, and as I could not swim I had to wade back.

"By this time the girls and the small boy were on the shore, and as I went back they set up a dismal wail, for the boat was gone, and there we four were miles away from any habitation, and with a fine prospect of spending the night in the woods, where wolves still roamed and an occasional Indian.

"We sat in a very melancholy plight, the girls crying, the boy looking doleful, and I thinking what to do. There was an island about a mile below, near the Canadian shore, and I thought the current would carry the boat to

that island and strand her on its eastern point. How to get to that point was the question. There were no inhabitants for miles, and the sun was about going down. The only thing to do was to make a raft strong enough to pole down to the island and find the boat. How to make the raft was another question.

"I looked around the beach and found there was drift-wood of logs and long poles, such as pioneers use in building mud chimneys, and I thought we could make a raft with these if we only had something to tie them together. But there wasn't a string a yard long in the whole party, except those we used to hold up our stockings, as was the fashion in those days. But strings or no strings, that raft had got to be made, and what were sunbonnets and aprons and dresses and skirts for, if in an emergency they wouldn't tie a raft together?

"I told the girls my plan, and they said they didn't believe I ever would get that boat back in any such way. Still they went to work with a will because I wanted them to, and because it seemed to be the only way to get home. We took off some of our clothes and tied the logs together with the different garments. After a good deal of hard work a raft was completed with the aforesaid materials.

"Luckily, the fashion of those days provided every woman with a long under-garment that hung down to her ankles and covered us more as to our necks and arms than many a fashionable belle of these times is covered by what she calls full dress. You may be sure such a raft was a frail affair to sail the waters of the great St. Clair river, and Sallie said she knew we would be drowned. It was only large enough for two, and Margaret and I went, leaving Sallie to the care of the boy. It required a brave heart to go or stay, for in the distance we could hear the occasional howl of a wolf, or a bear, and there was peril also by water.

"The plan was that Margaret and I should stand and

steer the raft, but as soon as we got away from the shore she was afraid to stand up, so she sat down and cried, and I did the work, steering with a board. The current helped us a good deal, and after a time we could see the head of the island. There was an encampment of friendly Indians fishing and hunting, but we were not afraid of them.

"By this time the full moon was up, and as soon as we could see the island we saw all the Indians on the shore gazing eagerly in our direction. They didn't seem to understand what it was that was going toward them. But as we got nearer and nearer and the bright moonlight shone directly on us, they discovered that it was only two girls with simply one long garment on, and they screamed and shouted with laughter. I didn't care for that, for by this time I could see our boat, stranded about where I thought it would be. The Indians kindly helped us, and we soon reached the boat, untied our garments from the raft, and hastened back to Sallie and the boy. There we put on our wet clothes, placed the berries in the boat, and started for home. We agreed that we would slip into the house by the back way, change our clothes and not tell of our adventure, and we did so. No one knew of it for some time. But Margaret had a beau to whom she told the story after a while, and as it was such a good one, and as he was a man, he told it to several, and so every one knew it in a little time, and we were well laughed at."

The incident was utilized as the subject of a picture by John M. Stanley, the artist, who won reputation as a painter of Indian portraits. The picture now hangs in the parlor. It shows the moonlight on the wide, forest-fringed river, the two girls on the frail craft, and the figures of the Indians in the distance. Mr. Stanley presented it to her on her sixtieth birthday.

This poem, my contribution to the birthday testimonial, was read to the assembled guests :

The reason firm, the conquering will,
The generous heart, the patient skill
The good child-mother ten years old,
Brother and sisters in her fold.

The strong-souled nurse, whose words of cheer
Gave hope to many a pioneer,
When pain and sickness brought sad gloom
To the log cabin's plain, bare room.

Up the fair Straits of Mackinaw,
In years long past the sailor saw
On the lone shore, through the dark night,
The lighthouse lamp blaze clear and bright.

Each day a maid, lithesome and strong,
With free step climbed the ladders long
To trim that lamp, that its fair light
Might guide to safety in the night.

Love lent her wings to mount, to fly
If need were, up that tower high,
While her good father, on the ground,
Less fleet of foot sure safety found.

The household tasks were fair and free,
Her steps had "virgin liberty;"
Books few and choice, thoughts large and high,
The lake, the trees, the o'erarching sky,

The daily tasks, were teachers meet;
The inner light burned pure and sweet,
Its radiance whiter than the glow
From that tall tower on earth below.

The Indian, fainting at the door,
Gained health from herbs in her full store;
Each spring with grateful reverence meet,
His maple sugar, at the feet

Of the "White Squaw" he gladly laid,
And went back to his forest shade—
Whatever be the outward hue
The grateful heart is ever true.

Sisters were wedded, babes were born,
The mother's hands grew pale and worn;
Death came—a sacred sweet release,
Sure rest from toil, and God's own peace.

One mother-heart had room for all,
The orphan kindred could not fall
Out of the reach of fostering care,
Of home, of comfort, guidance, prayer.

The kinship of great souls is wide,
Could all hearthunger be denied?
No, others not of kindred race
By the broad hearthstone found warm place.

Thus twenty children all had share
In wise restraint, in fostering care,
And their fair babes, in safe delight
Beside the St. Clair's waters bright,
Filled one dear home with love and light.

A generous brother, with true heart,
In all these cares bore useful part,
And ever to his sister brought
His plans and aims for her wise thought.

And now to this warm ample home,
Through hospitable doors we come,
Kindred and friends, on this good day
Our best and truest word to say—

Eighty years old! "Aunt Emily,"
"Grandma," with reverent hearts we see
The ripened fruitage of those years;
Words are but poor, and our glad tears

Must tell how deep our joy, how high
Our hope, how strong our sympathy.
May every added year on earth be blest
And the great years of heavenly work be best.

BENJAMIN F. WADE.

"Than tyrant's law, or bigot's ban,
More mighty is your simplest word;
The free heart of an honest man,
Than crosier or the sword."

Benjamin F. Wade, United States Senator from Ohio, I knew well. E. B. Ward and Mr. Wade were warm friends, and no marvel; for they were alike in contempt of shams, in frankness of speech, in plain manners and large powers, and they held strong convictions in common. I was often with Mr. Wade. Some persons you see all at once; after the first interview they grow less rather than larger; with him it was the opposite, the more I knew him, the more there was of him. His hearty simplicity was always refreshing, his ready humor and quaint speech never failed, and the clearness and vigor of his views of persons and things gave strength and instruction. He was one of the best judges of men I ever met, and would give the measure of the ability and reliability of public men with wonderful correctness. Especially clear-sighted was he as to a man's integrity. Not suspicious, but gifted with intuition, no double dealer could trap him with smooth words, or cheat him by any jugglery or sharp device. He saw the soul beneath, and so the smooth speech and the tricks went for nothing. He liked an open opponent, or a true friend, but a trimmer he despised, a trickster he held in contempt and would scourge stoutly. There was a flavor of healthy and wholesome naturalness in his ways. Once I told him of my long stage ride by the lake shore, from Buffalo to Ashtabula, before railroads were built, and of the beating of the waves on one side and the roar of the wind in the forest, on the other, in the dark tempestuous night. "I travelled over that road before you, and I took the Apostolic way," said he. "What way was that?" I asked.

"Afoot, and without purse or scrip," was the answer. "What! did you walk?" "All the way, over a hundred miles, and for a good reason, I had no money to pay for a ride." So he came to Ohio from the poor little farm at Feeding Hills, near Springfield, Massachusetts. I doubt not he was as cheery and hopeful trudging along in that wild region as he was in the senate chamber, for he had a hearty courage that never failed. He told me of going to a dinner at the White House, at which some twenty Senators and diplomats were present, with President Grant as host. Being the oldest person, he was seated by Mrs. Grant, and the talk around the table turned on the religious views of those present, all speaking freely and without controversy. Mrs. Grant says to him: "Where do you go to church?" and he replied: "I don't go anywhere." She was surprised, and said: "I know you are a good man, Mr. Wade, and I supposed, of course, you went to church. Tell me, please, why you don't go." "Well, I don't care anything about most of their preaching. I've been in this city sixteen winters, and I was never in a meeting-house here. It's all right for others to go, if they want to, but this eternal hell and the devil and all that stuff I don't care about, and so I stay away." "Then you don't believe in eternal punishment or in a devil?" asked his earnest questioner. "Why, no, how can I?" he replied, and she thoughtfully said, "Well, I have doubts myself."

He was charged with intemperance and habitual and vulgar profanity, never paying any heed in a public way to these charges. In 1868 he wrote a private letter to G. G. Washburn, editor Upper Sandusky *Republican* (Ohio), in answer to one from that gentleman. Mr. Wade's letter was not published until after his death. He said:

"They speak of my profanity, which I utterly deny, to an extent more than is common with men of the world generally, though more, I admit, than can be justified. As to intemperance, it is all false. I do not believe I was

ever intoxicated in the course of a long life, nor do I believe that in all that time I have ever drank one gallon of spirituous liquors—never had a taste for it, and do not touch it once a year, and never except for medicine. . . Do you believe that if I was the profane, vulgar wretch that they represent me to be, the United States Senate would have made me their presiding officer, by a vote more than three to one over any and all the competitors for that position? The Senators knew me well, I had served with them through all our trials and perils for more than sixteen years."

In 1878 I wrote a letter to the Detroit *Post and Tribune*, from which the following is an extract:

I have known Mr. Wade for ten years, have sat at the same table with him for months, have been a frequent visitor at his rooms, and a guest at the Ohio home of himself and his excellent wife, and have spent many hours, long to be remembered, with him. Surely I ought to know something as to what manner of man he was. During all those years there might have been a score of times or less when he broke forth into oaths in my hearing. He was too clean-souled a man to be a vulgar or coarse, habitual swearer. In rebuke of meanness, or treason to humanity, the expletives blazed out hot and heavy, as expressions of moral indignation; but the rare humor, quaint good sense and frank directness of his daily talk, had no such emphasizing. His ways reminded me of a word in a speech of Rev. Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois, in a campaign in anti-slavery days, while he was a member of Congress. In some criticisms on profanity, Mr. Lovejoy said: "I do not approve of swearing, but give me the man who swears for freedom, rather than the fellow who prays for slavery." I never saw wine or spirits on his table nor at his room; never saw him go to a bar or saloon to drink, and never was told of his doing so by any one who ever did see him. During a visit at

his home in Jefferson, Ohio, in the last year of his life on earth, he was laughing about the stories told of his whiskey drinking and coarse profanity, and said: "I don't think I've drank the amount of a pint of liquor in thirty years;" and Mrs. Wade, sitting by, said: "That is true."

Stopping over Sunday, I spoke in a hall near by, and he went with me in the morning. When evening came, knowing that he seldom attended public meetings of any kind unless obliged to, and the November weather being raw and cold, I said to him: "Don't go out, I know you like to stay at home," and he replied in his hearty and humorous way, as he put on his overcoat: "I'm a-going. You got the brush cleared up this morning, and I want to see which way you strike out of the woods." In Washington he kept the plain and simple ways of his early New England life, was singularly temperate in diet, had "early to bed, early to rise," as his motto and practice, and attributed his fine health largely to these wise habits. From the age of ten years he became a doubter of theological dogmas and authorities, and grew to doubt a future life—fortunately holding with grand fidelity to the practical duties of this. Within a few years he became a Spiritualist, and expressed to me at his home just before his last sickness, his satisfaction in the light his views gave him touching this life and the life beyond. Thus much in justice to the memory of a fearless and true man.

HENRY C. CAREY.

"Swart smiters of the glowing steel,
Dark feeders of the forge's flame.
Pale watchers at the loom and wheel,
Repeat his honored name."

In 1867 I had occasion to write Henry C. Carey, and a ready reply came, in a fine delicate handwriting, beautiful, yet not easy to decipher. A few months after I called

at his home in Philadelphia, at his request, and thus began a personal acquaintance to me very pleasant. I met him a score of times, and we kept up an occasional correspondence, I writing mainly for information, always cheerfully given. His house was in a block on Walnut Street, among the substantial citizens ; externally a plain brick structure with solid square stone steps, after the old Philadelphia fashion. Its rooms and halls were ample and comfortable. The large parlors on the first floor were his library and sitting rooms, where he saw visitors. I found him seated by a large table, busy among papers and books, but he rose quickly, came forward with eyes full of life and light, gracefully led me towards an easy seat, made himself at ease in an ample arm-chair, and then said : "You've come in good time. I am at leisure, and we can have a good talk." I was soon trying to answer his quick questions, and listening to his pungent criticisms of men and measures, his forcible massing of facts, and his lively narrations and pleasant anecdotes, softened occasionally by some touch of tender pathos. His youth of spirit and person surprised me. He was seventy-five, yet it was impossible to think of old age in that buoyant presence. He would be leaning back in his seat talking quietly ; suddenly some comment or suggestion would stir him, and he would spring up, stand erect, utter his opinions in a most decided and emphatic way, and quickly drop back to his seat and into the quieter tone of easy conversation. He was always a gentleman in the true sense—a clean-souled and high-minded man—and his manners had a touch of the stately ways of a past generation, mingled with a cordial and sincere simplicity. Of good stature and well-knit frame ; his skin clear as that of a child, his black eyes brilliant and beautiful ; his features fine and firm, and an elastic readiness in every motion, I felt that he must have inherited good health, and kept it by

pure and temperate habits, so that the ripe enjoyments of old age came naturally. My feeling was verified on learning the facts as to his personal habits. The spacious rooms with wide open arch were, indeed, but one; thousands of volumes were on their shelves; statuary and choice pictures adorned them; the wealth of books, the inspiration of artistic beauty, and the ample breadth of space and lofty ceiling seemed in correspondence with the man of broad thought and culture. At each succeeding interview my first impressions were still the same, but I realized more fully his wealth of thought and information. Political Economy had been his leading study for over thirty years, and the accurate readiness of his knowledge of facts and dates and statistics, I never knew equalled. His reading was not cramming, such as deadens and narrows too many scholars, but was wisely used as help and inspiration to his own original thought. His masterly writings on Social Science and Protection to Home Industry were deeply sincere, and inspired by a belief that the well-being of the people would be helped by carrying out his views in national legislation.

John Stuart Mill declared that "political economy only concerns itself with such phenomena of the social state, as take place in consequence of the pursuit of wealth," and that: "It is essentially an abstract science, and its method is the *à priori*. It reasons, and must necessarily reason, upon assumptions, not from facts." Carey held it as connected with wealth of soul as well as of purse, as an aid to the best civilization most widely diffused among the people, and as illustrated by facts which verify and confirm its principles, as he held them. Both these men were sincere and able, but the "dismal gospel" of Malthus and Ricardo, upheld by Mill is in striking contrast with the hopeful and beneficent views of the unity of law and the progress of man as given by Carey; and surely the reasoning "upon assumptions not from facts" of the

Englishman is poor beside the solid facts and their underlying principles as shown by the American. Not alone in his leading study was Mr. Carey at home. He was not a man of one idea, but was interested in literature, in reform, and in the widening thought of the day. His many pamphlets and newspaper articles and his list of large books tell the story of a busy life as a student and writer; while many friends, the most worthy and eminent, testify to his social and personal worth.

I never asked of his religious opinions, for it is not decent to peer into the sacred deeps of sincere souls, but better to wait until they open naturally. I sent him a book—my compilation of "Poems of the Life Beyond"—and wrote a note asking its acceptance as a testimony of my regard. Soon came back his reply, in that delicate handwriting, the last note I ever had from him, and one of the best and most pleasant. He said: "I thank you for the book. I like it. My philosophy does not put a man dead in the mud as the end." That was enough: I knew that true soul looked out into the ineffable light. Not long after, at his house, he alluded to our correspondence, and said: "I have had a vesper service in this house every Sunday evening for years, and I invite you to come." A little puzzled, yet not quite liking to ask its nature or ritual, I thanked him, when he said smiling: "Everybody calls it my vespers, and so I take the name. Sunday evenings at five o'clock, it is understood that I am at home to my friends, and to their friends. They fill my rooms. We talk informally of whatever comes up, religious, political or any matter of thought or life. We never dispute. We discuss everything, we settle nothing. Men of all opinions are welcome and come. We take some simple refreshments, shake hands in good season, and I sleep well afterward, and hope the rest do."

Much to my regret, I never was able to accept his invitation, for these assemblies were often made up of choice

persons from far and near. In 1872, I think, he came to Detroit with his friend William D. Kelley, M. C., and daughter, and they stopped a day at Mr. Ward's on their way to Lake Superior. The upper lake steamers left at night, and they wished to go up St. Clair river by daylight, and took a steamer to Port Huron in the morning to embark on their Lake Superior boat the next morning. Mrs. Stebbins and myself were with them. In Detroit and on the boat, we admired his bearing toward women. His politeness had the courtly grace of a past day, but it had, too, a tender and sacred reverence. His own beloved wife had long before passed away, and he had lived in the light of her dear memory. It seemed as though his feelings toward her had made all womanhood sacred to him. He had none of the little nothings with which some externally polite men try to entertain women, but talked to them on sensible things, in a sensible way, as though they were to be respected and not merely flattered.

At Port Huron the hotel-keeper was to call us at a sure hour, that Mr. Carey and the rest might have longer rest, yet be up in time. I was up before being called and went to his door in due time, to call him. Rapping lightly, he answered, and I said: "You have a half hour to be ready in," when I heard him spring from his bed to the floor and come to the door as lightly as a boy, and few lads would have dressed sooner or as neatly as this rare old man. We all went to the boat and it was pleasant to see them start on such a fine morning, with the clear water sparkling in the wake of the vessel, and the bright sun over all.

In 1879 came the great change. No painful sickness, no mental decay, the pen busy to the last week and its record as clear as ever, his friends meeting at his "vespers" up to the last fortnight, and his last hour sweetly peaceful. The great city of his home expressed its sense of the honor and reverence due his life and memory, as

did many persons in distant States of our Union, and a choice company of eminent Europeans, his friends and correspondents. Those who knew him best had most tender regret that a dear friend was absent, mingled with satisfaction that his long life here had closed so naturally.

MILWAUKEE.

In 1848–50 we were in Milwaukee a year or more. For some months I had editorial charge of the *Daily Wisconsin* in the absence of the editor, William E. Cramer. When he proposed that I should take his place for a time, I said to him: "The *Wisconsin* is a Democratic paper. I am not a Democrat and cannot write in support of the party." His answer was: "There is no election pending. Make a good newspaper, and let party matters go." This I was willing to undertake, and always remember his just and generous regard to my feelings with pleasure. That large and popular daily journal was a business and family newspaper, with Democratic tendencies rather than a party organ, so that the change in his absence, though noticeable, was not so great as if the sheet had been emphatic in its partisanship.

I saw the first locomotive that ever was brought to Wisconsin rolled from the vessel's deck to the wharf and the near railway track, amidst the cheers of a gathered multitude. Our communication with the outside world was by steamers on Lake Michigan, or by stage. A part of the time we were in the family of Rev. Mr. Parsons, all the other members, some twenty or more, being teachers and scholars in a school for the higher education of women, in which Catharine Beecher took much interest, and of which Mrs. Parsons was the leading teacher. The social life of the family was very pleasant.

Miss Beecher spent a fortnight with us, and we were all interested and amused by her frank originality, and strengthened by her earnest devotedness. She had the

noble idea of a consecration of life and efforts to worthy objects, and her aim was woman's education and elevation in the West.

One evening a large meeting of leading citizens was held in a church to hear her views on education and her plans for the solid establishment of her school. These she had carefully prepared in manuscript, and engaged a gentleman to read it to the audience. This he tried to do, but, between the strange handwriting, poor lights and poor spectacles, made sad stumbling and awkward blunders—Miss Beecher meanwhile suffering martyrdom as she sat silent, with distressed face, and the hearers divided between the impulse to laugh at the reading and to pity her. To-day she would read her own address, and give it new sense and weight, as many then wished she had.

Frederica Bremer came to visit a colony of Swedes, working pioneers on a new western land, stopped in the city on her way, and made her home with us a few days. In the parlor and at table we saw her often—a sincere and unpretending woman, kind and cordial, with a slight foreign accent that gave added attractiveness to her musical voice. She was hardly of medium stature, and had the broad cheek-bones and large features of her people—a plain face, yet refined and animated; eloquent eyes, and hands especially beautiful. Her presence gave a sense of light and warmth and tenderness.

HOME INDUSTRY.

"They are noble—they who labor,
Whether with the hand or pen,
If their hearts beat true and kindly
For their working fellow-men.
And the day is surely coming—
Loveliest since the world began—
When good deeds shall be the patent
Of nobility to man!"

Two aspects of New England life come to mind as I

look back to boyhood and youth : one is its intellectual activity and religious earnestness, the other its industry and thrift in material things. The last is of too much importance to be passed by; is closely interlinked indeed with the first, each influencing and affecting the other. In that old hive there were few drones ; I remember many busy people but few idlers. Steady work, careful living, a little saved, a sure and steady gain, and a decent competence at last, was the rule. No craze for gold mines or stock gambling had spread over the happy land, and each dollar must be won by honest labor. A young man came from the Berkshire hills to work on my uncle's farm at twelve dollars a month for seven months in the year. In the winter he went home, paid for his board by doing chores, and went to school, sometimes getting a little pay for chopping or teaming. The first of April he was promptly at the farmhouse to begin his summer's work, faithful and capable always. He had no bad habits, dressed decently, read a few books at odd hours, was well treated and respected, and for seven years this steady pull went on. Then he married, went to Ohio, bought his quarter section of government land, and was a rich farmer twenty years ago. He was a good type of a useful and honorable class. The long steady pull was the old way, and it brought the rich enjoyment of anticipation and the education of work—not merely the training of muscle and nerve, but the persistence of will and the disciplined courage that comes with unwearied effort.

The day of great factories had not come, but there were a great many small mills and shops of many kinds in the little valleys along the mountain streams. Wherever they grew up I could see new benefits to the near farmers, not only a lively market at hand, but a fresh activity of life, the boys with mechanical genius finding new work and new inspiration. I saw the growth of larger manufactories, and have picked berries along the

Chicopee river, where thousands now work in the mills. I rode through the quiet pasture fields on the west bank of the Connecticut at South Hadley Falls, where there is now a great canal with abundant water-power, and where fifty thousand people gain a fair livelihood in the paper mills and wire works and woolen and cotton factories at Holyoke. I have seen those pastures become rich and valuable farms, with a ready sale at the mills close by for all they raise, even to cabbages and fallen apples. At first the factory workers were from near home. "The Lowell Offering" was famed as the literary work of the girls in the mills. Whittier wrote of "acres of girlhood, beauty by the square rod," in describing them coming out from their work and thronging the streets. Many a mortgage was lifted off from farms among the hills by the mill-wages of girls who came to their tasks fresh as the briar roses that grew by the brown fence in their mother's garden, and who went back with that freshness still on their cheeks and in their souls. Then came foreigners, mostly duller and of a lower grade, but their life here better than they ever knew at home. A factory is not a paradise; the clatter of its mechanism is not the music of the spheres; yet these varied employments are a benefit, full of the promise of a still better future. I went to the West and found the rich prairies on the Wabash slowly decreasing in their products, the market distant, the "skinning" process going on, exhausting the grain-growing constituents of the soil, by sending its crops far away. I saw, too, that the farm life was dull and poor. This might be partly race and climate, but there was no variety of occupation, no scope for genius and skill. Genius, without scope for its exercise, is like the hands of the Hindoo fakir, which are strong and swift in motion before he clasps them over his head, but weak and paralyzed after being thus held useless and immovable for years.

This was a valuable lesson. It taught me the need of the varied industry and skill of farm, shop and factory. The meeting and mingling of these many life-currents, tinged and shaped by such wide mastery of man over nature's forces and materials, is full of benefit. It is civilization and culture, wealth of soul as well as of purse. To the farmer it is increase of the product of his acres, economy of exchange, work of hand or brain for whatever gift of power or character his children may possess, instant and constant call for a variety of labor, and all the while the tide of inventive genius pulsing through the serene quiet of his life in the fields, saving it from narrowness or stagnation, that he may the more enjoy nature's beauty and the better make her forces serve him. We cannot have the best farming until we have the best manufacturing, in varied forms and materials, near the farm, each an indispensable help to the growth and perfectness of the other.

I visited the South, and saw there the effects of having but the one cotton growing industry ; impoverished soil, dull and degraded labor. The new South is beginning to change all this, by the building up of manufactures and the varying of farm products ; and the life of the people is already quickened and uplifted. They begin faintly to realize the blessings of a varied industry, that can only come to a free people, and was impossible under the old regime of slavery.

In my earlier days, in Massachusetts, I saw seasons of prosperity and of trouble, and read, and heard from my father and others, how the first came with protective tariffs and the last with free trade, but the matter did not take strong hold on me. I saw it as a question of profit and loss for some rich men, or as a political party quarrel. I was not a free-trader, but had no vital interest in the case. Becoming deeply engaged in the anti-slavery movement, I did not overrate its importance, but under-

rated that of economic questions. Wm. Lloyd Garrison and others of the abolitionists whom I greatly respected, inclined to free trade; for their English anti-slavery friends were free-traders, and the movement there had a glamour of philanthropy, a promise—honestly made by some good men—of benefit to the working man; as events have proved, "a promise made to the ear but broken to the hope." Most of the College teachers were free-traders, as the majority still are, but I saw that most of these men were also pro-slavery, educating young men in Greek and Latin, but not in common humanity. Those were the days when Theodore Parker said: "The old Egyptians took four days to mummyize a dead body, but Harvard College takes four years to mummyize a living soul." Therefore the proclivities of these learned pundits did not have great weight with me. I thought that if they could ignore chattel slavery so weakly, or fight its battles against the abolitionists with so much zeal, they could easily be led to teach plausible theories, instead of facts and home arguments far better, but not so easy to master.

When our civil war began, I saw that slavery and free trade were the corner stones of the Confederate constitution; and when it ended, I saw them both broken in pieces. In due time my early and later observations had their effect, and political economy wore a new aspect, and had a deeper interest, as affecting the well-being of the people. I became an advocate of protection to home-industry, as opposed to free trade.

In 1865 I wrote a pamphlet: "British Free Trade a delusion," published in Detroit and widely circulated—and have written other tracts and articles, and lectured on these subjects. In 1882–3 I prepared with much care and labor, a book of two hundred pages: The American Protectionist's Manual—a condensation of facts and arguments for popular use, of which several large editions

have been issued. On this important subject, as on every other, let each man be fully persuaded in his own mind, and for this, both sides should be examined. If you cannot meet the statements or ideas, on any subject, of those from whom you differ, look out for yourself, my good reader. Sometimes your facts may not be at hand, but if well grounded in your principles and sure that the facts can be had, that may answer. If you feel lame, both in principles and facts, it is time to revise your opinions and perhaps to change them.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

"Work, brothers mine; work, hand and brain;
We'll win the golden age again;
And Love's millenial morn shall rise
In happy hearts and blessed eyes.
Hurrah! hurrah! true knights are we,
In labor's lordlier chivalry."

Gerald Massey.

A people content with crude products and unskilled labor can never reach a high civilization. Skill, artistic taste, and training in the practical application of science and art to industry, are important elements in education. Such education must reach our schools—now too much devoted to an abstract intellectual drilling, which becomes cold and dull when separated from the work of life and from the moral sentiments.

In the autumn of 1872 I gave an address on Scientific and Industrial Education in Toledo, Ohio, by invitation of the Trustees of the Toledo University of Arts and Trades. That institution, endowed by J. W. Scott, a pioneer citizen, has become a useful department of the public High School, with a large building filled with apparatus for working in wood and iron, architectural and mechanical drawing, cooking and dressmaking—all in successful operation to the marked benefit and enjoyment of the pupils.

Visits there, and to some of our large technical schools in the East, have been a great pleasure and profit to me. The address was reported in the newspapers, and had wide circulation in pamphlet from Detroit, and through the Government Bureau of Education at Washington. Extracts from its opening pages will give, in brief, some thoughts on this important subject. Details of such schools in Europe, and at home are omitted:

"The Spanish Toledo, an old and decaying city on the banks of the Tagus, 2,200 feet above the sea, amidst rocks and hills, was called "Toledom"—mother of people—by its Jewish founders. It was full of life under Moorish sway a thousand years since; a splendid capitol under old Spanish Kings, noted for its famed sword-blades, its woolens, silks and leather; but now it is reduced from 200,000 to 16,000 inhabitants, representing an effete civilization, smitten because it had fallen behind in art and science, and the culture and freedom of its people.

This new Toledo, full of the fresh life of our young West, must move on and keep pace with the world's thought and life. Here we want education for all—the *educing*, the calling out, of every faculty and power, ready for the work of life, and fit to make that life noble and harmonious.

We have made some progress in intellectual, moral and spiritual culture, with ample scope for more; but our technical education, the drill of eye, hand and brain for artistic work, done with scientific exactness, is just beginning; yet we must have it to perfect that life, mingled of the ideal and the practical, which is before us all. It is sometimes said that a college spoils a student for practical duties. Let this all be changed, and let us shape our schools towards the wants and work and thought of our own time, taking what help we may from the past, but acting for the present, and looking to

the future. This is the ideal of the University of Arts and Trades.

This noble effort will not only add to your material wealth, which is important, but will lift up the standard of life.

Such schools are a great want in our country, where there is such demand for scientific skill, practically applied to the development of our great natural resources, to carry us beyond the furnishing of raw materials and the ruder products of untrained labor and Titanic strength, to the finer and more artistic productions of skill and inventive genius. We want them to make our labor more productive, and at the same time to elevate its character, and thus enlarge the laborer's life ; to save the waste that always results from crude and unskilled processes ; and to give us that mastery over nature's finer elements which is symmetry, beauty, permanence and strength in every product of the skilled worker.

The natural aptitude and readiness of our workmen is remarkable, and if we can add to this the discipline and drill of scientific training, we are masters of the situation. We little think what advantage skill gives. Let a farmer raise but five per cent. more and better crops to the acre than his neighbor, and middle life finds the one far ahead of the other ; and in mechanism and manufactures the difference is still more striking. A new process of mining or iron making, of weaving or dyeing, giving but a slight margin in quantity or quality of results, distances all competition, and gives a solid reputation that sells the product with no trouble.

Krupp makes the best steel cannon in the world in his great shops in Essen, Prussia, and his buyers seek him and pay his prices, for quality is more precious than quantity, and the guarantee of a master of his art is better than gold.

The honest excellence of our Western woolen goods,

is becoming known and makes demand for them. Let us master chemistry as applied to dyeing, so that our colors shall be as fine and fast as those of the best French fabrics, and we conquer the world in peaceful strife, and this is the aim of technical instruction.

Classical and literary culture are not to be slighted or undervalued, but they must be shaped to meet the life of to-day, not to feed a pedantic pride or to create a cloistered exclusiveness.

Modern culture must meet modern life, and the sway and power of science and art is a great element in that life. Our daily experience holds us close to facts, and keeps us in the realm of laws which science must know and obey, and apply, and gain mastery by that fine obedience.

Our best colleges are recognizing this by the growth of their scientific departments and their more practical educational tendencies, and a broader and truer scholarship, and a more generous humanity, will result therefrom. Let our public schools follow in the same line.

Professional life is full. In every Western town or city are lawyers, physicians, and even clergymen, quite enough for the disputes of the people, or to minister to bodies or souls diseased, and many of these keep poor, and never reach even a decent mediocrity of place or influence, from the pedantry and narrowness of their culture and thought; but if a mine is to be opened, a factory built and managed, a railroad built and engineered, or a great farm to be carried on with adequate success, one must seek far and wide for the skill and power equal to such work.

This is a question of character as well as dollars. Scientific schools will make mining, weaving, mechanism, engineering and farming as eminent and distinguished as what are called "the learned professions," and we shall have a class of men and women cultivated in habits and manners, yet willing and able to take hold of the world's

work with courage and hope, with skill and persistent power.

MORAL EDUCATION.

"And ye shall succor men,
'Tis nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again;
Beware from right to swerve."

The beginning of all education is in the home. The life of maturer years, the work of heart and brain and hand in the world's wide field is its great University, with highest honors, largest attainments and saddest failures. While it is true that the larger part of our education is outside of all schoolhouses, that does not lessen the importance of the years of training within their walls. Not only is the practical element lacking in those years (which industrial and scientific education will supply), but the moral element also. In our blind zeal for intellectual cramming we neglect the foundations of character and the fine humanities. We wisely remit dogmatic theology to the pulpit, but shall ethics, and those natural religious sentiments which prompt us the sacred doing of duty be also banished or held unimportant? A larger proportion of crime than is supposed is perpetrated by men of good school education—keen brains and dull moral senses.

In 1780 the Constitution of Massachusetts declared: "It shall be the duty of the legislature in all future periods of the commonwealth to cherish the interests of literature and the sciences and all seminaries thereof, to countenance and inculcate the principles of humanity and general benevolence, public and private charity, industry and frugality, honesty and punctuality in their dealings, sincerity and good humor and all social affections and generous sentiments."

We may well apply the spirit of that noble declaration, interpreted in the light of our day, to our school education. It would be like a stream of golden light making

clear the upward path of the student, from the primary lessons of lisping childhood to the highest exercises of the college graduate.

We need in all our schools some affirmative teaching of the excellence of virtue, the hideousness and danger of vice and dishonesty, the joys of a clean and pure life, and the grandeur of self-control. What the method of this moral education shall be, cannot be discussed here, but that we greatly need it is plain enough. I have noticed that lessons of this kind are informally given in schools by women, more than by men. Often in later years they are affectionately remembered, and of great benefit. Send out the scholar with intellect and practical skill, and intuitive moral sentiments developed and disciplined, and he is full-orbed and harmonious, ready for the highest and most useful work for the common good.

THE RELIGION OF THE BODY.

"Do the works, and ye shall know of the doctrine, whether it be true or not," is inspired and inspiring philosophy—*philo-sophia*, to love wisdom, as the Greek roots of the word signify ; and to love a thing we must feel attracted to it, and then test it by trial, and so learn if it be indeed wisdom and worthy of lasting love.

The old Romans had a good motto : "*Mens sana in corpore sano*"—a sound mind in a sound body. It might be enlarged so as to read, in our vernacular : A sound and pure mind and soul in a sound and pure body.

For that sound and pure body, a good inheritance is a great help, and that goes back to ancestry and heredity and invests parental responsibility with high sanctity. But it is with bodily health as it is with any patrimony ; the heir may increase it to his own joy and that of others, or squander it by blind folly or in base misuse, as he is wise or otherwise. How are we using our bodily heritage ? Does health wax or wane with us ? Duty to the soul is

well, but so is duty to the body. The first is impossible without the last. Did Simon Stylites, who stood on a pillar some forty feet high in the desert for a score of years, gain any spiritual wealth by such absurd bodily exposure?

Did the old dirty monks, scourging themselves into semi-insanity, help themselves, or others, thereby? Let all manner of Simons come down from their pillars, all manner of dirty men wash up and live clean, hoe corn or do something useful, and give a little thought to their bodies. Let the eternal life give new grace and grander meaning to each day here and now. To neglect bodily health and ignore good habits, while wrapt in ectasy over visions of the seventh heaven, is as though one kept fixed eyes on a distant mountain-top he was bound to reach, and so stumbled over unseen stones, and fell into yawning chasms at his feet. The mountain-top never would be reached, but a poor battered dead body would be found lying among the ragged rocks at its foot.

Good readers, one and all, and especially those who have family responsibilities, do you study dietetic and sanitary laws? Do you learn what is healthy for the children, as you do what is best for your horses and cattle? Do you keep your daily food in pure air, or where it absorbes the miasma of some bad cellar or the pent air of bedroom or kitchen? Do you think how the invisible poisons are the most insidious and deadly, and your food may be fatally tainted from want of being kept where oxygen abounds? Always have plenty of pure air in the pantry, and be sure no other gets there.

Without fussiness, or pinning down all sorts of people to bran bread or anything else, we do want knowledge of good food and of clean and wholesome cookery.

For some years, in my Hatfield youth, I boarded with Mrs. Polly Graves, while doing duty in a store near by. She was a conscientious and devoted Puritan, an excellent

housekeeper, not only in the matter of diet, but in wise and motherly care of her children. Housekeeping includes care of food and raiment, but it takes in much more. She cared for mind and soul as well as for body. There was always a fair but not large variety of well-prepared food on her table, occasionally changed to other kinds. She said: "Husband and I like variety, but not all piled on at once; something good to-day and something else to-morrow. It saves trouble, and is better for us and the children."

A good farmer has his stables well ventilated. He knows that cows and horses must have pure air. Does he know his children need it a great deal more, as the human body is more sensitive than that of the beast?

Does he keep all foul accumulations or bad odors far from his house, and especially keep his cellar clean and sweet, with all decayed vegetables removed? Even a library of the best books is no antidote for the poison of spoiled cabbage in a cellar beneath! Going to church will not clean the tobacco cancer, out of the system. The alcohol poison— a worse devil than the raging Satan of old theology—will work ruin even in palaces.

All should have in mind the lofty ideal of self-poise and self-control—the supremacy of the soul over the senses.

Theodore Parker, spoke of infants as "bringing the fragrance of heaven in their baby breath." What a world of beauty this would be if that bodily purity of the sweet babe could make manhood and womanhood, even to old age, as sweet.

All this is what Parker called: "The Religion of the Body."

Of this religion a great revival should sweep over the land. Old-fashioned revivals are on the wane; let this new-fashioned awakening to the need of good heredity, and clean and healthy bodies take their place. I once knew a pious man groaning with dyspepsia, and learned

that his loving but ignorant daughter had brought him a piece of mince-pie at bed-time each night for years. I said to the poor man : "If you had studied physiology more and theology in creeds less you would be healthier now," and he thoughtfully and sorrowfully answered, "I think it may be."

It is not ignoring spiritual culture, but giving bodily culture and daily habits their due place, that we want.

The healthy and clean man has a clean atmosphere which is no barrier but an attraction to the best spiritual influences.

Give us a great revival of this Religion of the Body. In remembrance of sour bread, meat raw or burned, coffee and tea weak as water or strong as lye, but all worthless, bad and stifled air, tobacco smell and smoke, and other odors not like those of Araby the blest, which I have endured and still live, thanks to a tough ancestry! this word is written. Would it could be "known and read of all men," and women also. I do not forget the many beautifully ordered and healthful homes which are pleasant memories.

JUGOI ARINORI MORI.

JAPANESE RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

In Washington, one evening in the winter of 1873, I attended a literary reunion at the house of Hon. Horatio King. The exercises of the evening were closed, and, as was the custom in those interesting meetings, the pleasant company of perhaps a hundred persons, were engaged in easy and animated conversation. I noticed a group of ladies and gentlemen hovering around a central figure which it was difficult to get a glimpse of. At last I saw a man, hardly of middle stature, of refined temperament and graceful deportment, with complexion and features that bespoke his nationality, his fine eyes as

eloquent as his voice. Finding Mr. King I learned that this attractive foreigner was Jugoi Arinori Mori, Charge d'Affaires from the Empire of Japan. I knew that he was sent to our country mainly to gain information touching our education, material condition, habits, political and religious life, that Japan might better know our good and ill, and had heard of him as well fitted for so important a mission. Being introduced I said I would like to call at his convenience, giving a general idea of what was in my mind. He replied: "Call at any time," and a few days after, about ten o'clock, I found my way to his house in the west part of the city, an ample mansion furnished in Japanese fashion, although, oddly enough, an Irishman opened the door for my entrance. In a few moments Arinori Mori came in, met me with simple ease and cordiality, and an hour's conversation followed, very interesting to me, and which he seemed to wish to prolong rather than to shorten.

I said, substantially, that my wish was to inform him of some phases of our religious life with which he might not be familiar, and then tried to give him some idea of Unitarianism, Universalism, Free Religion, Quakerism, and Spiritualism and natural religion. I told him that the millions among us who held these views were growing in willingness to accept truth from Pagan or Christian, and in a sense of "the sympathy of religions" and the spiritual fraternity of the race.

He showed deep interest, and said that many of what we call evangelical clergymen had talked with him and given him books; that he had been interested and helped by what they had said, and held their kindness in grateful remembrance, and was now glad to hear these statements, and so add to his impartial knowledge of our religious opinions. I asked if he could accept books from me, and he answered: "Certainly, with pleasure,

any books you send me will be sent to the royal library at Jeddo." I asked: "Of what use will books in English be there?" and he quickly replied: "Our educated people read your language, and you may be sure that your books will be read with much interest."

On parting he cordially said: "Come again, when it suits you."

In a few days I gathered together some forty volumes, among which I remember the admirable "No Cross, No Crown," of William Penn, the works of William E. Channing, the best of O. B. Frothingham, Epes Sargent, Hudson Tuttle, and others, aiming to get the ablest statements and illustrations of the views which we had discussed. I added my compilation of gospels from many peoples: "Chapters from the Bible of the Ages," which especially interested him. These I sent him, with a letter, to which he replied, speaking of "the value and usefulness of the books, not only to myself, but to my countrymen and women."

These I presented as from E. B. Ward of Detroit, as I had been authorized to buy books for him and myself.

M. Mori also sent me two copies of a pamphlet of his "Religious Freedom in Japan," addressed to "His Excellency Saneyoshi Sanjo, prime minister in his imperial majesty's government," a finely written plea for a "religious charter for the empire of Dai Niphon," (Japan). In this he says that "Matters of conscience and religious faith" are to be "determined only by reason and conscience, not by force and violence. No man or society has any right to impose his, or its, opinions or interpretations on any other in religious matters, since every man must be responsible for himself." He speaks of "avoiding for our nation the misery which the experience of the world shows has followed state patronage of any form of religion," and asks that all religions shall be free, none

interfered with, none have special privileges or favors, "and no action which may promote religious animosity be allowed within the realm."

His dissent from state endorsement of any religion, Pagan or Christian, is clear, but he speaks of Christianity in most respectful and friendly terms.

I visited him a second time, and the two hours were filled with earnest and interesting conversation, in which I gained much information.

Not wishing to catechise him personally, I put this question: What are the religious opinions of those with whom you associate? This, I thought, would bring an answer with an idea of the views and thoughts of the educated class of his people. He took the question to himself and replied:

"Your Christian ministers have given me views which I prize highly. In the writings of Confucius and Buddha is much I find good, and our old Sintoo religion, the faith of our people, has truths also. I look over the whole ground,' and looking upward expressively," he added, "What a man believes is between his own soul and the powers above." In all this there was no flippancy but the free and reverent attitude of a seeker for light and truth. He said that while there was little religious persecution in Japan he wanted the government to guarantee and protect the equal rights of all and give privileges to none. We parted in friendly spirit, and I hold in high esteem and respect that gifted man, catholic in the large sense, Jugoi Arinori Mori.

A HINDOO BOOK—PEARY CHAND MITTRA.

A pamphlet of 200 pages printed in Calcutta—"Spiritual Stray Leaves," by Peary Chand Mittra,—is before me. Its author was a Hindoo merchant in Bombay, the details of

whose large business were managed by his sons, that his own time might be mainly devoted to thought and study on religious subjects. He passed away a few years ago at the age of seventy, and this book was published in 1879. It is of special value as the effort of a Hindoo to interpret the old faith of his native land and give the real significance of usages and opinions with which he was familiar. His own views give an interesting and suggestive idea of the moral and spiritual culture of an accomplished modern Hindoo, a free and reverent thinker.

He is versed in ancient lore, and familiar with modern thought and literature, as his apt quotations from European and American religious and scientific works show.

The Psychology of the Aryas and Buddhists, God in the Soul, The Spirit-land, Soul-Revelations in India, Ancient Culture of Hindoo Women, and like topics, are treated. Going back to Vedic days he finds no caste, no transmigration of souls, but a high theism—an ethical and spiritual conception of a supreme and infinite Intelligence. The Upanishad says: "Adore as Brahma the spirit who abides in the soul. . . . The thoughtful, knowing what is eternal, do not pray for anything mundane," Says Peary Chand Mittra: "The constant devotion of Arya thought to Deity promoted spiritual culture; and the soul when touched presented to many a Rishi psychological revelations, which not only prevented the growth of materialism and sensualism, but opened a vast field of idealism and spiritualism. . . . The most important teaching of the Aryas is that God is in the soul. and that the soul is the reflex of God. Its progression is gradual but endless. An old text says: "Those who wish to know God see Him in their souls by governing the external and internal organs of sense by spiritual meditation, long suffering and internal tranquillity.

The Aryas aimed at the splendor of the soul—thus

ignoring empiricism and agnosticism, and anticipating the teachings of the Bible—'*The Kingdom of God is within you.*'"

The Buddhist *nirvana* he holds not to be extinction or absorption, but *a spiritual state*, an *illumination* higher than that of the senses—and this is held as the original meaning of the word *nirvana*.

On the subject of immortality we are told: "The conviction of the immortality of the soul was most vivid (in Vedic days). The recognition of the intervention of disembodied spirits and the offering of funeral cakes to the *pitris* presuppose the existence of the spirit land.

"In the Rig Veda the mission of disembodied spirits 'is to protect the good, to attend the gods, and to be like them. . . . On the paths of the fathers are eight and eighty thousand patriarchal men (spirits) who turn back to sow righteousness and succour it.' Spirits were thought to hold communion with mortals, to spiritualize them gradually and thus extend the kingdom of God."

In the Mahabharata, Veyas, a Saint, by force of his spiritual power, gave to a Hindoo prince, born blind, *inner vision*. At night, on the sacred banks of the Ganges, the spirits descended to him. His wife, Gandhari, seeing her sons, was thrilled with joy. The sinless spirits, free from pride, spoke with mortals—wives, mothers, fathers, and friends. No grief nor fear. Happily passed the night, and at dawn the celestial visitors ascended.

Of his own experience, our author says: "Any person really anxious to be spiritual is assisted by spirit friends, a fact I know from personal experience. The visits of spirits do not solely end in the external manifestations which they make to produce a conviction of their existence. Such manifestations are the first stage of spiritual experience. The real work is to spiritualize those qualified to receive their aid, and the providence of God is

clearly appreciated as we rise to a higher state. When divine effulgence is in the soul, creeds appear in their true colors. They are the outcome of some state of the sentient soul or mind, but not of the soul real or tranquil, which transcends all creeds. Hence we should make large allowance for those who propagate or follow creeds ; they do not possess the splendor within ; they mistake darkness for light, or shadow for substance."

The limit of space forbids farther quotations, but these give a glimpse of the fine insight, the spiritual culture, the research and range of knowledge and the illuminated wisdom of Peary Chand Mittra.

He was a Unitarian in his clear thought of the Divine unity. No educated man among the Hindoos has avowed any faith in the evangelical Trinitarian doctrine. With the Brahmo Somaj movement he was familiar and largely in unity. He was a spiritualist in the modern sense of the word, his personal experience for twenty years made spirit-presence familiar, and he was fully versed in American Spiritualism.

Foreign interpreters of Hinduism have done us great service, but there is signal value in this native interpretation of the old faiths by one so gifted and discerning. His affirmations are never dogmatic, but always clear and high. In these days of agnostic doubt we can turn to this oriental thinker for light and warmth touching the truths of the soul.

Whenever one is deeply absorbed in any line of thought or research, all truths and facts, all ideas and principles in that line, seem to come to him like servants obedient to his call,—a strange *rapport* reaches over the world. through the ages, and beyond the stars, by which what he needs and calls for comes, ready to serve that part of his nature open to its service.

How wonderful is Darwin's mastery of the facts bearing on Evolution ! Won by patient study ? Yes ; but won

because his mind instinctively reached out into unknown paths, and met the truths he sought coming to him like helping friends. Yet his analytical mood and method, while it gave him mastery of physical facts, did not open his soul to interior ideas, and so he saw the external,—saw matter and force and law, not mind and design.

In the near future, with our minds open to the inner life of things, we shall be receptive of more light, and shall reach still greater ends. I have heard with pleasure two series of lectures on Oriental Religions by accomplished scholars, liberal clergymen, both of whom passed with slighting haste the beautiful stories of angel help in Brahminic and Buddhist days, seeing no significance in them. "Having eyes they see not," must we say? Chand Mittra had anointed eyes, and saw far more in like incidents which he relates.

Renan and his like would reject all "improbable and impossible" Bible narrations, and interpret this so as to sweep aside "the gifts of healing," the angel visitants and the visions of seers and prophets which blind science cannot understand. This interpretation will go to the moles and bats, and a new glory will shine around these significant narrations. So will every page of history be read in a new light.

PRESIDENT GRANT AND SOJOURNER TRUTH.

I knew Sojourner Truth more than forty years ago in New England. She was then 70 years old, but seemed hardly beyond the prime and glory of her womanhood. In those days Harriet Beecher Stowe described her as "the Lybian Sibyl," gifted with prophetic insight, and tall and erect like a strong and graceful African palm tree. She would do more housework of the heaviest kind than two ordinary women, and yet be one of the best watchers by a sick-bed at night. A sick man she lifted to the best place on his bed as easily and tenderly as a mother would

lift her baby, and the touch of her hand smoothing the pillow and stroking the fevered brow was health and quiet, while her word, "There, honey, you's easier now," had a strange power to ease and calm.

Untrained in grammar or rhetoric, never able to read or write, there was a quaint disregard for set rules of speech in her public and private discourse, but no fine rhetorician could make his meaning plainer and few could equal her in power of expression or exuberance of imagery. A few years after the close of the civil war I went with her to the Senate reception-room in the Capitol at Washington. She stood beneath the centre of its arched ceiling and the deep look of her wonderful eyes seemed to take in the beauty of pictured forms and glowing colors on its walls, as she said: "Dis is like the pictured chambers of de New Jerusalem dat dey read about in de Book." Then she looked out of the window and saw the poor huts of the freed people not far away, and said in tender tones: "But they don't have *dem* over there." A great gospel of divinity and of tender humanity seemed spoken in two brief sentences.

It was my fortune to meet General Grant a few times before and after he became president.

The story of an interview between these two remarkable persons will help to a higher sense of their merits.

In the winter of 1871–2 I spent some time in Washington, and about midwinter learned that Sojourner Truth was in the city. Had I not known her ways this would have been a surprise, for the long winter's journey from her home at Battle Creek, in the centre of Michigan, was a serious undertaking for a woman near her hundredth birthday. But I knew that she always went "as the Good Spirit told her," and that some strong feeling of duty to be done led her to the capital city. Her way opened not long after for some good service among the freedmen at the hospitals. I soon went to see her, and she said with

great earnestness : "I believe de good Lord sent you, for you are de very one I wanted to see." Asking what was specially wanted, she said : "I want to see the President, and you can get me there." I told her that was easier said than done, but I would try, and the next day wrote a note to him, saying she wished to see him at some fit time, took it to the White House, sent it in to the business office, and a verbal message soon come back that any morning would suit.

In a few days Sojourner, with two ladies, a venerable friend of Quaker birth and myself, went to meet the appointment, and I sent in a card, "Sojourner Truth and friends," which brought back in a half hour a messenger to escort us to President Grant's office. He sat at the end of a long table in the centre of the room, with documents piled before him, and just closing an interview with other persons. I stepped forward to introduce the party and to bring Sojourner beside the table. She had met President Lincoln, and he, a born Kentuckian, could call her "Aunty" in the old familiar way, while Grant, though kindly, was reticent, and all was not quite easy at first. But a happy thought came to her. Not long before the President had signed some bill of new guarantees of justice to the colored people. She spoke of this with gratitude ; the thin ice was broken, and words came freely from both, for he was an easy and fluent talker, but had the wisdom of silence until the fit time came to speak.

Standing there, tall and erect, stirred in soul by the occasion, her wonderful eyes glowed as she thanked him for his good deeds, and gave wise counsel in her own clear and quaint way.

Her words were full of deep power and tenderness, and he listened with great interest and respect, and told her that he "hoped always to be just to all, and especially to see that the poor and defenceless were fairly treated." His manner told how much his heart was touched, and

his softened tones showed how "the bravest are the tenderest." She told him that his tasks and trials were appreciated, and that much faith was placed in his upright doing of duty to the oppressed.

Only great souls can comprehend true greatness, and these two understood each other. Nothing in the illustrious career of General Grant gave me a fuller sense of his largeness of heart and mind than his unpretending simplicity in this interview, while the fine and simple dignity of Sojourner Truth also gave me a fuller sense of her large womanhood. She said to him: "I have a little book here that I call my book of life. A good many names are in it, and I have kept a place on the same page with Lincoln's for you to write your name." He replied: "I am glad to put it there," and wrote his autograph in her precious little book. She then said: "It will do me good for you to have my photograph," and with evident pleasure he thanked her and selected one from several laid on the table.

The conversation had lasted beyond the usual time, others were waiting their turn, and the proper time came to leave. The President rose from his chair and gave Sojourner his hand with a parting word of good will. This mutual respect between the President of a great republic and a woman born a slave and representing an oppressed people was admirable and inspiring.

JOHN BROWN.

"For, whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."

The story of the interview between President Grant and Sojourner Truth calls to mind some earlier experiences at the opening of the great contest which overthrew chattel slavery. The year before the civil war a series of mobs

swept along from Albany to Michigan,—the last in Ann Arbor, where I was speaking for an Independent Society, out of which has since grown the Unitarian Society in that University town. An Anti-Slavery Meeting was called in our Quaker meeting-house, to be addressed mainly by Parker Pillsbury and Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing. In those days the demon of slavery writhed as though foreseeing it was soon to be cast out. Wrath rose high, especially among such University students as were pro-slavery, and who incited and led the mob. At last, in the evening, came the crisis—shouts and threats, a fight or two in the surging crowd, students prominent in the riot, windows and benches broken, stove-pipes down, and the occupants of the platform making their exit from the windows, as the crowd made any other way impossible.

The next day a delegation of students came with an offer to march armed, a hundred strong, to the house. I said: "Come without arms," and they did right bravely.

We repaired the damages in part, and had a grand and quiet meeting, the searching words of Pillsbury gladly heard, the good town aroused and indignant, the better nature of some of the riotous students awakened, their leader soon after becoming a brave officer in the Union army, his soul in the great contest, and he, "in the battle's van," dying "for man."

The day on which John Brown was to "die for man" on a Virginia scaffold came some months before this mob. I waited until the afternoon of the preceding day, hoping some steps might be taken for a public meeting which had been talked of, and then had handbills scattered about the town, with the heroic verse at the head of this article for a motto, advertising an afternoon meeting in the Court House, to be addressed by myself and others —hoping others might take part. Going to the place at the hour named I found the spacious hall packed, and crowds outside unable to find room. The best people of

the town were there, best in character as well as eminent in position and influence. The feeling was deep and earnest—a sense that a tempest must soon burst over the wide land, a readiness to meet its wrath. I spoke an hour and a half, and invited others to speak, but none did, although several were called for by the audience. There was no applause, the feeling was too deep, but waves of the silent and intense emotion which had filled the very air for days seemed to sweep from heart to heart.

In those days we had tried to show that while labor was enslaved at one end of the land, it could not be justly honored in the other, and therefore the workingman should be an abolitionist.

It is told of Stephen S. Foster, that he once made that argument to a body of laborers who stood, clubs in hand, in the aisle of a New England church, where they went to mob him, so effectively that they listened quietly and heartily approved his views.

Slavery has gone and labor has been uplifted. A rise of twenty per cent. in wages from 1860 to 1880, with no corresponding rise in the cost of the necessaries of life, is a phenomenon unknown before in the world, and our enormous increase in wealth of developed natural resources, and in products of farm and factory, during the same time, was never before equalled in any land. This great and phenomenal uplifting of labor and increase of wealth, closely followed our flinging off the incubus of slavery, and showed the upward step and quickening life of freedom. We have labor unions and other like organizations, impossible in the days of slavery when no money was saved to pay the costs of such great movements. We have a new sense of stewardship among the rich,—larger gifts for libraries and like efforts for the people's good by men like Andrew Carnegie and Leland Stanford of California.

Not that we are by any means perfect; but under freedom fraternity gains, as aristocracy grew proud, and despised labor under slavery.

The upward path of the people is easier than was possible when men and women were sold with cattle and horses on the auction block, and scourged and hunted with bloodhounds.

MRS. SYBIL LAWRENCE—A LIGHT-BRINGER.

These reminiscences of Ann Arbor call to mind a woman whose presence was light and peace, whose kindness never failed, and whose moral courage was high and constant, yet tempered by a sweet spirit that conquered all prejudice. When a regiment of soldiers on their way to southern battlefields, needed food as they marched through the town, Mrs. Lawrence led a company of women into the street and stood with them by the wayside until every soldier was refreshed; and if the stricken family of a fallen soldier ever needed help and solace, she was ready with effective aid and blessed words.

In her home, with family and friends, she was the centre of noble and gentle influence, the industrious worker and care-taker in homely household tasks.

She would walk serenely to the plain Quaker meeting house, where our Independent Society met each Sunday, and which was thought the hot-bed of all heresies.

Her presence graced the unpopular anti-slavery meetings, and she stood steadfast for woman's suffrage, and for co-education in the University, then warmly discussed and opposed by conservatives; yet those in the orthodox churches loved and reverenced her as a saint, and she was sought for and welcomed at fine social gatherings of the fashionable sort. All hearts were won by her grateful recognition of the good which she found in all, and by a graciousness of manner void of all pride and frankly sincere, which gave a fine charm to a beautiful and commanding person.

She was the prophetess of coming womanhood,—serenely fearless and self-reliant, ready for all kindly and useful acts, wise and tender and true. Surely she had place among the world's light-bringers.

HELPFUL INFLUENCES—GREAT AWAKENINGS.

Every life has its epochs and eras, all unknown to the world but all important to the individual.

"My mind to me a kingdom is," sang the poet, and these marked and decisive hours shape the destiny of that kingdom.

So far as our outer life is concerned we realize that:

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Sometimes that realization comes by catching the flood-tide, sometimes by being stranded in the ebb, and sometimes we can look back and see how the currents, slightly diverged at first, set far apart.

Once, in my early manhood, a correspondence led me very near to going South as tutor in a planter's family. Had I gone my career might have been like that of others from New England,—a family tutor, a favorite in society, accepting slavery as a matter with which fanatics must not interfere, and finally the husband of some slave-owner's fair daughter.

Settled in life, tangled in the meshes of custom, with the politicians guarding "the peculiar institution," and the clergy preaching "cursed be Canaan," and saying with Rev. W. S. Plummer, D.D.: "If the abolitionists will set the country in a blaze it is but fair that they should have the first warming at the fire," I might have been swept along, trying to believe that I believed all this, looking up to Calhoun and not to Garrison, and fighting for the stars and bars. Some small thing, like a sunken stick or a stone in a little brook, turned the tide, and the current has set far in another direction.

So, too often, men drift, but a strong man stands and buffets and turns the tide—as a great rock in river or sea makes the waters sweep far over the shore and wash away the driftwood that the land may be fair and fruitful.

To the inner life of all who really live, come influences that give cast and hue to thought, and mould character; and a few great awakening hours, radiant with "the light that never was on land or sea."

In my youth I had four friends, near and dear, four young women, somewhat older than myself. They were alike in nobility of character, unlike in their varied excellenies. Good sense and delicate humor, fine wisdom and ready wit, made the hours I spent with them valuable as well as delightful. They were country girls, not unused to household tasks in the kitchen, and never shirking their share of needed work, but duty and beauty were close allied in their lives. They read and thought and talked well, and could find some other expression besides "so lovely" for what they admired. They spoke "pure English undefiled" by any such slang or cant as one hears, even in our "best society," and talked with an ease graceful because natural. Familiar as we were, I always looked up to them as to stars in the pure sky. For years we have not met. I know not that they are all on earth, but I know that their influence greatly helped me.

That awakening hour, more than forty years ago, when I sat alone in a quiet chamber and read the last page of "Barclay's Apology for the people called Quakers" is remembered as though it were but yesterday.

It was borne in upon me then, as never before, that "the word of God within" is above all creeds or books, and obedience to "the inward witness" more than all forms or ceremonies, and that:

> The outward symbols disappear
> From him whose inward sight is clear.

The first hearing of Theodore Parker in the Boston Melodeon stands clear as a wave of light to-day. A true man with a living soul, as devoutly reverent as he was deeply in earnest, and with his whole heart in every word, stirred the souls of his hearers. They felt that reason and conscience and intuition must be free, that the mind and soul of man must judge all books and creeds. It was a pentecostal season. Ever since the great truths of the Bible have had more weight and higher significance to me than before, for its errors do not dim their light or weaken their power. That hour in the Melodeon broke the last fetters.

An awakening day also was that in Boston when I first heard Garrison and Phillips, Burleigh, Abby Kelley and others, at a great anti-slavery meeting.

It came like an electric thrill to a paralytic, the benumbed heart and mind were stirred to feeling and life by words vivid as the lightning's flash, strong as the rattling thunder, and then soft and tender as the breath of an Æolian harp. I awoke to fit realization of the horrors of chattel slavery, the supineness and guilt of its supporters in church and State all over the land, the danger of its continuance and the pressing duty of its abolition.

Dauntless courage, flaming eloquence, startling plainness of warning and rebuke, devotedness to the cause of the poor and friendless, the tide of strong and free thought, sweeping away all barriers of sect and party, holding man as more than constitutions, and righteous deed above all written creed, moved and possessed me as by some healthful enchantment, awakened high enthusiasm, and changed the current of my thought and life.

Years later the hearing of that tiny rap at the house of Isaac Post in Rochester lighted up my soul with a gleam of supernal glory. It was so little and yet promised so much, and years have well fulfilled that promise. It was

like the click of a key opening the door into a palace fair and grand beyond imagination, where dwelt the bright immortals. That glimpse seemed too bright to be real, was it not illusive? Reason and experience must test that and it stood the test. Life "over there" is more real than here. Gleams of celestial radiance light the pathway of the spirit on earth. Spirit communion is normal to the open soul. The world will be the better for it.

Those illuminated hours were epochs, opening new eras in my life. Surely they were helpers and light-bringers. For the coming of such hours we must mingle with our fellows, bear our share of the world's burthens and do our share of its work.

A strange and sad story, which came across the ocean fifty years ago, was that of Casper Hauser,—a young man found in a European dungeon, where he had been immured from childhood for some mysterious political reason; a creature under a spell, to whom no awakening had ever come; a man in stature but a babe in helplessness, his soul and senses strangers in a realm they were made to act and serve, and live and grow in. Better the rude savage, with the promise and potency for better things and the world open before him, than such a dead-and-alive victim in a prison. Dungeons of unnatural custom and creed make us Casper Hausers. Give us God's freedom, and a wide world to grow in, opening to better things.

CHAPTER VII.

SPIRITUALISM—NATURAL RELIGION.

"Then shall come the Eden-days,
Guardian watch from seraph-eyes,
Angels on the slanting rays,
Voices from the opening skies."

Emerson.

To have seen the rise, to have taken part in the progress, to have witnessed the victory of the anti-slavery movement was a great privilege. Stirred by a noble enthusiasm in that moral warfare, Whittier said to Garrison:

"My soul leaps up to answer thine,
And echo back thy words,
As leaps the warrior's at the shine
And flash of kindred swords."

Glorious and inspiring are the memories of those days, and of kindred reforms.

Another great privilege has been mine:—to have witnessed the rise, to have taken part in the progress, and to see the good results of modern Spiritualism.

These great movements are alike in their uplifting influence, and one opened the way for the other. The first was a trumpet-blast, stirring heart and soul to help the helpless and to overthrow a giant wrong.

The last is a great wave of spiritual light, opening the high heavens to our sight, bringing us near to our ascended friends, awakening the life within, opening the way for self-knowledge and self-reverence, for natural religious growth, and wise practical reforms.

All superstitious dread of ghosts is banished, all supernatural miracles are ended, and all facts come under the reign of law. No being in heaven or earth can so bear the burden of our sins as to atone for us and lessen our responsibility, but we must work out our own salvation, helped to help ourselves by good men and angels. The horizon broadens, and is filled with golden light and warmth. We need not prepare to die, for there is no death, but can prepare to live.

It is an immense influence, deep and wide-spread, making the future life near and real. Its imperfections are inevitable in the study and thought of a matter so great and so new to us. Its end will be that man will learn to walk in the pathway of the spirit, and so gain in open and illuminated vision, in harmony of culture and development, and in fitness for a higher and larger life on earth, and a brighter pathway to the skies.

The rational study of Spiritualism includes a study of the inner life of man. No scientist or religious truth-seeker can be well prepared for his work without this research and thought. Neglecting or slighting them the ablest and best wander in a blinding haze, and "having eyes see not." The coming religion demands this study and is to rest on this spiritual basis, which alone endures. Those who neglect it will drift out of sight like floodwood.

Supernal intelligences guide it, human imperfections mar it, but it has helped many weary and waiting souls, and given light and strength to many noble lives. Its work has only begun, but it is already world-wide.

The early Christians were called atheists. Forty years ago the abolitionists were misunderstood and misused, their work only "a rub-a-dub agitation in country schoolhouses," as the great Daniel Webster said. The few who still live on earth are now justly appreciated. In due time the mists will clear away and the faithful advocates of Spiritualism will win just esteem.

The preoccupied and the thoughtless, who fail to see the light will wait until they cannot avoid it. Pharisees and blind bigots seem strong to-day, but will be weak to-morrow.

The great German philosopher, Immanuel Kant, intuitively foresaw spirit communion. A century ago he said:

"There will come a day when it will be demonstrated that the human soul throughout its terrestrial existence lives in a communion, actual and indissoluble, with the immaterial natures of the world of spirits; that this world acts upon our own, through influences and impressions, of which man has no consciousness to-day, but which he will recognize at some future time." His prophecy is being fulfilled.

The spiritual movement, with its facts, awakening thought, and quickening intuition, its science and philosophy, its religious element, sweeter and nobler than the supernaturalism of the sects, is a proof and result of the spiritual development of man. Its full power and meaning we fail to see. Under its sway, what breadth to the idea of man's being and destiny! Its seers and teachers tell us that far back, when the first life stirred on this planet, the forces of nature worked in one direction, toward the evolution of man, not merely as a physical being, but as an heir of immortality. This carries us into an illimitable future, not of dread despair or the monotony of eternal and changeless adoration, but of celestial usefulness, and growth in wisdom and harmony. Of that future we get such glimpses that we *know* our friends still live, and know us and love us, and can sometimes even come to us.

Since 1852 I have been a believer in manifestations of spirit-presence tangible to the senses and verifying the soul's intuitive faith. I not only believe, but *I know.* All this was contrary to my wish or expectation at the be-

ginning. I have been compelled to yield to resistless proofs, or to be untrue to my own convictions and go through my earthly life a craven soul with sealed lips. During forty years I have attended hundreds of seances, from Maine to Missouri, sometimes with plain and trustworthy people and a sprinkling of knaves and simpletons, and sometimes with men and women of eminent wisdom and of world-wide fame.

I have found a great body of solid fact and convincing truth. I have also found honest self-deception folly and depravity—useless chaff and poisonous tares mingled with the wheat, but a healthful, winnowing going on.

In the soul is the sense of sublimity and beauty. Mountain and ocean, rose and violet, respond to it and are needed by it. In that microcosmic soul is the sense of immortality, primal and lasting. Is it not helped in its growth by these external facts? We pity the blind who miss nature's beauty. Do not the spiritually blind miss as much?

EARLY EXPERIENCES.

Coming home from a year's stay in Milwaukee in 1850 we found Benjamin and Sarah D. Fish, the parents of my wife, in Rochester, New York, among the earliest investigators. We could not doubt their integrity, and knew their intelligence and freedom from credulity. New wonders were revealed, and I waited for months in vain for their solution, having no faith in their alleged spiritual origin, and not caring to spend time in trying to solve the mystery. My friend Isaac Post said to me: "I want thee to come to our house to-night. Last night we had a circle, and it was rapped out that thee must come to-morrow and would hear the raps. I started out, on a cold December evening, for a long walk to his house. Reaching there I found the two mediums, the family, and two or three others whom I knew, and we sat around the table. For

an hour not a rap was heard, and no manifestations came. All were disappointed, and we left the table. Isaac said: "Perhaps thee may get a message yet. Sometimes they come when we are not sitting at the table." I waited a while and then put on my overcoat to go, but was urged to stay a little longer. At last, with coat buttoned, and cap and gloves on, I stood with one hand on the door-knob and said: "I must go, for the walk is long. I am sorry, for your sake as well as for my own, that these spirits don't keep their promise." Just then Isaac said: "Listen!" and surely there came strange noises. From under a bureau in the far corner of the room the raps were heard, with that singular quality of sound, indescribable yet marked, which distinguishes them from any rap by hand or implement. Three raps were repeated several times. I asked what to do, and was told to ask some question. What I asked is out of mind, but ready and correct answers came in such a way as to show an intelligent personality distinct and separate from any in our bodily forms. Soon came a peculiar series of raps, and I was told it meant good-night and I would get no more. In vain I questioned farther, no response came, and I started homeward.

It was very simple, but very wonderful. It seemed like a summons to look farther, bringing to mind the New Testament injunction: "Ask and ye shall receive, . . . knock and it shall be opened unto you." I was not perturbed or alarmed, and asked my questions as quietly as I would address a familiar friend. I knew the persons and the house, and felt sure that this was no work of theirs. One of the mediums was in a distant room, and the other sat quietly near me. I came to no hasty conclusion, but felt that here were facts to be looked at. Walking home it semed as though I had caught gleams of white radiance from some supernal region, yet it might be the glamour

of some illusion. The fact of intelligent responses strangely stirred me.

I followed up this matter, endeavored to judge fairly, never to accept anything contrary to reason and conscience, and to be sure that what I saw or heard would stand the test of close scrutiny. The gaining knowledge of facts is a scientific process; the thoughts and ideas which these facts suggest may lead to self-knowledge and illumination, and to the immortal life and the Infinite Spirit.

If the knowledge of a fact of spirit-presence only gratifies a love of marvels, it is of trifling use, even worse than useless sometimes; if it awakens heart and mind to truer life it is priceless.

Nothing in established science, not Evolution, for instance, is more fully proven than the reality of spirit presence and power. The Evolutionist well says: "Here are the facts, account for them in some other way, or accept my theory." The Spiritualist says the same of his facts and his theory, and with equal pertinence. Other ways of accounting for the facts fail in both cases, and Evolution and Spiritualism, kindred truths, both gain and both will conquer at last.

HOME EXPERIENCES.

On the evening of Sept. 29th, 1851, at the house of Benjamin Fish, he was present with his wife, and my wife and myself, her two brothers, Albert and George, a domestic, Ellen, Isaac and Amy Post and Leah Fish, the medium. We sat in full light two hours around the large dining-table. In writing my questions I sat at the end of the table with my hand shielded from the medium's sight, and wrote first: "Will my sister communicate?" to which three raps responded "Yes." I then asked: "If names are written will she respond to her own?" I wrote Mary, Emeline, Eliza, etc., in different ways,—raps re-

sponding repeatedly to the second name, which was right. In like manner my father's and mother's names were readily given, and that of William, my sister's son. The name of her husband, Alexander, was given, and he was, and is, on earth. His name purported to come from his wife in the spirit-world. I asked if father would rap once for each ten years of his age, and then give the fractional years ; when there came seven raps, slow and strong, one quicker and less decided, followed by a faint sound that seemed like a part of the last. His age was 71 years and five months. Mother's age, 58, came in like way, and then my sister's was given as 29 years. I asked if this was right, and raps said yes. I said I thought not, but again came an emphatic response that it was. Here was a mistake ; she was thirty-one, as I well knew. It was the only incorrect answer, and the error seemed firmly fixed in the mind which was communicating. The age of her son William, eleven years, came right.

I asked mentally : " Shall I speak in public on this subject ? " and the raps gave alphabetic reply : " Yes, you will." Whether my questions were vocal, written or mental, made no difference in the readiness of reply.

Messages also came to others present. When about half through the power seemed to weaken, word was rapped by alphabet, without our wish or expectation : " Wait, dear child, until we repair our telegraph," and after a short silence all went on with new vigor. Father spelled out : " Giles, I want you to weigh the importance of these things, you will soon know more." I asked my sister : " Can you touch me ? " and the ready answer was : " If I had the power you would not ask me more than once "—all by alphabetic raps. The table was moved a foot or two several times, with our hands laid lightly on it.

At the close I said : " Will you all rap farewell ? " and there came one loud rap, two less loud but distinct from

each other, and one very gentle, all repeated together. Then the unexpected final word: "But not farewell, dear son, forever." The raps claiming to come from these four persons were as distinct in quality and volume, and as readily distinguished, as so many voices. In a good circle this is usually the case. Intelligence of invisible persons, power, design, a sense of the real presence of those purporting to be with us, marked these two valuable hours, as they have like seasons in the lives of many thousands, far over oceans and continents. All were spiritualists except the two young men, and they frankly said they could not understand it.

At Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting in 1878, on the platform in presence of 3000 people, J. F. Baxter described a large man who passed away suddenly, a person of marked mental power and great weight of character. He turned to me earnestly and said: "Do you remember what I said to you at my house about justice being done me over the other side?" This question, asked as though Baxter spoke for the spirit, at once brought the scene alluded to vividly to my mind. I asked the name, and "Ward" was given. I asked the first name, and Mr. Baxter said, "Eber." Five years before, Eber B. Ward of Detroit had a paralytic stroke, and his life was saved for a time by the vigilant skill of his sister Emily. About a fortnight after I was at his house and he was lying on the lounge in the sitting room, as we talked together. No others were present, nor did I ever tell what was said, save to my wife and his sister. He spoke of his condition, said he expected to get better, yet knew that any excitement or mistake might send him out of his bodily life any moment; that he wished to stay for reasons affecting his family and others. "As for myself," said he, "I have no special anxiety, for I shall get justice over the other side, and even if it may be hard nobody ought to shirk from it, in this world, or in any world. I am ready to meet it, there or here,

and I can't see why I should be anxious about death."

All this was years before and far distant. The name might have been known, but not our conversation.

The thought of supernal realms full of the wealth and glory of angelic human life, of the dear immortals of whom we may gain glimpses in hours of open vision, or whose presence we may feel and know, and of the Infinite presence, fills the soul with joyful reverence. These rich experiences lift and light up the whole being, and their memory lives and glows for long years. They are like sweet strains of music, brief because one could not hear them long and live in the body, yet no earthly melody so thrills the heart as these voices from the spirit-land.

That thought, and these experiences, will be strong helps, needed in our day, to give us a basis for thinking, with a clear insight of the meaning of this universe, which goes beneath the external view of Nature, even to guiding mind as well as to the matter it guides. Thus the way will open for a deeper philosophy, which will undermine the shallow foundations of agnosticism, and lead our "scientific method" to take in mind as well as matter, and so be more perfect, and in unity with natural religion. *That deeper philosophy must come.*

At one time when we were at tea with Mrs. Leah Underhill and her husband, at their pleasant home in New York, as we sat at the tea-table in the basement, Leah (eldest daughter of the Fox family of Hydesville, N. Y.,) said: "We are quiet and alone, suppose we sit and see what comes." She rang the bell and the servant came in and cleared off the table, leaving no cloth over its top. It was an extension table, pushed together with just room for four of us to sit around it. In a moment, after we were quiet, sitting under the gas-light (faint yet distinct) with our hands resting on the table, came a shower of raps on the ceiling, the walls, the floor, our chairs, and the table. Our persons were patted and touched,

all at the same time, not one and then another, as though invisible hands caressed us. Indescribably soft and delicate, and then distinct and emphatic, were the rising and falling waves of these thousand sounds mingling together, pulsing and thrilling through the air. For five or ten minutes this lasted. Soon there came from amidst these many sounds a few more distinct, and these gradually came to be known as five raps, as well recognized as so many voices, and each known from all the others. The other sounds did not wholly cease, but would die away softly and then grow distinct, never making confusion or obstructing the hearing of these five. My father, mother and sister, and our two children, purported to give us messages, and vocal or mental questions were answered with like readiness, the messages alphabetically given, Mrs. Underhill rapidly spelling out letters and words given by the raps. For more than an hour this went on, every answer clear and correct, and the sweet play of tender emotion making all beautiful. At last came the good-bye message, and all was silent. Mrs. Underhill has never, since her present marriage, taken pay for séances, and never sits save to gratify and help her many friends.

After being convinced by many tests, I cared less for them, and aimed to know more of the philosophy of life to which they lead, and to learn that one's own interior culture and illumination, the opening of the soul to spirit-communion, and the harmonious development of thought and life was the lesson these tests brought us.

Yet good manifestations of spirit-presence and power are always commanding and attractive.

Theological and scientific bigots judge spiritualism by its follies and frauds : judge the popular sects in Christendom in that way and we sink them, one and all, "lower than plummet ever sounded." But they are not so judged. Under froth and scum we see the clear water

and the sweep of strong waves. The truth of spirit-presence and power must be made a reality in the minds of the people, a fact which they habitually accept. Science must admit it, and religion gain new inspiration from its acceptance. This is the work of the spiritual movement. The people in the spirit-life see this world ripening for it and are working to the same end.

Twenty years ago, in a pleasant parlor in Washington, I sat with a group of some six persons, friends and acquaintances, around a marble-top table, beneath the bright gaslight. On the table was a sheet of blank printing-paper; on the paper a planchette; on that the finger-tips of a gentleman and two ladies. The gentleman was a materialist, and had never seen a planchette; the ladies were spiritualists; one of them mediumistic at home. One of the ladies met the gentleman for the first time at the tea-table, an hour before, when the *séance* was first proposed. Said the gentleman, "This is all a puzzle to me. I don't know what this thing will do or write. One of these ladies can't move it alone, or with me, but when the other touches it, off it goes, and if we touch it with her it goes better."

It wrote in a bold and legible hand. They had no idea what was being written until it came, most of the messages took us all by surprise and none were untrue. Whether the sitters looked on, or did not see the instrument, made little, if any, difference. The room of a United States Senator, not a spiritualist, was overhead, and his name was written, and a wish that he should come. He came, and a political prediction was made to him, which he thought very improbable, but which was verified in due time. For an hour or more this continued. The name, residence, and occupation of the spirit purporting to communicate with the Senator were given. None of us had ever heard of such a person, nor had he, but some weeks after we learned that a man of that

name had filled the place a thousand miles distant, which we were told this spirit occupied when in this life.

Sometimes the intelligences purporting to be present or guiding will say that strange things are done to awaken attention and interest.

In the life beyond, as here, are all grades of thought and character, for we begin in that life where we leave off here, but with more to uplift us.

FIERY ORDEAL.

At Sunapee Lake, N. H., I met an awkward and diffident young man, who wished some of us to see what might come to him. We went, at midday, to a tent near the lake and sat around a bench at its front. A tin dish was scoured, clean, pure water brought from the lake, he rolled up his sleeves to the elbows and washed hands and arms with soap, rinsing thoroughly in pure water in the basin. A large kerosene lamp was lighted, and put on the bench, turned up to a fierce blaze ; he took hold of the hot glass chimney and took it off, and put his hands over and into the strong flame which curled between his fingers and covered both sides of his hands. He was in his normal state, and was certainly the only unconcerned person present, for it seemed as though he was running a terrible and foolish risk. Taking his hands out of the fearful heat he laid them in mine immediately. *They were as cold as ice nearly to the elbows*, the arms above of natural warmth. Not a mark on the skin, not a hair on the back of the hands singed, and in five minutes or less the icy cold gave way to a lifelike warmth, and no signs of the fiery ordeal were left. He said, in a simple way, that this was the spirit power of a boy he knew who was drowned. As clairvoyance is finer and further reaching than the sight of our dull eyes, so the chemistry of the spirit-world may be more subtle than any we can reach with our poor retorts and crucibles.

I once cleaned and fastened together by a stout string two slates with a bit of pencil between them, laid them on a lounge ten feet from any person, and in full daylight, sat at the table in the centre of the room with my wife opposite the medium, and no other person present. In a short time she brought the slates, I opening them to find an intelligent message written on the inside. Through all this the medium sat without touching or going near the slates.

I have found mental, vocal, or written questions answered with equal readiness. I once occupied fifteen minutes in a circle of six or eight persons, asking mental questions and getting ready and correct answers, by raps and the motions of a light stand, while the medium and all others present were saying that the raps and motions came without any meaning or system. I knew their meaning, as did the invisible intelligence present, but they did not. *Did they read my mind?* This was at a farm-house, a daughter the medium, but only in private, and my questioning was just after the close of a *séance*, the rest having left the light stand and sitting near by, surprised that the raps and moving should go on in such an irregular and useless way.

But we must not forget the scientific solution of Professor Carpenter of England. Doubtless "unconscious cerebration," cerebrated the loud raps, and "mental prepossession" prepossessed the stand to rise in the air and swing to and fro. Certainly no popular scientist in the world has given a better solution.

Possibly it might have been the devil, as some grave clergymen still insist. I do not wish to lose respect for learned scientists and pious divines, but am sorely afraid I shall unless they stop talking such nonsense. The verdict of Prof. A. R. Wallace, F. R. S., given after careful and patient investigation, is in refreshing contrast to these foolish notions. He says: "It (Spiritualism) demon-

strates mind without brain, and intelligence disconnected from a material body. . . . . It furnishes the *proof* of a future life which so many crave, and for want of which so many live and die in anxious doubt, so many in positive disbelief."

STRIKING PERSONAL DESCRIPTIONS.

Being in one of our cities on the Atlantic coast in May, 1890, I went to spend the night at the home of a friend whom I had known for years. His wife I had met a few times. I knew that she had some mediumistic gifts, but they were never shown in my presence. At the time of this visit I expected nothing of the kind, as they were busy preparing for a long journey. The husband was not home from his office, and the wife came in soon after my arrival, met me in the parlor, and sat down by the window, talking pleasantly of daily affairs. She soon said: "I see by you a Quaker woman. She says she thinks as much of you as ever. She is feeble from age, not disease, and her life on earth was marked by a constant and remarkable benevolence." Other details of description made me know the person and ask her name. It was given after some delay—other persons being described meanwhile—as "Amy Post, Rochester, New York," with a special personal message for me to carry to one of her family.

Before this a sister of mine had been so described that I knew her, and then her name, Emeline, given as having been in the spirit-world a long time, which was correct.

A man of marked and peculiar beauty was then described as wishing me to know him—tall, spare, of a fine and delicate organization, in poor health, and thought of by all who knew him, or heard him preach, as a saint—of heaven more than of earth. Then I was told: "His name was William Peabody, with a long middle name I cannot get. He preached in Springfield, Massachusetts."

It was a striking description, in person and character, of Rev. Wm. Oliver Bourne Peabody, of Springfield, and brought back the days when, as a child, I sat in our pew in the Unitarian church in my native place, with my dear parents and sister, and heard his words as though from an angel from heaven. He was a poet and scholar, a man rich in spiritual gifts, greatly loved and reverenced, and the fine touches of the description were very interesting.

I had no thought of any of these, no expectation of any such experience. The lady was in a perfectly normal state, and talked of other matters while giving these descriptions, which filled less than an hour. When the husband came in she told him what had happened, and the subject was dropped. She said she did not know of the existence of any of these persons; all this came to me as a welcome gratuity, and the word of these intelligent people is held good as gold among their many friends.

I once sat down by the window of J. V. Mansfield's room on Sixth Avenue, New York, at noon, he being twenty feet away, wrote a letter to a friend as though he were still in the body, folded and sealed it, called Mansfield, who came and sat down before me, laid his left hand fingers over the letter (in blank envelope), took paper and pencil and rapidly filled a sheet, which he pushed across the table to me. It was a clear and consecutive answer to mine, signed by my friend's name, each point and question of my epistle answered in their order, and with allusions to distant persons and events, and plans not known to Mansfield, not consciously in my mind, and *not all known to me.* Here was power and personal intelligence beyond the ken of either of us.

Not as lawless miracles, but as natural facts in accord with spiritual laws do these things take place. Do we know all the laws of the world of matter, and its controlling and interior world of mind?

H. W. Thomas, the widely-known preacher of the Peoples' Church in Chicago, said to his two thousand hearers :

"To me this doctrine of the spirit-life, the immanence and presence of helping and guiding spirits, is a comforting thought. It brings me into the presence of the innumerable host that people the spirit-land. It gives me a consciousness of the great fact of immortality. It gives me a sweet consciousness that my friends live on the other shore, and that, to me, they will come as ministering angels in the dying hour, to receive the spirit, weakened and pale, and bear it to the love and the life above."

In reply to the assertion that angelic ministry and help in the affairs of this world cannot be, because so many do not know it, he well answered :

"The earth turned on its axis and swept round the sun on its orbit for thousands of years, and man knew nothing of it."

In 1878 I saw Mrs. E. C. Simpson in Chicago, a well-known medium. We were total strangers. My uncle, Calvin Stebbins, of Wilbraham, Mass., who passed away severaly ears before, had his name given and characteristic messages written out on the slate. One of these was : "He thought, when on earth, that spirits went but did not come again." I did not know his views, but supposed him to be a spiritualist, knowing he had paid some attention to the subject. The next week I saw his wife, in Detroit, who said that he was not convinced of spirit-intercourse, but had a firm faith in immortality. She had never been in Chicago ; her husband had never seen the west, and she spends most of her time in New England. The message touching his views *was correct, yet contrary to my thought and expectation.* How could my mind have influenced it? One of these written messages was strikingly characteristic of the vigor and clearness

of my departed kinsman: "I find no hell or baby's skulls, as we used to talk of. I find over here common-sense and justice. Each man makes his own destiny. God has not destined any one to heaven or hell. Ah! Giles, the abyss is bridged, and we are fortifying the arches under the bridge, daily, daily."

In ways widely varied, all grades of thought and culture are reached. Manifestations of power come to strike and awaken the dull and dead in spirit, and transcendant grandeur and beauty of thought and speech, stir and uplift the most gifted and discerning, while higher manifestations of intelligence and power combined are the despair of science.

With high respect for the critical care of skilled and fair-minded scientists, I have no respect for those who sneer at what they cannot solve, or for the ridiculous pride which assumes that none outside of professional scientific circles are competent investigators. Pride and bigotry are the same in professor or in priest.

PIANO MUSIC WITHOUT VISIBLE HANDS.

In the parlor of a farm-house east of Lockport, New York, I was one of eight or ten persons, neighbors and friends of the family; the medium Miss Brooks of Buffalo. It being afternoon the room was darkened. the piano I locked and put the key in my pocket, and it was pushed back between the windows, the side on which were its keys close to the wall. We sat in a semicircle around it with hands joined. The medium sat near the end of the piano, next me on one side, and I held the hand, on the other side of a lady, the only piano-player present. For an hour, or more (with the instrument locked), we had wonderful music, sometimes the keys and then the wires being swept as by unseen fingers. Now the sounds came soft as the dying strains of an Æolian harp, and then bursting and rattling like sharp thunder, creaking and

pounding in what was called a shipwreck piece, with a violence which threatened to ruin the instrument.

All the while Miss Brooks sat quiet, as did all the rest. This was in the dark, but several times in Washington, D. C., I sat close by the piano, in full light, when fine music came from its keys and strings which no one touched, the visible pianist swinging on his stool with his face away from the instrument.

That pianist, Jesse Shepard, purported to play under the guiding inspiration of famed musicians, and I took pains to ask a lady, not a spiritualist, but a truthful, musical critic, to sit near, and she pronounced his renderings of difficult operas, which she asked for, absolutely perfect, and the large and brilliant company filling the parlors, were intensely interested. While he played, or sat near, I saw the piano rise a foot in the air, and drop down again, several times, his whole person in my sight, so that I knew he had no muscular part in its rising.

George W. Taylor of Lawton, Erie Co., New York, a reliable witness, tells me of a company of people in the house of Mr. Cobb, a well known resident of Dunkirk, with Mrs. Swain of Buffalo, a medium, among them. The piano was badly out of tune, and was rolled, as by unseen hands, from its place by the wall into the midst of the circle.

Then began what seemed a tuning process, the piano being closed, the trying of its chords, the snapping and twanging of its strings going on for some forty minutes. The next day an expert musician, a friend in the family, called and Mrs. Cobb played. He exclaimed: "Why, your piano is perfectly in tune, when was that done?" She told him when and how, at which he replied: "Nonsense." Mrs. Swain is not a musician.

In these cases we find skill, wide range of musical expression, a high order of intelligent design, and fine music without any visible cause.

If not spirit-presence and power, as it claims to be, what is it?

A FACT BEYOND MIND-READING.

This narration was given me by George W. Taylor. I well knew his brother Joseph and wife, and Humphrey Smith and wife, and have had the same facts from them. With the little village of Shirley, 25 miles south of Buffalo, New York, I am familiar.

About 1858, Mr. Taylor was in the Shirley post-office when Humphrey Smith came in, took out a letter, opened it and began to read, and exclaimed, "It is from brother Cornelius, his wife Lucetta is dead," and started for his house near by, the group of persons in the post-office hearing him and noticing his agitation, he being an elderly man of Quaker ways, well known and much thought of. Taylor started immediately for his brother Joseph's house, near by, and saw him, and his wife Mary, daughter of Humphrey and Deborah Smith, sitting in their open door. Mary had occasionally been a slate-writer, not knowing what she wrote, but had declared that she would write no more, for she said the spirits, if they were spirits, did not tell the truth. The object of George in going there was to get a test, and he asked her to hold the slate and let the writing come. She refused, but her husband laid it in her lap, and put a pencil on it. She still refusing to write, her hand was moved and the message written: "Charles' letter has come, Aunt Lucetta is dead." They read this and she exclaimed: "It is not true," and hastily rubbed it out. Again, and as though forced to it, she wrote the same message and again rubbed it out indignantly. Just then George saw Deborah Smith, coming over the brook with the letter in her hand, and motioned to her to hide it, which she did in her pocket, and to be silent. She came in and her daughter Mary at once wrote the same message on the slate a third time,

and rubbed it out, saying: "It is not true." Her mother then spoke out: "It is true, Charles was at home at his father's (at Rock Island, Ill.) and he wrote the letter, and his father Cornelius did not." Up to this point none present but George knew of any letter, and he supposed it was from Cornelius and not from Charles, yet these repeated messages were written, telling the exact fact of a matter of which the writer and her husband knew nothing and giving what George supposed was a mistaken statement. I have had, from Charles Smith, his statement of his writing the letter for his father, he being present at his mother's death and wishing to inform his uncle Humphrey and family immediately. In his surprise on its receipt, Humphrey did not read the signature, supposing it was, of course, from his brother Cornelius.

This slate-writing by Mary, always claimed to be from her beloved brother Giles, who had passed away in California, years before.

All these persons, were of superior integrity and intelligence, self-poised and healthy in mind.

Mind-reading fails to solve this case.

LIFTED IN THE AIR.

One evening in Ann Arbor, at the house of Judge Lawrence, and in presence of several well-known persons, I sat about two feet from Henry Slade, both our chairs near the wall, but not touching it, and he in full view, and with no other person in reach or out of my sight. I soon felt myself and chair being raised in the air, gently swinging and swaying. Sitting perfectly quiet I asked others to watch me and said I had no fear and was willing to go up to the ceiling. When suspended a foot or more above the floor, and still rising, my chair caught under the corner of the marble mantle with such force as to break and tear apart the upper crosspiece of the back, when it dropped heavily to the floor, carrying

me with it of course. I rose gently as though lifted, but fell suddenly, as though the lifting power had ceased and its invisible connections had been broken. This was seen by others, Slade all the time being motionless, and all this I did not expect or think possible five minutes before it took place.

SPIRIT PORTRAITS.

I ONCE told a friend of a spirit-artist, and he mailed a letter three hundred miles, to a stranger, asking for a portrait of a son, whose age and time of departure he gave. A year after, at their home, his wife showed me the portrait, sent them by mail, a month after they wrote, and which was recognized readily by his father, who knew not whose likeness it was thought to be, how or whence it came, or that it had been sent for. There was no other portrait, and never had been. A daughter, twelve years old, a natural seer, had told her mother of seeing a boy at her bedroom door, and described this brother who passed away before she was born. When the picture came, and the family were looking at it, this guileless child came in, looked over her mother's shoulder, and said, thoughtfully, "Mamma, that is the boy I saw at my door."

There came also at the same time, a fine likeness, both in pencil, half life-size, of another son, whose portrait they had not asked for nor sent his name.

In Grand Rapids, Michigan, I went to an artist's room in the afternoon to meet a quiet and sensible man, who mingled little with spiritualists, and, as he said, was not a spiritualist, yet felt that arisen artists helped him, he being engaged in business and in this work only incidentally.

He sat down at a table in the middle of the light room, with crayons and cardboard in reach. I blindfolded him and stood over his shoulder, watch in hand. He caught

up a pencil, worked with incredible rapidity, tossed aside a picture to begin another, and then a third, finishing all in fifteen minutes, he being perfectly conscious, yet possessed and inspired. One picture was a portrait, the others landscapes, and they were a foot or more square. On the corner of each was written the spirit artist's name under whose guidance it purported to come—all being artists well known in France when on earth.

I brought them home and took them to a competent and well-known artist, not a spiritualist, for his judgment. He said they were "artists' sketches," and of real merit. Said I: "Could you make them in fifteen minutes?" and he replied: "Possibly, but doubtful." Then I asked: "Could you make them in that time with your eyes bandaged?" and he said: "No, nor in fifteen hours, nor could any artist on earth."

These are but a few of many equally convincing experiences. Sometimes clairvoyance, or mind-reading, might account for what came, but often not, and only the real presence or guidance of some ascended friend could rationally solve the marvel.

We are spirits clad in earthly forms, and these people from the higher life are spirits clad in celestial bodies, but with more fully unfolded faculties. Our own interior powers may account for some so-called spirit manifestations, but not for all. It may be asked: How are these things done? Tell me how you think; tell me how buds become flowers and blossoms fruit, or how we live and grow, and I may tell you. They are all as fully in accord with natural law as the blooming of the rose or the rush of this great globe we live on through the viewless air.

The heart hungers for the real presence of the dear departed. The tenderest sympathies and affections, the deepest demands of the soul, and the loftiest range of the intellect, all reach toward the life beyond, and would make

it interblend naturally and beautifully with our own daily life. Spiritualism meets these desires, and calls into action all these faculties in a harmonious search for truth. The facts of spirit-presence and power are the proof positive of immortality—outward experiences verifying the voice within which says: "Thou shalt never die!" They come in an hour when they are needed—to confound materialism; to save all that is worth saving in dogmatic theology; to give us a new Bible exegesis, giving significance to the spiritual truths, the visions and experiences of the book; to open the way for a more perfect psychology, a natural religion full of inspiration, and a more perfect spiritual philosophy.

Can there be any rational psychology until we see man as a spirit, served by a bodily organization here, and by a finer body hereafter?

SELDON J. FINNEY—SPIRIT-EDUCATION.

In 1858, while at Ann Arbor, Michigan, I became acquainted with this highly gifted man, whose brief and remarkable career was full of usefulness, marked by surpassing eloquence in public and by remarkable private experiences.

Born in Delaware County, New York, reared in the school of honest and decent poverty, he was, at early manhood, a working carpenter, in Plato, near Oberlin, Ohio. A manly youth of good habits, a skilful workman, sometimes speaking in Methodist class-meetings. It was in the early days of modern Spiritualism, about 1850, that a company of half-dozen persons, in Plato, he being one, agreed to sit an hour at stated evenings around a table, with hands laid on it, waiting for any possible manifestations, such as they had heard of but never witnessed. They knew and could trust each other, and acted in no trivial mood. For some weeks nothing occurred, but they

did not give up. At last, as Finney and others told me, he found himself sitting in his chair by the table and the rest quietly gazing at him, as though pleased and amazed. "What have I been doing?" he asked, and the reply was: "Making an excellent speech for almost an hour." Of all this he was utterly unconscious, but agreed to meet them again, as usual. Thinking it over he did not like being unconsciously used, but decided to go on, so long as he was not harmed in mind or body and said nothing foolish or bad. Several times this experience was repeated, his best friends assuring him that his talks were good, his health and power of mind and body gaining meanwhile. Soon he was called out in the neighborhood, then to towns more distant, then for years to the cities from the seacoast to the Mississippi ; never a sensational speaker, always treating high themes in noble ways, but always calling out large audiences by the power and beauty of an eloquence I never heard surpassed and seldom equalled, while his personal conduct and private life were above reproach. Of medium stature, lithe, erect and strong, blond complexion, rich voice, animated features and eloquent eyes, he swayed and uplifted his hearers, was brave in rebuke and argument, rich in illustration, clear in insight, and noble in expression.

At Ann Arbor I once sat before a man of superior intelligence while we listened to a speech from Finney on questions of moral and spiritual philosophy. My friend said to me, at its close : "I have heard our University Presidents lecture on moral philosophy with pleasure and profit, but they never equalled this wealth and depth of thought."

Let us look back and note the remarkable feature of his development,—his clairvoyant and spiritual education. Other cases of help from celestial teachers are not lacking but this may serve to illustrate the matter. His school education was quite limited, his reading good, but also

quite limited, when he found himself in his chair as one awakened from a deep sleep, after an hour's speech of which he knew nothing. It was indeed an awakening hour, a new opening of his interior faculties leading to larger thought and deeper apprehension of things. What we call education is too much a cramming process, as though filling an empty receptacle. Here was a true educing process; a calling out of the inner life; an opening of ways by which the live thought could reach out and find and use what it wanted, by which his spirit felt its infinite relations and its immortal life. Along with his resolve to follow up these experiences, so long as no harm came, he had also a strong wish to get beyond the unconscious state, to know what he said and how he was moved or prompted to say it. He soon became partly conscious, was convinced that some outside intelligence helped him, and, at last, reached a state in which in public speaking he had full consciousness and normal use of all his powers, but at the same time a clear sense of inspiring help. Sometimes he felt it was some person in the spirit world, a heavenly visitant helping him to help himself, flooding his inner being with light and knowledge touching his lips as with fire from heaven's altar, enlarging his faculties to give hope and strength to their normal yet inspired exercise. Sometimes, with no consciousness of any personal help, he felt the tides of universal and impersonal truth sweep through his being. On some occasions, too, he was swept along, used, controlled, and guided in a semi-conscious state, by some strong spiritual personality whom he knew. Meanwhile he had private experiences of spirit presence and intelligence of clairvoyance, the opening of the spiritual sight which were fully convincing and of great help. He read in a fragmentary way and in odd hours, the best thinkers in philosophy and science, made admirable notes, set down "seed thoughts" for essays and lectures, but never

used note or manuscript in speaking. His aspect before an audience was always that of a man possessed and inspired, whose impassioned words came like the flow of a full stream. His appeal was ever to reason, conscience and intuition, his thought of man's infinite and divine relations and sacred daily duties, and he emphasized spirit-presence and the immortal life as sure realities. All this I gathered from our frequent talks, and from hearing his discourses.

Allowing for native genius, and for readiness in garnering knowledge in the usual way, something more is evident. *His great attainment; his depth of insight; his wide range of illuminated thought; his felicity and power of expression; were results of direct spirit-education, of the opening of his interior faculties and intuitive perceptions by celestial teachers.*

Mark the suddenness of this transfiguring change and its constant growth. While that first unconscious speech was being made he was the same, yet not the same, as an hour before. A new influence had stirred his soul, a great change had come to his thoughts. Limiting dogmas were all swept away, universal truths had taken their place. It was not theology with Methodist limitations, but a reaching into fields never before explored, the sweep and power of a larger utterance, that the group of friends heard with delighted surprise.

In a single hour he far transcended his former self, and from that hour the change went on, with no lapse backward, but so steadily and rapidly that no wider range of reading or acquaintance can reasonably account for it, and that hour was not one of observation but of introversion, not one of outward and tangible help, but of inward and spiritual uplifting while the outer senses were locked up. Many times he was told that spirit teachers were educating him, and their work was well and wisely done.

Possibly breaks may be found in the externally scientific proofs of all this, although they are good of the wonderful development. But can mind be measured by a yardstick, or soul weighed in a balance, or seen under a microscope, or tested in a retort? Most sapient scientists, your yardstick philosophy is indequate in cases like this. Your solemn head-wagging over what it will not account for begins to look foolish to discerning people. You do good work in your way, but you cannot dissect a soul or measure God's universe. There are several things yet for you, and for all of us, to learn more of. Especially do you need to learn two things,—that celestial intelligences can sometimes be our light-bringers, and that to ridicule or repudiate what you cannot understand is what really wise men never do.

Looking at the outward proofs, and at what we know of man's inner life and of spirit-intercourse ; and Selden J. Finney's growth, opening so suddenly and peculiarly and going on so grandly, can be rationally considered as a case of direct spirit education.

How else can it be accounted for?

The aim and method of this celestial teaching varies with temperament, but from before the day when Paul told of knowing a man, "whether in the body or out of the body" he knew not, and could only say "God knoweth," "caught up into the third heaven" and, hearing "unspeakable words," to our own time, it has been a part of the divine order of things, under the eternal laws. We may all be helped, often unconsciously, in like way. In special cases, like Finney's, the spirit-seers of the higher life may deem it wise to train a great soul to great ends. In his case the result—the great impress on many minds made by him—justified their efforts.

His mood helped him, but his wise celestial teachers guided him to its lofty and serene height. He was true and fearless, fettered by no superstition, realized that soul-

knowledge is deeper than what the outer senses alone can give, and so was in that "superior condition" in which the spirit is open to the ideas which sweep in tidal waves through the universe.

Materialism was, to him, a fragmentary absurdity, and agnosticism the chill and blindness which came from standing in its gloomy shadow.

Such was this man as I knew him for years. Failing in health he went, with his good wife to the mountain ranch of her brother in California, rested and grew strong, was elected a member of the Legislature, and then of the Senate, made two great speeches in the last body, one for Woman Suffrage, and one for the Fifteenth Amendment to our National Constitution, for which that speech won an unexpected majority. His lifeless body was found soon after, on the ranch, with his gun by his side, its discharge probably an accident. On January 13th, 1876, the Senate heard a fit eulogy by his successor, Hon. Mr. Rogers, and passed, by a unanimous rising vote, an endorsement of its view of his high character.

Some day, it is hoped, his fragmentary writings may be published. A sentence must answer for the present :

"The expanded earth and the unfolded heavens are manifestations of an Eternal Spirit. The rocks, hills, valleys, rivers, ocean, and stars gleam with the white splendors of the Divine Reason. The spiritual idea of substance is arising from science. All bodies are now proved to be only petrified forms of force ; all forces are proved, by their mutual transformality, to be only modes of the action of some common, simple, homogeneous, invisible or spiritual Power ; and all power is eternal, infinite, and divine . . . . The fraternity of souls and the paternity of God rest, at last, on the identity of the original substance of each being. If human spirits are the children of God—if the idea of the fatherhood of God be not a delusion—then the substance of the Creator is the foun-

dation of each soul. The identity of the primordial essence of the human and the Divine Spirit is the only logical basis; and it is on this foundation alone that religion itself is possible."

* * * * * *

"The glory of sun and stars is eclipsed by the glory of that reason, of that soul, that can weigh and measure sun and stars."

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF A MICHIGAN PIONEER AND RAILROAD BUILDER.

The following narrative of a remarkable experience, I noted down carefully when it was related to me in 1877, by Henry Willis, of Battle Creek, whom I had known for years as a man of frank integrity, uncommon energy in business, practical sagacity, and temperate Quaker habits. He came from Pennsylvania to oversee the building of the Michigan Central Railroad, under State authority, from Detroit to Ypsilanti, and has been well known in this region since, enjoying a hale old age until past eighty years. Mr. Baldwin was the first locomotive builder in America, and gave name to the great locomotive works of Baldwin & Co., in Philadelphia. He was a cordial friend of Mr. Willis all his life.

Obedience to the strange impulse, which, indeed, he could not resist, led Mr. Willis to save the life of his friend, and who felt that he had saved him, and became still firmer in his grateful attachment.

I give the words of Henry Willis as given to me at his house by himself. He has seldom told this strange story, and could only be induced to allow its publicity as a possible help to psychologic research and knowledge. It may help to show how spirit-influence is made to serve useful ends in life, sometimes highly important ends. In

emergencies we are helped, ordinarily left to our own ways, as is surely best for us. He said :

"In July, 1838, Matthias W. Baldwin, of Philadelphia, Pa., came with me to Detroit, intending to start a branch locomotive building shop on Cass wharf, or river front. We remained near three weeks in Detroit together. I was at that time engaged to build a railroad from Kalamazoo to Allegan, of which Sydney Ketchum, of Marshall, was President. I think it was on a Thursday morning I left my friend Baldwin for Allegan ; he was to leave on a steamboat at ten o'clock of the same day for Buffalo and home. As I passed through Marshall, Ketchum requested me to go to Sandusky, O., and purchase provisions for our railroad men, as there were none to be had on our route, the country being new. I came on and stopped at Battle Creek to visit. On Saturday and Sunday I became very uneasy, and was frequently asked if I was unwell. On Monday morning I went east with some friends in their carriage, and attended a Quaker quarterly meeting at Richard Glazier's, near Ann Arbor. I was asked by many if I was unwell. My mind was much depressed, but I bore up and endeavored to be cheerful, and after meeting left for Sandusky in company with friends living near Adrian. We spent that night at Jacob Walton's, and still I was uneasy, and could not imagine the cause. At Tecumseh I stopped to take the stage and paid my fare to Sandusky, Ohio. The stage drove up within fifteen or twenty feet of the door of the hotel. I handed the driver my carpet bag. three passengers were inside, and as I put my foot on the step to get in I felt a heavy blow on the back of my neck, and the words "Go to Detroit" were as audibly, but inwardly, heard as I ever heard anything. I turned to see who struck me. No one except the driver and passengers, all before me, was nearer than the hotel, 20 feet off. I stood astonished, and passengers and driver shouted, "Why

don't you get aboard." I said, "Driver, hand me my bag." I took it, went to the hotel and asked the landlord who it was that struck me on the back of my neck. "No one was nearer you than I, standing here in the door; I saw you," said he, "give a bound as you put your foot on the step, but no one struck you I know, for I was looking directly at you." "What is the matter?" he asked, "I must go to Detroit," I said, "and cannot imagine why, or for what; I have no business there." The Chicago stage drove up in a moment or two. I mounted the seat with the driver, and handed him 50 cents to drive his route as fast as he could. I repeated it with the next driver. When we drove into the upper end of Main street at Ypsilanti, I told him to go directly to the railroad, not to stop at the stage office, and I would make it all right with Hawkins, the stage man. I felt as though I wanted to fly, so anxious was I to reach the station. As we turned out of Main street I saw an engine on the track. The engineer said to the fireman, as I afterward learned, "Let us go; we can't find Willis." The fireman looked around, saw the stage, and said: "Stop; Willis must be in that stage." He jumped down, ran and met us some 300 feet off. I knew him, and said: "Why, Jack, what on earth is the matter?" and he answered: "Baldwin fell down sick in the hotel two or three hours after you left last Thursday. His great wish has been to have you with him. We have been out for days to try and find you. This morning when we left it was doubtful if he lived till night." We went to Detroit as fast as the engine could go. I ran to the hotel, near where the Russell House now stands, and as I reached the head of the stairs the landlord and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Wales, Dr. Hurd and five or six of the servants were at the door. Dr. Hurd said: "He is gone." I pushed into the room, threw off my coat and applied my hands over his head and down the sides of his face and neck as vigor-

ously as I could for some five or six minutes, when he spoke: "Henry, where have I been? Oh, how much I have wanted you with me!" Dr. Hurd said: "Well, if that is not bringing a man to life!" This action of mine, like magnetizing, I cannot account for. I never did it before and never saw it done. He was in a trance or spasm, but not dead. Dr. Hurd told me his symptoms were those of a dying man. I remained seven weeks with him, never sleeping in all that time on a bed, except about four or five hours in Lewis Cass, Jr.'s, room, when C. C. Trowbridge and Augustus Porter relieved me one night. I took him home on a cot to his family in Philadelphia, he not being able to sit up for some eight or nine weeks. I think it was in 1844 or 1845 I was at work in my nursery of fruit trees, at Battle Creek, with my mind then, as it often had been, on this strange, and to me unaccountable matter;—how I was some 60 miles from Detroit, going directly away to the South on important business, and why I should have changed my course, and a voice said to me: "The spirit of Baldwin's father was after you to go and save his son and take him to his family." Down to this time I had never told a living being about this singular affair, not even Baldwin himself. From the moment that I was thus notified in my nursery why I went to Detroit I ceased to wonder, and was, and still am, convinced that there was an invisible power, his father's spirit, that followed me from the time I arrived at Battle Creek until I took Baldwin to his home. Spiritualism was not thought of at that time. I had never before been so singularly uneasy in my mind. The instant I took my carpet-bag from the driver, at Tecumseh, I felt a relief, but was exceedingly anxious to proceed to Detroit. We arrived at Ypsilanti two or three hours before the time for the cars to leave for Detroit, hence the strangeness of my anxiety to get to the railroad, since I knew nothing of an engine

being in waiting for me, nor did I think of an engine until we turned from Maine street and saw it some 80 rods off. It is impossible for me to describe my feelings during four days and nights prior to my yielding to go to Detroit, nor did I even think of Baldwin, except to suppose he was on his way home. The instant I gave up to go I felt greater relief, but was very anxious to be off as fast as possible.

LOOKING BEYOND.

Early in 1890, going to Sturgis, Mich., to the funeral of my friend Mrs. Jane M. Prentiss, I learned from Mrs. Mary J. Peck something of the experiences of her mother's last illness at her house.

Eighty-one years of age, with no bodily disease, but only a weariness which led her a few times to murmur. "How long, O Lord, how long!" healthful in mind and serene in soul she waited for the change.

For weeks before it came she had visions of her ascended husband and son, and of other friends, and her daughter by the bed-side would hear her quietly and pleasantly carrying on conversations with those whom none but the mother could see. Occasionally she would ask: "Mother, who are they?" and rational and natural answers were always given. With all this was no fancy of a fevered brain, no excitement, but peace and cheerfulness, so that "grandmother's room" was a delightful place for children and intimate friends. Thus came the transition—light and peace but no fear. She had looked across the border, and her spiritual sight had been opened as the bodily eyes grew dim.

Such experiences are frequent, but these were rarely beautiful and instructive.

Professional pomposity, which fails to hide ignorance, exclaims: "Hallucination! Breaking faculties!" but deeper thought gives a wiser verdict.

To realize that the people in the life beyond are simply living a life like ours, but in higher conditions, rolls the mists away. Doubtless gloom is there,—the gloom of souls yet in the shadow of their guilt on earth, but no despair to which hope can never come. The voices from the spirit-land are human and natural, for the only angels are those who were our friends and kindred here.

That higher life we may understand even less than does the poor Hottentot our civilized ways. Well was it said: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive," its full glory. The child here has but faint conception of its coming manhood or womanhood. Birth is as great a mystery as death. Are there lying spirits? Yes—those trained in falsehood here and not over their bad ways. "Try the spirits," is good sense. Most of us, even the most sagacious, have been cheated here. Do we therefore turn away from all intercourse with men, or lose all faith in them? No, we keep on putting faith in the faithful and watching the untrue. The old magician claimed he could call up the dead to do his will at pleasure; the spiritualist quietly waits their coming, which is not at his pleasure, or in his power to order. Nor is it always in their power to come, sometimes indeed it is impossible, for unswerving laws must be known and obeyed, and conditions observed more delicate than those to which any chemist here is subject.

FIRST MESSAGES AND RESPONSES.

It is usually supposed that the first intelligent spirit-manifestations, recognized as such in our day, took place at the home of the Fox family, at Hydesville, New York. While it is true that the simple raps at that place first called wide public attention to this great matter, the first communications accepted and responded to came some months

before, at the home of Nelson and Lucina Tuttle, on their farm, some five miles north-west of Byron, Genesee County, New York. I give the facts as given me by Mr. Tuttle and Joseph C. Walker, at Byron, in October, 1875; and noted down at that time.

One evening in June, 1846, while prescribing for the sick in the mesmeric state, Mrs. Tuttle stopped and said, "I can go no farther," and tears rolled down her cheeks as she turned and spoke to Mr. Walker. "What I am about to relate you are not prepared to understand, nor should I be in my usual state. For the last few weeks, when magnetized, three spirits hover around me, urging me to give a communication for each one of us. One is your father, one is my husband's mother, and one my mother. Your father comes first and says: 'Tell my son Joseph I have stood by his bedside and witnessed his tears of sorrow for the past few nights. I say, Joseph, stand firm to what you know to be true. Those that are now your strongest opposers will become your warmest friends. [Mr. W. had, unknown to any one, felt great agony of spirit, having been told that he was 'in league with the devil,' and questioned himself whether he should give up magnetism, in accordance with the wish and prayer of his brethren in the Baptist Church, or go on his own way.] Often when you, an orphan boy, have sat down by the wayside and wept because you had no father to direct and guide you as other boys had, you little thought that I, your spirit-father, stood by. You well remember the place, between Cleveland and Medina, Ohio, where you were in this distress, and sat down on a log by the roadside in the woods and wept. I was there with you. [The place and circumstances were correct.] I have been a guardian angel to my little ones, whom I left so sorrowfully in passing to my present home. I have been able to inspire and control you and keep you from evil. I looked for my Orthodox heaven and hell, but did not

find them here. I have looked for the Orthodox devil, but do not find him in this beautiful clime. I have not seen God; we can only see Him in Nature. As I unfold and develop, the Infinite unfolds in equal ratio," He said to his father, "It will not answer to tell of this." and the reply was, "Tell a few friends now, if you wish, but ere long you can tell all, and it will be more common. We here are making suitable preparations to produce tangible demonstrations to begin near you and to go round the world." (Here is the noteworthy statement that the people in the higher life had not yet completed preparations needed to make deep and wide impression, but would soon be ready for that great work, a statement verified at Hydesville.) For an hour or more this lasted, until Mrs. Tuttle said: "Your father steps back to give way for others, joyful that he has been able to communicate. You must call Mr. Tuttle in (from the next room) and leave us, that his mother may communicate to him." For an hour that mother spoke to her son through Mrs. Tuttle. The son had little faith in a future life, but was convinced of his mother's presence, and wept joyful tears, as Walker had done before him. Mr. Walker's father had been gone twenty-five years.

Next came a recall of Walker, who was directed to take pencil and paper and note down what Mrs. Tuttle's mother would say to her, that she might read and preserve it when in her normal state. It was given through her interior senses, and she had no external knowledge of what was said or done. At two o'clock in the morning she was brought out of the magnetic or clairvoyant state, surprised at the length of time that had passed, asked what had occurred, and was still more surprised when told, and wept over the message from her mother as she read it from the sheets written by Mr. Walker during its delivery.

After this, Walker sometimes communicated with his father through Mrs. Tuttle, was told that the Hydesville

rappings were produced by spirits, and if he would go there he would convince him. He went, did not tell his name, saw Leah Fish, (*née* Fox), asked his father, at the *séance*, "Did you ever communicate with me before?" and was told by raps, spelling the alphabet, "My son, you well remember the night I communicated to you through Lucina."

For more than a year after these earliest messages, no one knew of them outside the family save a brother of Mrs. Tuttle, who was told the next day, came to the house at night and had a convincing message from his mother.

FUTURE LIFE NATURAL.

In his "Conflict of Science and Religion," Draper says: —"That the spirits of the dead revisit the living, has been, in all ages, in all European countries, a fixed belief, not confined to rustics, but participated in by the intelligent. If human testimony can be of any value, there is a body of evidence reaching from the remotest ages to the present time, as extensive and unimpeachable as is to be found in support of anything whatever, that these shades of the dead do return."

How shallow the learned ignorance of grave books we read, treating all these facts and ideas as "survivals of savage thought!" In the childhood of man that savage thought was but the instinctive germ reaching toward the light. Modern thought, in the same line, is that germ growing to new beauty and reaching toward the fruitage of a riper spiritual age to come.

In their higher forms, spirit manifestation and communion come to man in his finest and most harmonious development, and in this last and ripest of the centuries we have them as never before.

The soul asserts its immortality! Well said the old poet:

"We feele within this fleshlie dresse,
Bright shootes of everlastingnesse."

That intuitive assertion is emphasized by "the touch of a vanished hand," giving a new sense of the naturalness of the future life. In one of her letters, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who was deeply interested in these things of the spirit, said:

"It seems to me that a nearer insight into the spiritual world has been granted to this generation, so that (by whatever process we get our conviction) we no longer deal with vague abstractions, half closed, half shadowy, in thinking of departed souls. There is now something warm and still familiar in those beloveds of ours, to whom we yearn out past the grave—not cold and ghostly as they seemed once—but human, sympathetic, with well-known faces. They are not lost utterly to us even on earth; a little farther off, and that is all."

Shakespeare gives the old dread and terror when he says:

"It is the very witching time of night
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to the world!"

In place of this is coming the sweet and sacred feeling of the lover and husband, described by that spiritually-gifted poet, Edwin Arnold:

"'She is dead!' they said to him. 'Come away;
Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay.'

. . . . . .

And they held their breaths, as they left the room
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.
But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,—
He lit his lamp and took his key
And turned it,—alone, were he and she."

It is a theory of some writer that invisible currents sweep through the upper air like great rivers, carrying the finer elements of tree and flower and earth far into the blue empyrean to build the spirit-world where are "the many mansions" we are to occupy. Of this I know not, but is this theory any more wonderful, or any more matter of ridicule, than the fact, which every naturalist admits, that an invisible force pushes the sap each spring up the trunk of a tree and out to its finest topmost twigs to renew and freshen their growth? All the thousands who purport to come back to us tell of a real world and a natural life "over there," *never* of disembodied shades, but *always* of human form, not corruptible or subject to decay. They tell us too of tastes and occupations like ours, only higher, as the man is above the child.

Primitive Christianity was a great spiritual revival; every leading phase of modern spiritualism only duplicates the gifts of healing and prophecy, the help of angels, the speaking with tongues and the like in the New Testament. The resurrection of Christ, the rock on which apostles and disciples stood, has been many times duplicated by resurrections, or reappearances, brief as was that of Jesus, which was repeated several times, if the record be true. The early Christians had a deep assurance of immortality, not so often found to-day outside of spiritualists, and which is the great need of the world. Our "modern thought," shallow and of the outer shell of things, has taken away the old foundations of faith, and gives us no food for the soul in their place. Those facts and experiences of primitive Christianity and these of modern spiritualism must be accepted together, with rational discrimination as to their genuineness, not as miracles but as signs of light from the spirit-world, or they must be discarded together as wild delusions, empty as the whistling wind.

MEDIUMSHIP—ILLUMINATION.

Mediumship is not a miraculous gift, but a susceptibility delicate to surrounding influences and yielding to their impressions, which is marked in certain temperaments, and of which none of us are totally destitute. The passive medium can be psychologized and controlled by some positive and strong spirit, as the masterful will of the psychologist here controls his negative subject.

The true and self-poised medium deserves an appreciative respect not often accorded, but which will come with better comprehension of our inner life. Only as we know more of the life within, and seek its development, can we know most and best of the life beyond.

There is, too, an illuminated and open vision without spirit-control, a clairvoyant seership before which the spirit-world and the life of persons around us here, lies open. This precious superior condition may come to us as the high result of pure life and spiritual culture.

Mediumship, especially when professional and public, has its trials and perils. A sensitive person, meeting all kinds of people, and influenced by spirits of all degrees, is liable to be sorely taxed. All are not wise enough to be receptive of the good and repellant of the evil and unwise.

To be blindly passive and negative, and not cultivate mind and will, or exercise judgment, leads to inane weakness. The best mediums pray in spirit for normal growth,—for interior illumination and self-culture, for help to help themselves, for the opening of their own spirit-sight, and so gain health of body and mind. Public mediumship has been indispensable and valuable, and is still needed, but private mediumship has marked advantages in harmony and safety, and is more common than is supposed. I have witnessed beautiful manifestations in happy homes. Spirit communion is normal to the

open soul, and its highest conditions are in the sacred atmosphere of home and friends.

We are immortal beings, in the eternal life now, and beyond the tomb is but the higher stage of that life. The denizens of the spirit-world no doubt help us at times when we are unconscious of their presence. What joy must it be to them to give us light and strength in our trials, or guidance in our noblest efforts?

With Lowell:

> "We see but half the causes of our deeds,
> Seeking them wholly in the outer world,
> Unconscious of the spirit-world which, though
> Unseen is felt, and sows in us the germs
> Of pure and world-wide purposes."

To make such help from high heaven appear real and natural and a part of the Divine economy is the work of spiritualism. Whoever under pretence of mediumship, "steals the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in," must be sent into private life for sorely needed reform.

It is said that many so called spirit-messages are commonplace and inconsequent. Is the least sign of the presence of a departed friend trivial? The opening of what may be a deeply important conversation is usually inconsequent. If these flippant investigators would wait and seek for deeper things, they might come, as they have to many; for messages of great importance, involving life and fortune and the affairs of nations, are on record. Was the saving of the valuable life of Matthias Baldwin, by the following of spirit-guidance by Henry Willis, as told on another page of this chapter, inconsequent?

RELIGION AND MORALS.

In 1880, G. W. Wyld, M.D., an able Englishman, wrote: "I believe that the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism are destined to remould science, philos-

ophy, psychology, and dogmatic theology from their very foundations. . . . Phenomena which occur in the presence of believers can, in five minutes, refute the material philosophy of thousands of years. . . . Although to me chiefly interesting in a psychologic and scientific point of view it must in a religious point of view be regarded with profoundest respect. . . . because, if we contemplate the subject in its relation to matter we at once arrive at the conviction that materialism is a vulgar superstition. Yet this materialism is the outcome of the science of the 19th century!"

The religious opinions of Theodore Parker, the intuitive morals of Frances Power Cobbe, the transcendental views of R. W. Emerson, are in unison with the habits of thought of many intelligent spiritualists. While they may think that these gifted persons would have gained in depth and clearness of thought by a knowledge and acceptance of spirit manifestations, and of the views to which they lead, they find much in common with them, and are helped by their wise utterances. The transcendentalist would say immortality is a truth of the soul; the spiritualist would grant that, but would verify that truth by the testimony of the senses.

Spiritualists are a large company, millions of thinkers in as well as out of the churches, with little organization and only agreeing on their one central idea, the immortal life proved by spirit presence.

That idea carries much else with it, and is spreading round the world. It is remarkable that with little discussion, almost all spiritualists favor the equal rights of woman, and the most intelligent are most earnest in behalf of this great reform.

INDUCTIVE SCIENCE BLIND.

The attitude and spirit of many inductive scientists—an attitude slowly changing—may be seen by this extract

from a *Popular Science Monthly* editorial a few years ago.

"The first article of a scientific man's faith is that Nature never breaks her regularities, but holds true to an unalterable method of law.

"Now, the Spiritualist comes to him challenging his first principles. He denies his order of Nature as being unalterable and says that he knows of that which is above Nature, that is greater than Nature, that interferes with it and breaches all its vaunted stabilities with infinite ease."

No inquisitor of old Spain, no bigot, from the days of Cotton Mather and his witches to our own, has written anything more utterly contrary to the truth than this.

No jot or tittle of evidence does it rest on. Not a writer or speaker of any repute among the spiritualists has ever denied the "order of nature as being unalterable," but one and all have affirmed that great truth. It is a cardinal principle of their philosophy, and the facts of spirit-power and presence they always describe as natural.

Does the *Science Monthly* know the whole order of nature? It is surely a matter of regret that a magazine of such real merit should adopt a method so unscientific as well as so unfair. In a day not far distant it will look back with regretful shame on its error. That error comes from the constant use of the analytic method in the study of material things. Intuition and the spiritual faculties are dwarfed, there is no harmony of development, the capacity to see the whole truth is lost.

CHAPTER VIII.

PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

"Beyond the dim and distant line,
Which bounds the vision of to-day,
Great stars of truth shall rise and shine,
With steady and unclouded ray."

Lizzie Doten.

We are entering on a new era. The future historian will mark the closing century as the era of intellectual freedom and activity, of opening spiritual light, of material development and inventive genius; and the century now opening as the era of spiritual culture, psychic science and research, and the harmonious development of man.

"First the natural (or material) and then the spiritual," was the wise word of the Apostle. To know the inner life of man is to know his immortality, the inner life of nature and the being of God.

This psychic research gives us proofs of man's interior powers and infinite relations—of magnetism, clairvoyance, psychometry; the subtle and penetrative influence of mind; the wonders of that inner life of which the world has known so little, but which is now being studied and revealed as never before.

THE SPIRITUAL BODY.

Spiritual science and psycho-physiological research show us that the life and thought of man inhere in an interior and lasting organization a fine body of a substance invisible and super-physical, not in any gland or tissue or structure that death can dissolve. This is of the highest importance.

The spiritual body which Paul tells of is the fact of modern research. With it our personality is not lost by bodily death. We cannot be anything but ourselves after that event, any more than now. We shall not be formless and disembodied shadows. We cannot die. Paul says, "Although the outer man perish, the inner man is renewed day by day;" suggesting the thought of an imperishable form within "the outer man."

On this matter a single testimony must suffice. Miss Myra Carpenter, a woman of capacity and character, writes of her mother's transition, as she saw it clairvoyantly. The mother had no fear of her coming change and wished the daughter to witness it. Miss Carpenter writes:

"Her last words were to me. Sitting in her room I soon become clairvoyant, when the painful scene of a mother's death was changed to a vision of glory. Beautiful angelic spirits were watching over her. I could feel them as material, and yet they conveyed a sensation which I can only describe by saying it was like compressed air. They stood at her head and feet and hovered over her. They did not appear with wings, as angels are commonly painted, but in the perfect human form, so pure and full of love, it was sweet to look at them.

"I now turned my attention more directly to my mother, and saw the external senses leave her. First the power of sight departed, and then a veil seemed to drop over the eyes: and hearing ceased, and next the sense of feeling. The spirit began to leave the limbs, as they die first: and the light that filled every fibre of each part drew up toward the chest. As fast as this occurred a veil seemed to drop over the part from whence spiritual life was removed. A ball of light was now gathering just over her head: and this increased so long as the spirit was connected with the body. The light left the brain last, and then the silver cord (connecting that light over the head with the body) was loosed. The luminous appearance soon began

to assume the human form; and I could see my mother again! But how changed! She was light and glorious, free from disease and pain and death. She seemed to be welcomed by the attending spirits with the joy of a mother over the birth of a child. She paid no attention to any earthly object, but joined her companions and they seemed to go through the air. I tried to follow them, in the spirit, for I longed to go with my mother. I saw them ascend until they seemed to pass through an open space, when a mist passed over my eyes and I saw them no more. I soon awoke—but not to sorrow, as those who have no hope. This vision, far more beautiful than language can express, remains stamped upon my memory. It is an unfailing comfort."

In the Plymouth Church pulpit, so long occupied by Henry Ward Beecher, Joseph Cook, the widely known lecturer, gave the following facts as proofs of a future life.

"Louisa May Alcott, watching with her mother by the deathbed of a dying and dearly loved sister says when the end came, she distinctly saw a delicate mist rising from the dead body. Her mother too saw this strange thing. When they asked the physician about it he said, 'You saw life departing visibly from the physical form.' This was at Concord, Mass.

"Professor Hitchcock, of Amherst College, Mass., says he was present at the bedside of a dying friend. The eyes closed; the last breath ceased: he was dead. Suddenly the eyes opened, light came back to them, then a look of surprise, admiration, inexpressible bliss; then it soon passed away.

"Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in the preface to a book on visions, says that once, watching by a deathbed, the impression was conveyed to him that something—that is the word he uses—passed from the body into space."

In their withdrawal from all attention to other objects or affairs, and the concentration of thought and sympathy as

well as sight, on their dying kindred and friends, these competent witnesses became partly clairvoyant, and saw imperfectly what Miss Carpenter saw more clearly, the separation of the spiritual body from the dying physical form.

A few years ago I received a letter from an accomplished and sensible woman, telling of her husband's peaceful death. Two of the daughters stood at the foot of the bed and both saw, as they said, the "face illuminated—a pure white light from within," at the last moment fading away, soon, but not suddenly.

PAINLESS SURGERY IN BYRON, NEW YORK.

An appreciative knowledge and use of unseen healing agencies will assuage, and even sometimes banish, the pains of the body.

"The gift of healing," by the laying on of hands, is not miraculous, and it still endures, for natural law is never suspended. The following remarkable narrative illustrates this :

Mrs. Lucina Tuttle and her husband Nelson Tuttle, of Byron, Genesee County, New York, I knew well, as I did Joseph C. Walker, and J. W. Seaver, a merchant in Byron. From these competent persons I had the report of the surgical operation which they all witnessed, as follows :

Early in 1846, Joseph C. Walker taught school in the district where the Tuttles lived, and magnetized Mrs. Tuttle several times to cure the pain caused by a tumor on her left shoulder, and to prepare her for its removal by a surgeon. About the middle of February, at noon, Dr. J. M. Cole, of Batavia, N. Y., J. W. Seaver, and a medical student came to the house. Mrs. Tuttle was magnetized by Mr. Walker two hours before the operation. The tumor, two and a half by three inches in size, was cut from its adhesion to the bone and taken out through

an incision six inches in length made in the flesh for that purpose, the patient, meanwhile, sitting quiet, outwardly unconscious, no tremor of pulse or nerve, no flush in the face, no change in her respiration, no pain! For three hours afterward she was kept in the same state, and when awakened, by the usual reverse or upward passes, had her first outward knowledge of the operation. While it was going on, however, she saw it *clairvoyantly*, quietly described its progress, and told of its termination. Then and previously she described the tumor, as adhering to the bone. The surgeons thought otherwise, but acknowledged that the result proved her right, while they had been mistaken. Afterward the arm was kept magnetized part of the time to aid its cure, which was speedy and permanent. Mrs. Tuttle recovered from symptoms of consumption, grew robust, and enjoyed thirty years of busy and laborious life, in good health, save a slight delicacy of the lungs. This remarkable experience led to describing and prescribing for her friends, and ere long to a large medical practice, which came to her without any effort or advertising on her part.

Such facts are timely in these hypnotic days,—hypnotism being but another name for mesmerism or magnetism in certain forms. They will help to keep the underlying truth, and to sift out what is absurd in Christian Science and other like theories.

Sometimes the invisible healers in the spirit-world, psychologize the visible magnetizer here, flooding his whole system with a health-giving and positive magnetism, which he imparts to others, and which conquers pain, and opens the way for that balance of circulation which is health.

PSYCHOMETRY.

Mrs. S. and myself had visited the plaster beds at Grand Rapids, and called at Lyons on our homeward way.

Spending an evening with Dr. Jewett and wife, she gave fine illustrations of her psychometric power. I stepped across the road and took from our trunk, wrapped in paper, what I supposed was a piece of gypsum from the Grand Rapids beds. She held it to her forehead a few moments and began to tell its history. My mind went back to the beds from whence I supposed it came, but her description went another way. Evidently she was not influenced by me, but was reading the record of the stone she held wrapped in paper. She described the slow formation of a *geode,* or crystal, and its final location beneath rushing water. This puzzled us, until I took off the wrapper and found I had given her a limestone *geode* taken from beneath the Grand River! Nature's inner history was an open volume to her.

Forty years ago I wrote to J. R. Buchanan at Cincinnati, subscribing for his *Journal of Man* and expressing interest in his psychometric researches. We were strangers and I had never written him. He sent a reply which enclosed a description of my character, given by a young man, also a stranger, after quietly holding my letter, which he did not read, on his forehead,—he in a normal state at the time. The description was singularly correct as to leading traits. Like experiments of my valued friend, William Denton, were of signal value.

INSPIRED EXPERIENCES.

"Hour after hour, like an opening flower,
Shall truth after truth expand;
The sun may grow pale, and the stars my fail,
But the purpose of God shall stand."—*Lizzie Doten.*

Very interesting and suggestive are the psychological experiences of gifted writers and speakers, rising to a superior condition in their best efforts, receptive of impersonal truths and susceptible to all spiritual influences.

George Eliot began her story-writing with doubt and fear. She wrote a friend:

"Mr. Lewes began to say very positively, 'You must try and write a story,' and at Tenby he urged me to begin at once. One morning, as I was thinking what should be the subject of my story, my thoughts merged themselves into a dreamy doze, and I imagined myself writing a story of which the title was, "The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton." I was soon wide awake again, and told G. He said: "Oh! what a capital title!" From that time I had settled in my mind that this should be my first story."

It was soon written, and its success opened the way for others. Mr. Cross says:

"During our short married life our time was so much divided between travel and illness, that she wrote very little, so that I have but slight personal experience of how the creative effort affected her. But she told me that, in all that she considered her best writing, there was a 'not herself' which took possession of her, and that she felt her own personality to be merely the instrument through which this spirit, as it were, was acting. Particularly she dwelt on this in regard to the scene in Middlemarch between Dorothea and Rosamond."

This "dreamy doze," and the feeling that her own personality was "merely the instrument" of "this spirit," indicate the impressible temperament susceptible of spiritual influx and illumination, combined, in her case, with mental powers of singular clearness and force, and with high moral qualities.

Helen Hunt Jackson wrote the editor of *The Outing*, in which her last poem, "The Rose Leaf" was published: "It was actually dreamed, so that I awoke with it on my lips.' Of her Indian story, Ramona, she said: "It was written through me, not by me."

But a few days before her departure she wrote: "I want you to know that I am looking with almost an eager

interest into that 'undiscovered country.' . . . I do not doubt we shall keep on working. Any other existence is, to me, monstrous. It seems to me also impossible that we shall not be able to return to this earth and see our loved ones. Whether we can communicate with them I doubt, but that we shall see them I believe."

PROF. CALVIN E. STOWE.

From the late biography of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe by Florine T. McCray these extracts touching the psychic experiences of her husband are given :

"The fact that Mrs. Stowe wrote to George Eliot, with whom she entered into an interesting correspondence at about this period, that Professor Stowe was the 'visionary boy,' whom she made the hero of 'Old Town Folks,' and that the experiences which she related were phenomena of frequent occurrence with him, and had been so even from his earliest childhood, makes relevant a notice of some of the psychological conditions which were peculiar to the scholarly man, one who was by temperament and trend of mind as far as possible from the credulity or hallucination commonly attributed to believers in manifestations that appear to be supernatural.

"Certain it is that Professor Stowe came into the world possessed of an uncommon attribute, which may be considered either as a sixth sense revealing hidden things, or as peculiar hallucination. The latter conclusion is hardly compatible with his clear mentality and the sound judgment which he brought to bear upon this phenomenon itself, no less than upon all other topics.

"As a near-sighted child sooner or later becomes aware that it is wanting in the far sight which is common, so Calvin E. Stowe early inferred that his friends could not see absent things and departed souls as he did, and he became, as a young man, somewhat in awe of his power and loth to speak of it.

"In common with most other intelligent people, and especially so because of his strange experience, Professor and Mrs. Stowe became deeply interested in psychological manifestations, and with friends they evoked surprising manifestations from "Planchette," and attended various so-called spiritualistic seances in New York. While in Rome, Mrs. Stowe, in company with Elizabeth Barrett Browning and others, received some surprising evidences of things occult and strange.

"Mrs. Stowe most feelingly interpreted the wave of Spiritualism, then rushing over America, as a sort of Rachel-cry of bereavement towards the invisible existence of the loved ones; but her mature judgment, like that of her husband's, was against the value of mediumistic testimonies.

"Professor Stowe also recounted to a friend an interview which he declared he had with Goethe, one day out under the trees. He intensely enjoyed the discussion with the great mind of the German Shakespeare, and reported a most interesting explanation which the author of Faust gave of the celebrated closing lines of the second part of that great work :—

> "All of mortality is but a symbol shown,
> Here to reality longings have grown;
> How superhumanly wondrous, 'tis done.
> The eternal, the womanly love leads us on."

It may be suggested that not to believe in Spiritualism, yet to see and converse with spirits is singular; but these excellent persons had their own reasons—good to them—the psychic facts are what we want.

The New York *Independent*, in a notice of Mrs. Stowe's life by her son, says :

"Impressive is the story how the Spirit of the Lord came upon her as she sat at Communion service in the college church at Brunswick :

"Suddenly, like the unrolling of a picture, the scene of the death of Uncle Tom passed before her mind. So strongly was she affected that it was with difficulty she could keep from weeping aloud. Immediately on returning home she took pen and paper and wrote out the vision which had been, as it were, blown into her mind as by the rushing of a mighty wind. Gathering her family about her she read what she had written. Her two little ones of ten and twelve years of age broke into convulsions of weeping."

SAVONAROLA.

That inspired man in Italian Florence four centuries ago—a Dominican monk, a Prior of St. Marks, a religious reformer, facing even the Pope when he held him in error, rebuking Lorenzo the Magnificent. . . .

In that dissolute city he checked vulgarity for a time, so that psalms were heard instead of licentious songs, and this not by rigid laws, but by the uplifting power of his spiritual nature and ennobling speech. Noble women dressed plain, robbers gave back the gold they had stolen, children held to purity and sang of the angels, and coarse men grew decent. The spell of a powerful and inspired personality was over all the life of the city, blessed so long as it could last, but the pitiful reaction came, and he died a martyr's death. . . . Savonarola's visions were real to him, more so than his monk's cell and the noise of the streets. They were the subjects of his sermons in the great Duomo, where thousands sat breathless or wept and sobbed beneath his words. His voice was like the peal of thunder in rebuke of sin, like the song of angels when he saw the heavens opened, sweet and sad and low, when he touched all hearts by his tender compassion. He prophesied events which the sorrowing people, after his death, said took place, and sometimes

gave counsel not wise to follow. His sagacity was rare, yet he was human.

The mistakes and limitations in which even the greatest are involved, the cast and hue of his own temperament, tinged and shaped his visions, but through all shone the glory of a spiritual light. After his torture, his prison was peopled with invisible beings who helped him to forget his pain, and he wrote sermons with the text, "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust," while his mangled form and twisted limbs seemed almost useless. It was the supremacy of the spirit over the poor body. It was the ministry of angels.

REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS, D.D.

Rev. E. E. Hale, Boston, wrote this letter, in 1887, to *Our Best Words*, Rev. Mr. Douthit's journal in Shelbyville, Ill.

My Dear Friend,—The sermon regarding which you write is in the new volume of Dr. Bellows' sermons. The title is "'The Secret of the Lord."

Dr. Bellows often told the story of the birth of this sermon. He has told it to me, and my memory of it is accurate.

He was to preach one of what we call "Theatre Sermons." We had taken the Boston Theatre, the largest in Boston and one of the largest in the world, for religious services, Sunday evenings. Dr. Bellows had come on from New York to preach.

He stayed, as he always did, at Dr. Bartol's house—which he used to call, in joke, "Hotel Bartol." He preached somewhere in the morning, and after service came back to his room and took a pile of MSS. to select a proper sermon for the evening. As he did so, a voice behind him said, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Bellows turned and there was no one

there. He said to himself, "If I did not know what sort of things hallucinations are, I should regard that as a special call to preach on that text." But in fact he did go on with his MSS. and picked out a sermon for the evening from among them. He went down to dinner and told the story, and the company fell to discussing hallucinations. In the evening he went to the theatre. With a company of gentlemen he went in upon the stage and took his seat. Some other person conducted the devotional exercises and read the Scripture. When it was time for the sermon, Dr. Bellows went forward with his manuscript, put it on the music stand which was provided for it, and as he opened it a voice behind him said audibly to him, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." He did not pause a moment. He said to the vast congregation, "I had intended to speak to you on another subject, but an intimation of a sort which I am not in the habit of disregarding suggests to me that I shall speak from the text: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

"I do not know where this text is precisely. You will find it among the Psalms not far from the beginning of the book of Psalms."

Then he preached substantially the sermon which you find in the collection. But till that moment he had never planned it nor in any way arranged it.

He was himself interested in the sermon. After he had preached it he wrote it out as we now have it. I have seen the MSS., and I think there are eighty places noted on it where he had preached it. I think he told me that he had never repeated any other sermon so often.

I know he told me that more than seventy persons, most of them strangers, had come to him or had written to him to say that they went to hear him preach from curiosity merely, having before yielded wholly to skeptical notions regarding the Being and Presence of God; and that the view of this sermon of the Great Experiment of Human Life had recalled them to faith and worship."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Says: "My poems are composed when I am in a condition of mind that takes me out of myself. In fact I am wholly unable to write unless I am borne away by this influence."

VICTOR HUGO.

M. Laclède, his secretary and friend for long years, gives a letter he wrote to a mother heart-broken at the death of her child. "Be comforted, it is only a separation,—a separation for us. The dead are not even absent: they are simply invisible. Every time you think of your baby-boy, he will be near you." Laclède confesses Victor Hugo had a leaning to spiritualism.

Light, a reliable and able spiritualist journal in London, says: "He would say to his friends, "We do not die altogether, our individuality survives; and, while I am talking to you, I am certain that all around me are the souls of all the dear ones that I have lost and who hear me." He could never quite reconcile himself to the fact that his favorite daughter, who was drowned, was really dead. He often thought he heard her footsteps in the house and her hand on the handle of the door, and wrote:

".....Silence! elle a parlé!
Tenez voici le bruit de sa main sur la clé!
Attendez! elle vient. Laissez-moi que j'écoute;
Car elle est quelque part dans la maison, sans doute!"

In our tongue these lines read:

"Silence! she speaks!
There! Her hand is on the door knob!
Wait! she is coming. Let me listen;
She is doubtless in the house somewhere!"

His last hours were "in a sort of trance," in which all his past came up and he looked forward with exceeding joy,

speaking in tender and thoughtful affection to those around him, clasping his little grandchild Jeannie in his arms, and saying: "Be quiet, child, there is nothing to cry about,"—telling his family, "I see light."

Twenty years or more ago Mrs. Hollis-Billing, a well-known American medium, spent some time in London, and went thence to Paris with letters to Victor Hugo and others. She told me of sending her letter to him, of his coming the next day to take her home to dine, and of frequent visits and sittings with him. On a special occasion, when messages came, purporting to be from his mother, he was deeply affected, kissed her hand at parting while his tears fell freely, and said: "I am thankful for this precious gift from heaven."

Mrs. Billing showed me a score of notes in his handwriting, and dated from his home,—cordial invitations to visit the family and graceful expressions of friendship and regard.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

In a noble poem, on All Saints' Day, at New Hope College Chapel, Oxford, a place rich in old English memories, its very air filled with the sweet influences of departed worthies and pulsing with the grand harmony of music, she said:

"I shall find them again, I shall find them again,
By the soul that within me dwells
And leaps unto Thee with rapture free,
As the glorious anthem swells,

I hear a voice saying. What it says.
I hear,—so, perchance, do they,—
As I stand between my living, I ween,
And my dead upon All Saints' day."

As she stands between the two worlds light comes to her

from both, and her rapt soul is lifted up in joy and reverence while she sings:

"And I see, all clear, new heavens, new earth.
New bodies, redeemed from pain,
New souls,—ah! not so with the souls that I know.
Let me find, let me find them again!"

She feels that these visions must be transient, and says:

"Only at times through the soul's shut doors.
Come visits divine as brief."

But these visits are so real that she cries out:

"Linger a little, invisible host
Of the sainted dead, who stand,
Perhaps, not far off, though men may scoff,
Touch me with unfelt hand.

"But my own, my own, ye are holding me fast,
With the human clasp that I knew.
Through the chorus clear, your voices I hear!
And I am singing with you."

The "glorious anthem," sounding through the dim secluded aisles of the old chapel has helped her until her inmost spirit speaks, the consciousness of immortality and of spirit-presence is clear, and triumphant voices are heard from the summer-land.

As these voices cease and the vision fades away she says:

"Only at times does the awful mist
Lift up, and we seem to see,
For a moment's space, the far dwelling place.
Of these, our beloved and Thee."

A SIMPLE MICHIGAN MAIDEN.

I once met in a Michigan village, a girl of seventeen years, natural in the sweet simplicity of her maidenhood,

and of an excellent family. Her education was that of a good country school, her knowledge of society limited. She was diffident and shrinking in manner, and unused to public speaking, save on a few occasions, when she was led out by an irresistible influence which she could not understand. Some of her friends and myself went to a hall with her, a woman led her to the platform, and I sat near to see and hear. I saw that when she rose before the audience she was hardly able to stand, and shrank timidly from their gaze. In a moment came a transfiguring change ; drawing a deep breath, she stood erect, her features radiant, her timidity gone, and her first words full of power.

For an hour she held all her hearers spell-bound by a discourse clear in thought, felicitous in expression, wide in its range of knowledge, uplifting in its eloquence—such a discourse as we seldom hear. At its close she dropped wearily to her seat, upheld by her friend for a moment and then came a few deep breaths and the inspired speaker became again the simple and timid girl. Asking her afterward how she felt, she said, "I knew little of what I said or of the hearers. It seemed as though somebody was talking through me." The "not herself" of George Eliot, and this experience of this simple maiden are quite alike. Was it some guiding and inspiring intelligence, or some high mood in which the outer senses are chained that the spirit may better assert itself?

LIZZIE DOTEN.

A verse opening one of the admirable poems of my friend Lizzie Doten, spoken first and then written, is as follows :

> "God of the Granite and the Rose,
> Soul of the Sparrow and the Bee,
> The mighty tide of Being flows
> Through countless channels, Lord, from thee,

It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of being runs,
'Till from Creation's radiant towers
Its glory flames in stars and suns."

Floating through her mind for days, these poems took form, "the avenues of the external senses closed or disused in order that the spiritual perceptions might be quickened," and also that "the world of causes, of which earth and its experiences are but passing effects, might be disclosed to my vision," as she says. Most of her poems came from "the sacred retreat" of her Inner Life, where she holds "conscious communion with disembodied spirits," and imperfectly gives their thoughts in her verse, usually, but not always, knowing from whom they come.

Is this thoughtful and sincere woman right, or what is the truth ?

READING GERMAN PHILOSOPHY.

The following remarkable experience is given me by my friend Emily Ward of this city,—a woman widely known, and beloved, held also as of superior capacity and judgment, firm nerves, and clear mental faculties. Fifty years ago, or more, her father was lighthouse-keeper on Bois Blanc island, and she, a strong young woman, climbed the tall tower daily to trim the lamp, and cared for her father's comfort. Her own graphic words best tell the story :

"It was a very lonely life there, no inhabitants except an old Frenchman and his wife, who worked for father. The nearest white people were at Mackinaw, twelve miles west across the straits, that were heaped with snow and ice all winter. Once a month we had letters from the outside world, that father went to Mackinaw to get—a hard journey. For five long months we were snow and winter bound, seeing no familiar faces save those in our home. When the ice did finally break up in the spring, and the

first boat came close off the shore, you may be sure it was welcomed with joy; for Uncle Sam and Eber's boat (her brother, the late E. B. Ward of Detroit) was sure to be first, and Eber would come, in his brisk, breezy way, and tell of the news from civilization and of the sisters and families. In 1841 we had none of their children with us. I don't know how we should have endured the loneliness but for books and papers. Beside the few we had father used to borrow from a Mackinaw friend, and from the officers in the fort there. After the work was done, in the long winter nights, father and I would sit by the big blazing fire-place and read and read.

"Among the borrowed books was *The North American Review*, then a new periodical. I became so deeply interested in reviews of German philosophy that I longed to read the books they wrote about. Every night, after I went to bed, I would think over what the authors had written, and wish I could read the originals. But how could I? I could not even buy the books, nor did I know a word of German. But all things are possible to the longing and ardent soul; and after a while my prayers for knowledge were answered in a most extraordinary way. I do not, and never have believed in what is ordinarily called Spiritualism; but what I am going to tell you as truly happened as that I live and sit here to tell it.

"One night, after being more depressed than usual by my lack of means for learning, and by my intense desire for this particular knowledge of German philosophy, I fell asleep. I could not have slept long when it seemed I was reading just what I wanted to. The book was before me. I was holding it. The text was German, yet I understood it. The joy of it woke me up, and I could have wept for disappointment that I had not read more. I got up and looked out of the window. The moon was shining full on the white snow, and the evergreen trees looked dark

and lovely against all that brightness. As I looked the disappointment passed away, and I felt an indescribable sense of exhilaration ; a keener knowledge of life and its meanings rose up within me, and a heartfelt but unspoken prayer to the good Father in heaven welled up from my soul.

" I laid down again, and fell asleep, and immediately began to read the same book. This time I did not wake up, but read all the rest of the night. In the morning, when I woke, I felt so rejoiced at what had happened, and so in hopes that I should be permitted to read again that night, that the day went by like a robin's song.

" I thought over what I had read, and tried to fix it in my memory, and I prayed that God would bless me in this one way, if He never gave me anything more. That night, as I looked out on the peaceful stars, before I retired, I again felt that calmness of soul and greatness of thought that we have so seldom in our lives. It is, indeed, the spirit triumphing over the flesh for a few brief moments. As soon as I fell asleep I began the book again, where I had left off, and again read all the night.

"After that the winter was no longer dreary or lonely, for every night I would read, and in the morning wake up refreshed and exhilarated. Any time during that winter I could have written out in the morning what I had read at night. It certainly was the happiest winter I ever spent, and what I read made a very deep impression on my mind, and exerted a strong influence on my whole life."

All this had been kept in mind carefully, and had indeed made an indelible impression, as such experiences usually do.

They cannot be dismissed with a flitting and shallow thought, or with a sneer heartless as well as shallow. Science must respect them or be unscientific ; religion must realize their meaning or lose heart and life. The ripening insight of our day calls for more careful study

of these things of the spirit. Thus shall we reach a more harmonious development; the intuitive and spiritual faculties will not be ignored, but will act in unison the logical and intellectual powers and the discovery an application of truth will greatly gain, giving new wealth to life and new power to every wise reform.

Spiritualism and psychic science constantly touch and blend, like different phases of one bright planet.

Spiritual thinkers, of whatever class or name, may well realize that we stand at the verge of a wide field, rich in promise and waiting to be explored, and that the hour is ripe for the exploration.

The record of an hour's experience, taken from notes made at the time, forty years ago, will give a glimpse of what we have to learn, and of the benefits of such knowledge. A young woman, in a family I knew well in a western city, was ill with a perilous brain fever. The eminent physician in attendance said to her mother: "I can do no more, in any usual way. I see but one hope for your daughter's recovery. I can magnetize her and relieve the pressure on the brain. If you wish I will try it, or you can call in other physicians." She consented, and I was one of the few who witnessed the experiment. Standing by her bedside he quickly passed his hands downward over her head and eyes, sometimes lightly touching the patient, sometimes not, and in fifteen minutes the flushed face and inflamed eyes were natural in color and expression, the pressure on the brain relieved, the circulation equalized and natural, the breathing quiet as that of a healthful child, as she rested half asleep, sweetly and cosily. The physician said: "I will psychologize (or hypnotize) her a few minutes," and a few passes of the hand and an effort of his will seemed to produce the result, so that she drank pure water as lemonade, when he called it by that name; said it needed more sugar when impressed to do so, and enjoyed it greatly when

he said it was just right, although no sugar had been near it, and otherwise showed her subject psychologic condition. He said to her: "Can you go to your grandfather's and tell us what they are doing and how the furniture in the front room is arranged?" She said she could, closed her eyes, and was as in a quiet sleep for fifteen minutes, and then began, in a low voice and a quiet way, to tell of persons she saw, of their occupation, and of the furniture in the rooms.

The physician knew nothing of the grandfather's house, which was seven hundred miles east; the mother had asked him to get the description from her daughter, and that description was afterward *found to be correct in every particular.* At the time the mother spoke out and said: "What she tells about the furniture is wrong. I was there not long ago, and it was then placed in a different way," but she was found wrong and the daughter right, the furniture having been re-arranged since the mother's visit. The daughter's clairvoyant sight had opened, and gone beyond the psychologic power of the operating hypnotizer, and beyond his knowledge, or that of any one present. The physician then said: "You need rest; we will leave you to sleep an hour with your mother by your side." At the close of the hour she awoke, greatly rested and relieved, and her recovery was rapid and lasting.

The intelligent and excellent family were connected with an orthodox church, and had no special knowledge of these psychic matters, the mother's anxiety for her sick child really leading to all this valuable experience.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK—COMING REFORMS.

"Clothe me in the rose-tints of Thy skies
Upon morning summits laid ;
Robe me in the purple and gold that flies
Through Thy shuttles of light and shade.
Give me of the brook's faith, joyously sung
Under clank of its icy chain !
Give me of the patience that hides among
Thy hill-tops in mist and rain !
Lift me up from the clod ; let me breathe Thy breath ;
Thy beauty and strength give me !
Let me lose both the name and the meaning of death
In the life that I share with Thee ! "

Lucy Larcom.

For more than sixty years I have heard the preaching of different denominations in twenty States from Maine to Missouri. The sermon of 1890 is not the sermon of 1830. Dogmas are less emphasized and "carnal reason" is less decried ; doctrines have more reasonable interpretation, the wrath of Jehovah gives place to the goodness of God ; thought is broader and charity grows ; practical reforms are more urged ; we hear less of Judea and the wicked Jews, more of our own land and the erring Americans.

The shadow of the Dark Ages hangs over the Roman Catholic church. There are true and gifted souls in its communion, and conscience must be held inviolate, but the organized power of its ecclesiasticism is a standing menace to freedom and to the free education of the people ; its doctrine that the Pope is to be obeyed before any other ruler or State authority strikes at the root of patriotism, loyalty, and order. Catholic means universal. The growth

of world-wide thought and of freedom of conscience is the decrease of Roman Catholicism, as some of its best members begin to see.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster, an eminent and eloquent preacher in the English Episcopal church, came to our country a few years ago, and his words here show the tendency of his thought to a broader charity and fraternity. A published volume of his American discourses is quoted from. Addressing the Episcopal clergy of New England, he said :

"The crude notions which prevailed twenty years ago on the subject of Bible inspiration have been so completely abandoned as to be hardly anywhere maintained by theological scholars. . . . . The doctrine of the Atonement will never again appear in the crude form common both in Protestant and Catholic churches in former times. A more merciful view of future punishment and of a hope of a universal restitution have been gradually advancing, and the darker view gradually receding. . . . . The question of miracles has reached this point—that no one would now make them the chief or sole basis of the evidence of religious truth. . . . . I am persuaded that what is called Liberal Theology is the backbone of the Church of England, and will be found to be the backbone of its daughter church in America."

To the students of the Union Theological Seminary in New York, under Presbyterian care, he said :

"Do let me entreat you to look facts in the face, whether the facts of the Bible, of science or of scholarship. Do not be afraid of them. Compare the sacred volumes of the Old and New Testaments with the sacred volumes of other religions. Make the most searching investigation, with light from whatever quarter, as to the origin of the sacred books."

On the Conditions of Religious Inquiry he wrote :

"The most excellent service that churches and pastors, authorities of State or of religion, universities or teachers, can render to the human reason in this arduous enterprise is, not to restrain or to blindfold it, but to clear aside every obstacle, to open wide the path, to chase away the phantoms that stand in the road."

Speaking on the Nature of Man in a New York pulpit, his word was :

"When for a thousand years the Christian church believed that the eternal weal or woe of human beings depended on the immersion of the human body or sprinkling the forehead in a baptistery or a font of water; when the regeneration of nations, in the Middle Ages, or even in the seventeenth century, was supposed to depend on the possession of a dead bone or a fragment of wood; when Dodwell maintained that the soul was mortal, and that none but bishops had the power of giving it 'the Divine immortalizing spirit;' when a celebrated English divine maintained, some fifty years ago, that the ordinary means by which a human being acquired immortality was by physically partaking of the bread and wine of the Eucharist,—these were all so many attempts to sink the spiritual in the material, to resolve the spirit of man into the material particles of meat and drink, of inanimate substances, and of things that perish with the using. . . . . Whenever, whether in Catholic or Protestant, in heathen or Christian lands, the irrational, the magical, the inanimate, gives place to the reasonable, the holy, and the living service of the human soul to God,—there, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, the pure sacrifice, the true incense, is offered, by which alone man can hope to prevail with his Maker."

Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, a gifted and eminent Episcopalian, has an article in the *Princeton Review* of March, 1879, on the Pulpit and Modern Skepticism, in which he says:

"Doubts are thick around us in our congregations, and thicker still, outside in the world. Skepticism is a very pervading thing. It evidently cannot be shut up in any guarded class or classes. . . . . Ideas change and develop in all sorts and conditions of men; the occupants of pulpits have their doubts and disbeliefs as well as others. . . . . A large acquaintance with clerical life has led me to think that almost any company of clergymen, talking freely to each other, will express opinions which would greatly surprise, and at the same time greatly relieve, the congregations, who ordinarily listen to these ministers. . . . . How men in the ministry today believe in the doctrine of verbal inspiration which our fathers held, and how many of us have frankly told the people that we do not believe it? . . . . . How many of us hold the everlasting punishment of the wicked as a clear and certain truth of revelation? But how many of us who do not hold it have ever said a word? . . . . . There must be no lines of orthodoxy inside the lines of truth. Men find that you are playing with them, and will not believe you, even when you are in earnest. . . . . The minister who tries to make people believe that which he questions, in order to keep them from questioning what he believes,

knows very little about the certain workings of the human heart, and has no real faith in truth itself. I think a great many teachers and parents are now in just this condition. . . . . It is a most dangerous experiment."

Such testimonies, from such sources, are significant. They show that theological dogmatism is a crime against humanity.

The old Pharisaic spirit, which persecutes heretics in the "I am holier than thou" spirit, still lives among bigoted sectaries, Protestant as well as Catholic. It blazed in hot wrath against early Universalism, it is brutish in its ignorant contempt of modern Spiritualism, but its flames grow fainter. The orthodox and evangelical churches have no religious fellowship or communion with Unitarians and their like, but the dividing walls weaken and their fragments get scattered, so that the liberal Congregationalist can hardly tell on which side of the line he stands.

A NEW PROTESTANTISM.

Great changes mark the religious thought of our day, greater than those of the days of Martin Luther. That Protestant Reformation was a grand onward step, but, with Protestant as with Catholic, it was authority for truth, Bible, or creed, or Papal decree above the soul. Now the spirit asserts itself, the soul is greater than Bible or Pope, truth transcends authority. The change is a revolution,—a New Protestantism.

From miraculous revelation and inspiration in one book and one age only, the outlook is toward natural revelation and inspiration in all ages, among all peoples, and in more than one book. From the fall of man in some mythic Eden, a fall from which no rise is possible save to the few "elect," we turn to his rise, here and hereafter.

Turning from original sin and total depravity, the great

word of Derzhaven stands graven on the rocks toward the mountain-tops we would climb :

> "For in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
> As shines the sunbeam in the drop of dew."

The heaven of harps and palm branches, of praise without works, and the fiery hell of eternal torment are fading away. In their place come the softened *sheol*, then future probation, then the spirit-world with its ample scope for nobler tasks than we can even dream of here.

Leaving the narrow view which made Christianity from God and all other religions devices of Satan, we turn toward the sympathy of religions,—Veda and Dhammapada and Bible, valuable but not infallible ; milestones along the path. The miraculous Christ, second person of a mystical Trinity, dying to appease the wrath of the first person, and the bloody atonement, are being held as outworn and crude conceptions. "The man Christ Jesus," our elder brother, stands clad in the beauty of a holiness human yet divine.

No marvel that many, reverently devoted to the old opinions, and lacking insight and courage to see that better must take their place, shrink from these great changes. Creeds are being studied and revised, independent preachers get large hearing. It is the awakening day of the soul ; the old foundations are shaken and overturned. We may have respectful tenderness for the good of whatever faith, but none the less must truth sweep on.

For safety and growth in grace we must be light-bringers.

Man is no longer the tool and creature of institutions, in State or Church. They are made by him : if they help and serve him, it is well ; if not, "the breath that made can unmake." No divinity hedges around bishop or parish minister, book or doctrine. No "thus saith the

Lord" can enslave men; thought must be untrammeled by external and arbitrary limitations that our ideals of life may enlarge. The best people in the churches care least for dogmas, the best preachers say least about them; in good time they will die out. Dogmatism is not religion. When creeds are forgotten and Bibles are helps, valuable yet human and fallible, there will be more "peace on earth and good-will among men" than now. We can see already that the growth of spiritual freedom brings more healthful and natural piety.

Psychological study reveals the wide sweep of man's spiritual relations and the splendor of human powers and possibilities, while science questions nature for fact and law. Dogmatic theology offers only the crude systems of a darker Past, and the poor stories of miracles wrought by an arbitrary power above law,—all to be believed, even if reason rebels and conscience abhors. We have the supremacy and sanctity of the soul, its instinctive call for "Light, more light!" and the grand search of science, wide as the world and through stars and suns; while troops of bigots hold up all manner of conflicting dogmas, and vex the air with their senseless yet cruel outcries,—"Believe and be saved. He that believeth not shall be damned." It is a growth more than a contest. With far less warfare of words than of old we are leaving these dwarfing finalities beneath us. We move on and toss back our broken fetters, not caring to dispute about the stuff they are made of.

WOMAN IN THE PULPIT.

A woman preach! Amazement and pious indignation would have ruled the hour had such a step been proposed in the Hatfield meeting-house, in my boyhood. The solid old pulpit would have been shaken to pieces by her profane weight. Even the placid mood of the Unitarian people in the Springfield church of my parents would

have been sorely vexed by so unwomanly a suggestion. A few years ago twenty women preached in this good city of Detroit one Sunday, mostly in popular orthodox churches, and their hearers really enjoyed their ministrations. The Puritans of New England, Whittier tells us:

"Flayed the backs of female preachers."

On that Sunday I sat in two orthodox churches among the descendants of those Puritans, and they were happy listeners to the gospel preached by women.

"Theodore Parker said: "Our theology came from old monks, with heads like apes and necks like bulls, woman had no part in its creed-making."

The more need that she help in its reform. Her coming religious position and influence should not be overlooked.

The *Homiletic Review*, an evangelical magazine, fairly opened its pages in 1887 for a discussion of the question, "Shall women be licensed to preach?" and Frances E. Willard made clear affirmative answer.

She said: "It is men who have defrauded manhood and womanhood, in the persons of priest and monk and nun, of the right to the sanctities of home; men who have invented hierarchies and lighted inquisitorial fires. . . It is men who have taken the simple, loving, tender gospel of the New Testament, so suited to be the proclamation of a woman's lips, and translated it in terms of sacerdotalism, dogma and martyrdom. The mother-heart of God will never be known to the world until translated into speech by mother-hearted woman. Law and love will never balance in the realm of grace until a woman's hand shall hold the scales.

"Men preach a creed; women will declare a life. Men deal in formulas; women in facts. Men have always tithed mint and rue and cummin in their exegesis and ecclesiasticism, while the world's heart has cried out for compassion, forgiveness and sympathy. Men's preaching

has left heads committed to a catechism and left hearts hard as nether millstones."

Among Friends women have always preached, and Liberal Christians hear them gladly. The Spiritualists always prized woman's ministrations, and Orthodox doors are slowly opening to her. Let her be true to her own convictions, and adopt the motto of Lucretia Mott of blessed memory: "Truth for authority, not authority for truth."

REV. HORACE BUSHNELL'S "DEEPER MATTERS."

Forty years or more ago that able and earnest orthodox clergyman, Rev. Horace Bushnell, sat in a meeting of his Congregational clerical brethren in Hartford, Ct., and listened quietly to their discussion of sundry theological dogmas. At last his opinion was asked, and he said in substance:

"Brethren, it is not for me to say that these questions are trivial, but their vital importance is passing away. Graver and deeper matters loom up before us in the near future, not of election and reprobation, not of trinity or atonement, but we shall soon be asked, Is there a God or any Divine government? Is there any future life? And these questions we must be ready to meet, not by dogmatic assertions, but by argument and illustration that will satisfy reason and conscience, and awaken spiritual life."

The condition of religious thought to-day justifies his sagacious foresight.

The old dogmatic questions still linger but grow inconsequent, serving as shadowy ghosts to frighten the fearful for a while.

Is this dead world a self-acting machine? Is man's life born of the body, kept up by its chemic tides, and to die with that body's death? Is there no ruling and designing mind? Or is there a Soul of Things, an uplifting design, an immortal life for man? Is Materialism or

a Spiritual Philosophy to sway the future? These great questions loom up before us, and go to the very foundations of our philosophy and our religion. The old disputes are dwarfed and trifling in comparison, and the old creeds give us no answer such as we need. A deeper philosophy, a more perfect science, an inspiring spiritual faith and knowledge, and a natural religion are to gain nobler growth in the search for truth now opening. They must, and will, help us to find fit answer to these grave questions.

The scientific theory of evolution, for instance, is external and imperfect until it shall recognize an indwelling and designing Mind, and include the idea that "The intention of nature everywhere manifest is the perfection of man;" that star-dust, and crude matter and all lower types of life prophesy him, and that his life here prophesies his life hereafter. With such inclusiveness it will be perfected, and will be the helper of a deeper religious faith.

A divine plan and purpose is about us and in our very being. So opens the way for insight and trust, for hope and love and reverence, and for a better comprehension of things.

The splendid researches of Darwin and others give us evolution as the working of force and law in the transfiguration of matter. In spiritual science evolution is the Divine method, the positive power of mind using and guiding force and law, not merely to lift rock and clod to finer forms and higher uses, but also to guide man up the spiral pathway in an unending progressive development. By so much as immortal man is greater than the clod he treads on, spiritual science is greater and more complete than all merely inductive methods which only touch matter and ignore the soul in man, and the Soul of things. These inductions have done, and are doing great service. They are not to be underrated, but it is high time we looked beyond them for larger and more perfect methods, of which they would be only a part.

Mind must marshal and array atoms and particles for their new departure up the spiral pathway. As in the growth of worlds and races through long ages, so it is in the annual transfigurations which surprise and delight us. God transmutes the dry seed and the black mud into the delicate hue and shape and the fine fragrance of the rose, because the divine Mind, working through the law of the flower's growth, vitalizes and refines the stuff it uses to reveal a gleam of the Infinite Beauty.

Science says to-day that an all-pervading yet invisible ether must be, or its undulatory theory of light is impossible. It did not say so yesterday. To-morrow it must say that an all-pervading and guiding Mind must be, or evolution is impossible. Sooner than we imagine the time is coming when a godless science will be an unscientific absurdity.

What ideas shall uplift and inspire man, helping to make to-morrow better than to-day? What great truths of the Past shall we keep while putting its errors aside?

The old religions were not all false; the old creeds not all error; men and women who believe them have led noble lives. Underneath them were great and enduring truths, not to be cast aside or made light of. Ideas of Deity, duty and immortality were the light of Asia and Old Egypt, and of Europe in the Middle Ages, and that light will shine with a more golden glory as the clouds of superstition melt away and the spiritual nature of man asserts itself.

Going to the Synagogue under charge of Rabbi Grossmann in this city lately I witnessed the Sabbath-school exercises of three hundred children. The Rabbi read an anthem to be sung, the happy voices joined in the music, and the voice of the Jewish maiden who sat at the piano as leader was as rich and clear as might have been that of the saintly Rebecca the Jewess in Walter Scott's great story. The Rabbi said to the children: "The music is a

thousand years old; the words, opening with: 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord is One!' were sung by the Israelites on the shore of the Red Sea three thousand years ago."

One seemed to hear the strains of harp and timbrel mingling with the songs of ancient Israel. The thought came up that even if our sight was clearer and our sky broader, the same ineffable light came through the clouds to them which we, and their descendants among us, may haply see more clearly to-day.

We have a good deal of so-called "advanced thought and radicalism." Those who not only reject the old theology, but have no spiritual faith in its place, no belief in a supreme Intelligence, an immortal life, or anything beyond the range of the outward senses claim to be most advanced and most truly radical. Is it an advance to wander away in the mists of materialism? Which has gone farthest in the path of wisdom and light, Emerson, who says:

> "Ever fresh this broad creation,
> A divine improvisation,
> From the heart of God proceeds;
> A single will, a million deeds,

or those sceptics called advanced thinkers? Radicalism is going to the root or origin of things. Is there no ruling mind there, or only mud out of which mind is to be evolved?

Channing said: "I call that mind free which escapes the bondage of matter, which, instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison wall, passes beyond it to its Author, and finds in the radiant signatures which it everywhere bears of the Infinite Spirit helps to its own spiritual enlargement." These are deeper words than the shallow style of radicalism can give us.

This is a day of Ethical Culture. Societies to that high end are organized, able discourses go out emphasizing

nobler morals and a wiser daily life—aims surely worthy of all commendation. This movement ignores or holds inconsequent all discussion of a future life and a Supreme Mind as possible helps to its aims; and treats of man as living here with no infinite relations, no inspiration from any sphere beyond this little ball we call our earth. Its exclusive this-worldliness is an extreme reaction from the equally absurd other-worldliness of old-time pietists. That extreme must be abandond; for the highest and most vital thought of duty is only possible when we see that the basis of ethics and morals is in the immortal human spirit akin to the Divine Spirit. The noble army of martyrs and reformers, from Paul and Silas in prison, with a friendly and powerful spirit opening its doors, to the patient and conquering endurance of William of Orange, and the heroic cheer of Lucretia Mott, fill us with a sense of the power and grace of the fearless doing of duty, of obedience to that sacred voice in the soul which says: "I ought." Not to obey that voice is to be flippant and weak, shallow and worthless, in this world and in all worlds.

No narrow this-worldliness dwarfed the thoughts of these great teachers and moral heroes. They felt that man's divine relations and the large scope of his immortal life must help to light his daily path and enlarge and enrich his ethics. Ethical culture must be spiritualized; its air is too cold, its light too dim. Among its leaders are true men with noble aims, but their ideal of life is fragmentary. Can we learn most and best of duty by ignoring Deity and immortality and not using these great ideas as inspiring helps? Surely not. If we can, the morals of Christ, the great words of Socrates and of a long line of divine philosophers and inspired seers and poets have been too much exalted.

Agnostic ethics are like the house built on the sand, spiritual ethics like the house built on the rock. The

storm swept away the first, but the last was not shaken.

LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

How fares our Liberal Christianity? At the heart of Unitarianism, Universalism and Quakerism are ideas of religious progress, and of the Divine beneficence. By these they have greatly profited. They have put aside errors and gained truths, and an increasing number among them are glad of this growth. Bibliolatry and lawless miracles are fading out and rational views taking their place. They have made a strong impression on the orthodox sects. Outside of Universalism are more Universalists than within. Channing and Parker have wide reading outside of Unitarianism. With no rigid creeds there is large diversity, much agreeing to disagree on non-essentials, and sometimes disagreement on deeper matters. A lack of the deep conviction, abiding faith, and strong earnestness of old Puritanism weakens the liberal religious movements. That same lack weakens modern evangelical churches even more. Fill the larger thought of to-day with that conquering spiritual strength of the olden time and the whole earth will be stirred.

Great and needed emphasis is placed on character in religion, but character is based on thought. Make the foundation solid and the temple stands, ignore the base and the whole structure totters to its fall.

The dogmatic creed was like a morsel of the bread of life in a great dish of dust and rubbish, all to be eaten, no dust sifted out, no change of diet allowed. It has had its day. But shall nothing stand in its place? Is that morsel to be flung away with the rubbish? The world asks a man: "What are your inspiring ideas and convictions?" If he says: "I don't know," he has no weight. So it is with a body of men and women.

Brief statements of great spiritual truths, the eternal verities which have come down the ages as our precious

heritage, and cannot wisely be flung aside, must stand instead of the old superficial dogmas. They must be open to revision, and so end the poor game of heresy-hunting. "Here we stand, to study these great ideas and to do our duty. We seek light, and, if need be, we move on to-morrow," will be their meaning.

Thus will souls be vitalized and illuminated, while intellect has widest range, and reason is free. Thus will come foundation for character, solid and lasting ground for natural religion, definiteness of aim, and that depth of conviction which gives positive and conquering power.

No doubter need be misused or coldly turned away, for there are noble souls who doubt and every conscience is inviolate. Hold up a steady light and ask all to come and see if it helps them.

Affirm Deity, Duty, Immortality as primal truths of the soul, and the liberal faith grows stronger, its great work still greater, its firm pathway free from quicksands and fog.

All religious movements must rest on spiritual foundations.

Conversing with a Unitarian clergyman of large mind and heart, and manly courage, I said to him: Unitarians and other liberal religionists are in a peculiar situation. The old textual evidences of Deity and immortality are fading, the external tendencies of science, dealing only with crude matter and blind force and ignoring spiritual causation, are drifting your thought toward materialism. Suppose modern spiritualism to be true; its proven facts, evidences through the senses of a great truth of the soul; knowledge added to intuitive faith; blessed manna for the heart-hunger of the bereaved. Would it not meet your great need? With your intellectual culture and large thought lighted up and made warm and vital in this new atmosphere, would you not gain a deep assurance, a conquering and affirming power to supplant the old theology

and put something stronger and more rational and uplifting in its place?

After a moment's thought his deeply earnest answer was: "We should be able to move the world with a mighty power."

I then said: "I have no wish to underrate the good you have done. I try to take some part in that good work and to be one with you in it; but it is for you to study and accept the higher aspects of spiritualism and live, or to hold the great matter off and die, bewildered and chilled by fatal doubt."

His answer was: "It may be so. Surely it is worth serious thought."

The facts of spirit-presence have stirred the deeper life of millions. The leaven has spread round the world. A strong and vitalizing element is helping to uplift the religion of the future. It modifies and lights up the thought of many to-day who are unconsciously influenced by it.

Alfred R. Wallace in an article in the *North American Review*, said: "To the teacher of religion it (spiritualism) is of vital importance, since it enables him to meet the sceptic on his own ground, to adduce facts and evidence for the faith he professes, and to avoid the attitude of apology and doubt which renders him altogether helpless against the vigorous assaults of agnosticism and materialistic science. Theology, when vivified and strengthened by spiritualism, may regain some of the influence and power of its earlier years."

Liberal Christianity, with no Bible or creed as authority, and no miracles of old supernaturalism, especially needs to be "vivified and strengthened," that it may escape the chill of materialism.

It would be absurd to ignore the host outside the churches, far greater than that within, as though they had no spiritual life, no religious thought, or influence. Among

them are many thoughtful men and women, non-conformists and non-church-goers, but eminent in goodness. They are truth seekers, often religious in a high sense, and their influence is great. The trend of their thought is away from all binding and irrational dogmas. They sympathize with rational and enlarging religious ideas. They accept spiritualism, or turn toward materialism, or stand and wait for more light, living meanwhile lives of such kindness and fidelity as put to shame pious hypocrites and canting pretenders and win the respect of the good and true in the churches and outside.

These sympathize with the New Protestantism, and add to its power.

TWO PATHS—THE COMING RELIGION.

The old dogmas and ecclesiasticisms will not die in a day. The walls of a great cathedral crumble slowly. But we are moving on, out from the old marshlands and leaden clouds, and have reached two diverging paths, between which we are to choose, and one or the other of which we are to pursue. Along one path the traveller ascends to heavenly highlands, leaving his pilgrim's burden of mortal sin behind, if he but look up and move on, and entering a more real life to learn more fully the significance of the poet's aspiration—

"Nearer, my God, to thee!"

Entering the other path the traveller goes down, soul and body, "to the undistinguished dust from whence he sprang," buried in the soulless clods, dead in the grasp of relentless force. Which shall we take? The agnostic hesitates in enervating uncertainty, but the march of the coming host carries him along. Lacking faith in the sky he clings to the clod which his poor feet can feel, and is swept into the path which leads to his grave, which he follows with decent courage but with no heavenly light along the darkening way.

All progressive religious thinkers may well bear in mind that they must choose between these two paths. They must hold to the Supreme Intelligence and the immortality of man or drift toward materialism. The two schools and methods of thought are not merely unlike, they are opposite. If one is true the other is false. There need be no detraction of honest materialists. All sincere opinion deserves respect. But how is most light gained for daily work? Which path is best for daily life? How is religious growth or inspiration possible without spiritual ideas? "How can two walk together unless they be agreed?"

We can unite in practical reforms, but to join in teaching Godliness and godlessness, deathlessness and death, spirit as king and matter as king, would be confusion worse confounded, ending in decay and disorganization.

While dogmatism is smitten with sure decay, religion will be put on a basis deeper and more lasting. In the soul of man, its unity with the Infinite Soul, and the open way for truth from one to the other, will be its sure foundations. That gifted seer, Selden J. Finney, said:—"*There is no other universal Bible but the Creation and its informing Spirit.* The human spirit or reason is the universal Bible rising into the language of love, justice, science, and philosophy. There is not a single pebble on the seashore, not a rock on the mountain-top, not a world, nor a fountain nor a flower, but invites us to read a divine revelation. Is it not universal? Is it not universally accessible? If you study an ear of corn you get swept into the cycles of universal life. You commence with that silken tassel, and you study the laws of vegetative growth, and before you are aware of it you are contemplating the everlasting genus of suns. Here is a universal revelation, the *only one* through which the Divine Intelligence addresses the senses and, through them, the soul.

"Religion is a process, full of love and wisdom, full of vital power and beauty. It is not a dead record. Man

most resembles the divine nature when he copies, so to speak, the divine proceeding—when he so directs and eliminates and harmonizes his energies that the powers of the world can make naught but music through them.

"To read a revelation, you must read it in the light in which it was written, or you never can read it at all; *and in order to read it in the light in which it was written, your private lamp must be kindled at the central sun of the world which illuminates that revelation.* It is the spiritual eye that must be touched with the vital energies of that everlasting love. We cannot read any divine revelation by any other light, by any other power. This view is very hopeful—it makes humanity divine."

I seem to hear these texts of the coming gospel, as I heard them from the eloquent lips of my ascended friend.

The great changes in religious and scientific thought, and external conditions, and the marked progress of noble reforms which I have seen and felt for more than sixty years make us breathe a new atmosphere, and foretell a better future. Doubts are more frankly expressed, and thus a healthful sincerity gains. Reason and conscience and intuition have more freedom, the inner life opens and the soul asserts itself. As the great debate goes on the negations of materialism, and the halting doubts of agnosticism will not satisfy the deeper wants of the spirit; the materialistic philosophy will be too shallow and fragmentary to fill the wide range of the enlarging mind, and the unfolding spiritual nature. Not troubled about saving souls from future torment, the doing of good deeds, and the seeking for daily light along the pathway of the spirit can better fill our time. Thus we shall realize the high possibilities of interior illumination and normal spiritual culture, lifting life to diviner levels.

The religion of the future and a Spiritual Philosophy will be in unison. "God in all and over all, and through all, forever,"—an infinite Spirit using law as its servant to

uplift all to higher uses and finer harmony, will be its central idea. Our sense of duty and fraternity must gain in depth and tenderness. With the assurance of an immortal life, near and natural, blending with our existence here and reaching to heights we know not of, must come a larger hope, a deeper faith verified by positive knowledge.

The church of the future may have one name—The Church of the Spirit, as has been well suggested,—or its divisions may vary in name and in shades of thought, but it will be the free assemblage of men and women seeking *to be more and to do more.* Standing on firm ground and in heavenly light it must help to power and harmony of character, to practical righteousness, and world-wide charity.

In place of the jangle of conflicting dogmas, will come the search for truth, the thinking wisely along spiritual lines, the doing of daily duty, the helping of all needed reforms, the deeper feeling that "Love is the fulfilling of the Law," the Christ-like spirit of human brotherhood.

COMING REFORMS.

"New occasions teach new duties....
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of Truth.

John Milton wrote of days: "When God shakes a kingdom with strong and healthful commotion to a general reforming," and of men rising up "to gain farther, and go on some new enlightened steps for the discovery of truth." Such enlightened steps are always needed. To sit idly and read "the legendary virtues carved upon our father's graves," is to make poor use of their example. They did the duty of their day, we should do the duty of ours still better. A few great upward steps are before us in the near future. The "healthful commotion" of the

discussion of these matters of vital moment stirs the air.

PEACE MUST COME,

instead of that "great duel of nations" which we call war. National arbitration must end the awful waste of human life, the bloody barbarism and fearful cost of that duel. A gleam of golden light, glorifying the closing years of the century, and shining far into the future, is the arbitration pledge of the Pan-American Congress just made at Washington—a pledge of peace between the republics of this western world. Let us hope it may be kept.

THE SALOON MUST BE BANISHED.

That curse and peril of our land must be blotted out. Self-conquest, self-knowledge and culture must lift us above the folly and degradation of using intoxicating liquors, and above the sway of perverted appetite and passion.

CAPITAL AND LABOR

must be allies and never enemies. Within the past forty years inventive genius has filled the world with splendid mechanism, the use of which greatly increases our productive power, and calls for capital in large masses and labor in great armies. We are dazed by this sudden change, and the cry is raised that "The rich are growing richer and the poor poorer," but we begin to see that the tendency and result of the new mechanisms and methods is better pay and shorter hours for labor. This is hopeful, but the cruel greed of gain, the eager rush for great wealth, the selfish luxury and pride of power, and all blind hate and fear must give way to a spirit of fraternity. With that spirit ruling these new conditions can be so adjusted that the people's step shall be upward, and we can all prosper together.

A brave and needed word was that of Andrew Car-

negie: "He who dies rich, and having done nothing for the good of the people, dies disgraced."

WOMAN-SUFFRAGE

must come, not last but first, if possible, to give needed help to the other great steps. With these steps taken, ways will open better for the righting of lesser wrongs.

In 1859–60 a strong effort by a goodly company in Ann Arbor and elsewhere, in which it was my privilege to take part, opened our Michigan State University to woman in 1869. The prophecies of ill were doleful and direful, but the mistaken prophets now rejoice in the good results. While this discussion was going on, Professor Frieze of the University was, with the President and others, opposed to co-education. He was greatly respected and beloved for his ripe scholarship, and for his kindness and sincerity. Some years after I met him on a street car in Detroit, and he said: "You remember I was opposed to women being admitted as students: I was honest in my fears and doubts." At once I replied: "I never doubted your sincerity or good intent," and he added: "Now I am glad to say that I was mistaken. In scholarship and conduct and character the admission of women has brought help and good." We shook hands cordially at parting, and my high regard for him was increased by the true manliness of this admission of his mistake.

In 1874 the question of woman suffrage was submitted to the people of Michigan, and we had 40,000 votes in its favor, after a short but excellent campaign. The liquor interest arrayed itself against us. "Instinct is a great matter," and it leads the liquor sellers to see the handwriting of doom on their walls in this larger use of the moral power of woman.

Prejudiced men and women, often not gifted with strong minds, conjure up strange fancies of shabby housekeeping

and family trouble in the homes of "strong minded women." I have broken bread at the tables of Lucretia Mott and Lucy Stone, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and can testify to the important fact that it was excellent bread!

Their families seemed contented and happy, and their homes beautifully ordered! Mrs. Livermore and Lucy Stone are on the best terms with their husbands! Susan B. Anthony is an excellent cook, and likes it, too. She is a skilled and faithful nurse, and tenderly cared for her aged parents in their last years, yet she is suspected of having a strong mind! These cheering facts are given to encourage the poor in spirit. Surely we ought always to help the weak. This is a poor, foolish world, if we only look on its weak side, but its stronger and braver side wins at last—the true "survival of the fittest." A load of cruelty and contempt is being lifted from womanhood. A higher sense of the sanctity of maternity, higher thoughts of marriage and heredity are coming to us. Woman finds more varied employ and a slowly rising scale of compensation. The light of dawn is visible. There can be no true civilization, or unity in the highest sense, without equality of rights. This great reform will go on, and will succeed. Womanhood and manhood, home life and public affairs, will be the better for it, and the change will come so quietly that the timid will look back and wonder at their fears. Subtle and indefinable is the difference, in mind and soul, between womanhood and manhood. The intuition of woman sees in advance, and illuminates paths which man pursues and works out. We need both in all life's duties, that the perfect whole may be rounded out in full harmony.

Pride and prejudice, false conservatism, blind selfishness, sectarian bigotry, vested interest and the cruel greed of gain, stand against these great coming reforms. A growing fairness and largeness of discussion, a setting of the tides of religious thought toward duty to man,

firm adherence to right and sacred devotion to its service, moral heroism, spiritual culture and illumination, the rising influence of woman, and far-seeing wisdom stand for them, *and will win them all.* On the side of right too is a mighty force, underlying and helping all human efforts. In scientific language we may call that force "The upward tendency which streams irresistibly through all things;" in religious phrase it is the will of God that the right shall supplant the wrong—a purpose that knows no failure.

The man on his farm or in his shop, the woman in her kitchen or parlor, feels the thrill of a large and noble life the sense of a divine consecration, if enlisted in the service of a great reform. To live in that atmosphere is like breathing pure air from the mountains. Lucretia Mott, Isaac T. Hopper, Garrison, Oliver Johnson, James G. Birney, Benjamin Fish, Gerritt Smith, and other anti-slavery pioneers whom I knew, kept up their active work beyond the allotted three-score and ten years, and then graduated to the higher life to take up some fit task with larger powers.

Heroism is health. The sane soul is hopeful and strong and persistent. It vitalizes the body, while the purifying power of a high purpose checks excess of appetite and passion and prolongs life on earth. "Hitch your wagon to a star" is a good medical prescription as well as a quaint and wise ideal suggestion.

A pessimist can never be a wise reformer. His creed of despair is a blind blunder, filling men with hate or gloom. The upward steps, not only of the last seventy years, but of all the centuries, have been led by brave and hopeful men and women, not by pessimists. The struggle may be severe but a great beneficence wins, a wise optimism gives the inspiring word:

> "Ever the right comes uppermost,
> And ever is justice done."

CONCLUSION.

My pleasant task draws to its close. It has filled many cheerful hours at home, and these closing words are written in the rooms of a beloved friend and kinsman in south-western New York. Looking out, the fields, clad in the fresh verdure of spring, the pleasant homes along the village street, the railroad track and the grand hills beyond are before me. Miles of landscape pictured on a tiny space in the retina of the eye, tint and shade of earth and sky and cloud reproduced beyond the poor skill of any human artist, and the whole made real to mind and soul in some way too subtle for us to grasp! It is indeed wonderful, but in "thought's interior sphere" are greater wonders.

Memory unrolls a panorama before my mind's eye, reaching from the rocky hills and lovely valleys of my native Massachusetts to Nebraska and Alabama, and giving views of wide spaces between. It opens, as my thought brings it out, to show the scenes of seventy-three years, all fresh as if painted yesterday. Its scenes are not inanimate. The dear parents and sister are in the old home, living and moving. Towns and cities on this magic picture are peopled. In pleasant homes, in halls and churches, I see the friends of other days. They are not silent. The voices of the beloved and true-hearted sound across the years. I hear the very words they spoke. I feel their sympathy, and thrill under the sway of their eloquence, as in times long past.

The Past reappears, prophetic of a higher Future. It is hoped that this record of upward steps, and of the useful lives of some of the world's light-bringers, may help and interest those who read it. If the enjoyment of the reading equals that of the writing it will be fortunate for us all.

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